

# A TIME-STOP!

To The  
**SPIRIT**

by  
WILL  
EISNER

NOTE\*

Does this have  
any bearing on  
the murder of  
Marc Tymely ???  
E. P. Dolan

January 7, 1951

E.P. Dolan  
Police Commissioner  
Main Headquarters  
Central City, U.S.A.

My Dear Commissioner:

Enclosed is the information you have requested. I ask you to regard this in the highest secrecy, since the complete authenticity of the phenomenon has not yet been ascertained.

The facts are these:

At 9:46 P.M. on Dec. 26, 1950 there took place in outer space an explosion, that loosed a rain of meteors in the direction of the planet earth.

At 11:59 P.M. Dec. 31, 1950, one of these meteors crossed the path between the earth and the sun, jarring the earth momentarily from its orbit.

At that moment the earth ceased to rotate and the time ceased to exist. We can only hope that nothing of any consequence occurred in that brief moment of suspended time.

*P. J. Blight*  
P. J. Blight  
Mt. Lookout  
Observatory

TYMELY, MARC

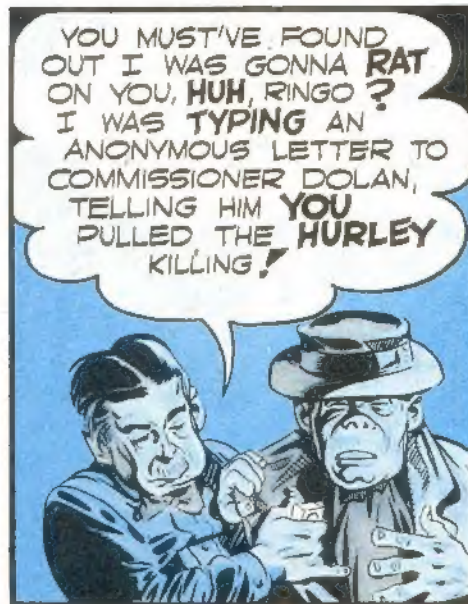
1073AB1  
MURDERED  
HOMICIDE  
DIVISION  
2ND DIST.







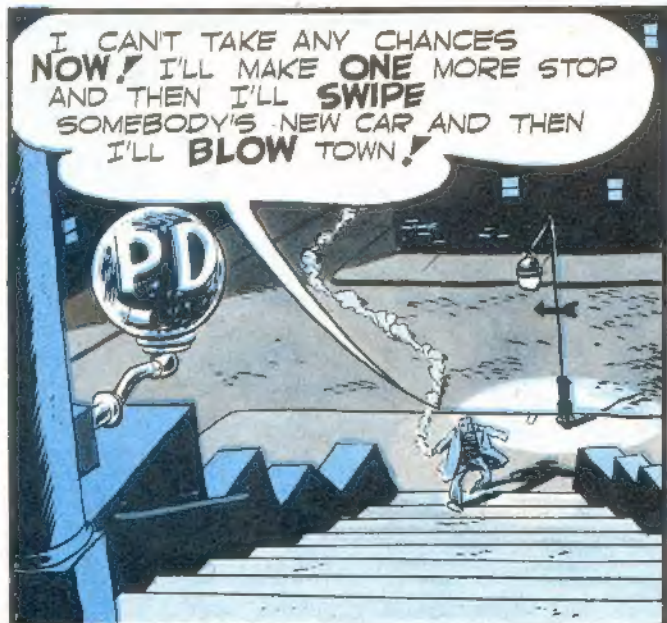




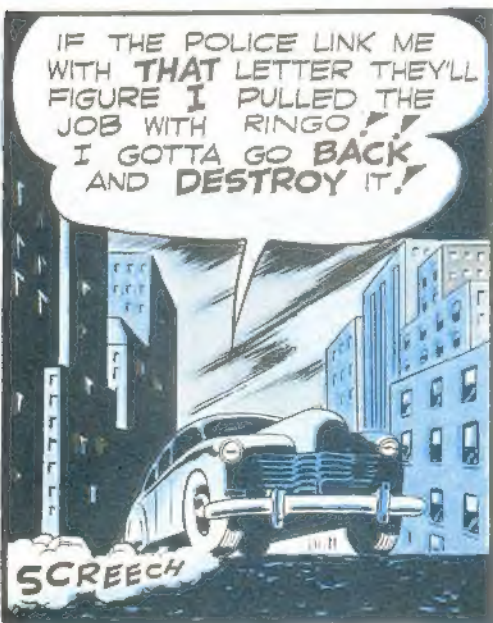
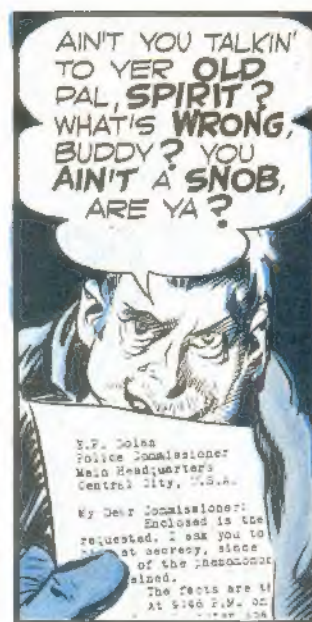
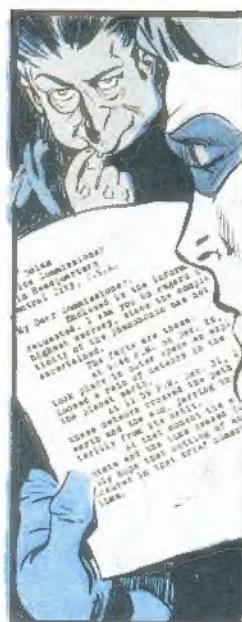




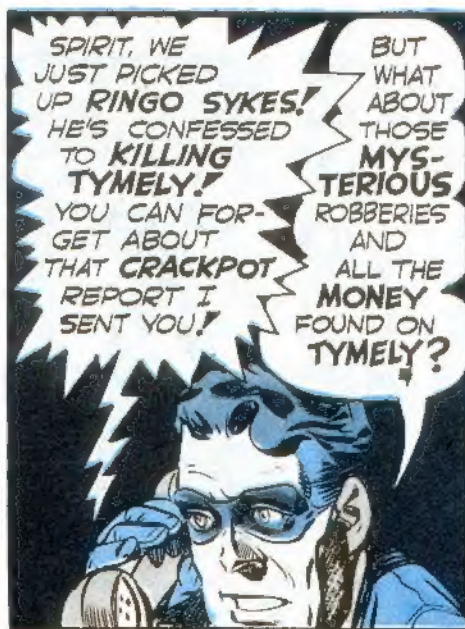
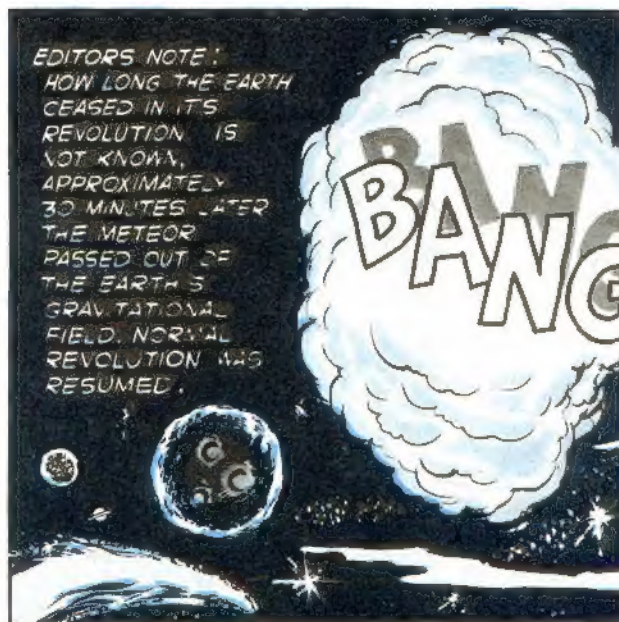














# RIFE

CRIMEFIGHTER AND  
MODERN ROBIN HOOD

JANUARY 1951

62-485 MILLIAN 61888 606  
335 E 53RD ST  
NEW YORK N Y  
60 20000 0323 0333  
908 828813 848-8  
205





The Spirit and a reluctant prisoner descending city hall steps.

## CRIME TAKES A BEATING

**EVER SINCE 1940**, Central City has oft times been graced and sometimes plagued by the presence of an apparant outlaw, who, with monotonous consistency, kept apprehending the city's most dangerous criminals. Who is he? where does he come from? These questions still remain unanswered after ten years.





**COMMISSIONER DOLAN**, Central City's police head, sits in a typical pose at his paper cluttered desk at police headquarters. Dolan may know who the Spirit is, but he keeps mum.

## POLICE CONSIDER SPIRIT A FRIEND

**STEEL JAWED**, pipe smoking Police Commissioner Dolan has been the Spirit's closest friend since his first appearance in Central City. Dolan has held the police force reins for twenty years and seems to be good for another twenty. Beginning his career as a beat pounding cop in the city's waterfront section, Dolan has diligently worked his way to the top of the force. The opinion of the city's fathers seems to be, "If the Spirit is all right with Dolan, he's all right with us."



**THE SPIRIT** seems to be more than "all right" with Ellen Dolan, Central City's mayor, and daughter of the police commissioner. There have been repeated rumors of an engagement but thus far nothing is official





## SAND SAREF

Perhaps the only other person to know the Spirit's identity is a criminal.

Beautiful Sand Saref, who has been dodging scrapes with the law for most of her life, grew up with the Spirit.

The facts about the Spirit's origin that have been revealed, are, that he spent the early part of his life in Slum Gully, a poverty stricken section of the town.

He and Sand Saref were very close as children and part of that bond must still exist, for the practical Miss Saref could make much out of revealing the Spirit's identity.

Whether Sand Saref is a rival to Ellen Dolan for the Spirit's affections, is not known. However, Sand Saref holds a powerful weapon in her hand, if she ever intended making use of it....the secret of the Spirit.





## SILK SATIN

Sometimes friend, sometimes enemy.  
There has been talk of romance.



**THE NOTORIOUS** Silk Satin, former international criminal has often crossed paths with the Spirit. **FIRST IN 1941** as a jewel thief and then later, during the war, as an intelligence agent for the British Government.

**NOW FULLY PARDONED**, because of her excellent secret service record, Satin is an investigator for the insurance firm Croyds of Glasgow.

**SHE IS THE WIDOW** of a German count. Satin and her twelve year old daughter, Hildie, are settled in Scotland.





## P'GELL

**CERTAINLY THE MOST** fascinating woman in the Spirit's life is the sultry P'gell. Allegedly a Parisian, P'gell has claimed as her birthplace, almost every country in Europe, and her long list of husbands (all dead) is truly international.



## Other friends... Other enemies



**SAMMY AND WILLUM** The Spirit's tried and true assistants.



**DARLING O'SHEA.** The richest little girl in the whole world.



**SPIRIT IN ACTION.** The crimefighter finishes off a criminal as his friend Lt. Dick Whitler stands by with handcuffs.



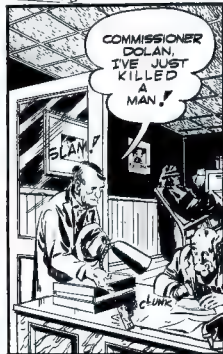
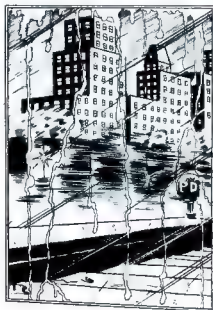
**MR. CARRION AND HIS BUZZARD PET "JULIA".** Notorious and sadistic, one of the Spirit's most deadly enemies.



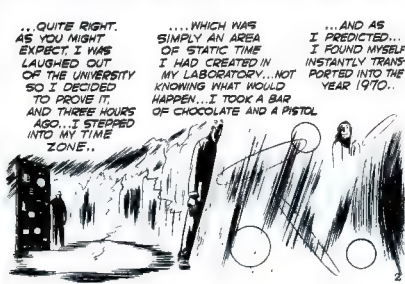


# FUTURE DEATH

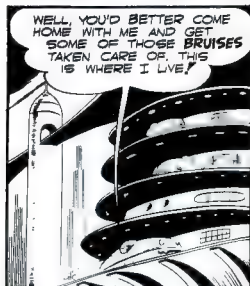
ON SOME DAYS POLICE HEADQUARTERS IS A VERY QUIET PLACE, AND IT WOULD SEEM ON THESE QUIET DAYS THAT THE POLICE, THOSE STALWARTS WHO PROTECT CENTRAL CITY, ARE MERELY WAITING FOR CRIME TO WALK IN ON THEM WHICH, INDEED SOMETIMES HAPPENS...



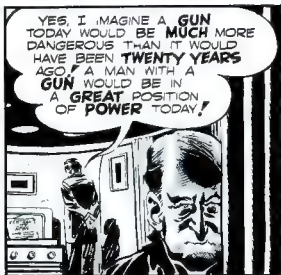
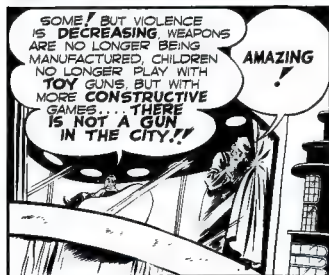














I CANNOT SAY WHAT EVIL FORCE SEIZED ME, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE I FELT THE THIRST FOR POWER, AND THE INSTRUMENT OF THAT POWER I HELD IN MY HAND.

**BANG**  
**BANG**  
**BANG**

THIS MEETING OF THE CITY COUNCIL WILL NOW COME TO ORDER! WE HAVE THE **PRIVILEGE** OF HAVING AN **HONORED** GUEST SITTING WITH US TODAY!

**BANG BANG BANG BANG**

THE **GOVERNOR** OF OUR STATE, **EUSTACE DOLAN!**



NOW FOR THE BUSINESS AT HAND. THE FIRST ITEM BEFORE US, GENTLEMEN, IS THE GRANTING OF SALARY INCREASES TO TEACHERS!

THERE ARE SEATS DOWN IN FRONT, SIR!

THANK YOU!



THE MEETING CONTINUED MONOTONOUSLY. I SAT THERE STILL NOT KNOWING WHAT I WAS GOING TO DO...

THEN IF THERE IS NO OTHER PRESSING BUSINESS, I WILL ANNOUNCE THIS MEETING. **ADJOURNED!**



**WAIT!**



A **GUN!** ???

HE HAS A **GUN!**

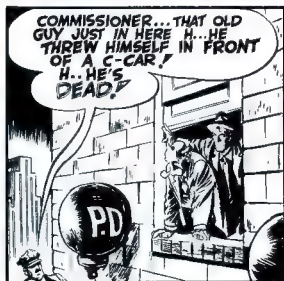
YES! I AM HOLDING A **REVOLVER!** THE **ONLY** **REVOLVER** STILL IN **EXISTENCE!** I'M THE **NEW POWER** HERE!













# THE SPIRIT

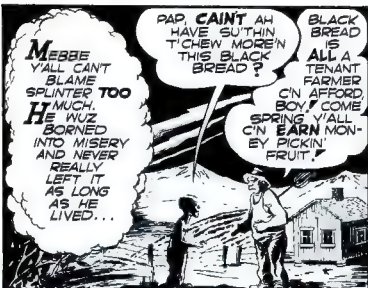
By Will Eisner

**M**ight be that y'all  
nevah heerd tell  
'bout Splinter Weevil  
and his ambition.  
Splinter caused some  
mighty big talk  
around these parts...

**Y**'see, his ambition was  
t'be the **meanest man**  
in the world and  
dang it all, if he did-  
n't nearly reach his  
goal.

THE  
MEANEST  
MAN  
IN THE WORLD





**MEBBE**  
Y'ALL CAIN'T  
BLAME  
SPLINTER TOO  
MUCH.  
**HE**  
WUZ  
BORNED  
INTO MISERY  
AND NEVER  
REALLY  
LEFT IT  
AS LONG  
AS HE  
LIVED...

PAP, **CAINT** AH  
HAVE SU'THIN'  
T'CHEW MORE'N  
THIS **BLACK**  
**BREAD** ?

**BLACK**  
**BREAD**  
IS  
**ALL** A  
TENANT  
FARMER  
C'N AFFORD,  
BOY, COME  
SPRING Y'ALL  
C'N **EARN** MON-  
EY PICKIN'  
FRUIT.



**BUT SPLINTER WAS A WEAK**  
**BOY. HE COULDN'T TAKE**  
**FRUIT PICKIN'...**

**WE CAIN'T AFFORD**  
**LOAFERS ON THIS**  
**FARM, WEEVIL! EITHER**  
**WORK FASTER OR**  
**GET OUT!!**



**AND SO IT WOULD GO,**  
**ALL O' SPLINTER'S**  
**BOYHOOD...**

**THIS BOY NEEDS**  
**PLENTY OF FRESH**  
**AIR, SUNSHINE**  
**AND REST!**

**HE'S**  
**GITTIN' AIR AN'**  
**SUNSHINE,**  
**DOC! WE**  
**CAINT AFFORD**  
**T'HAVE 'IM**  
**REST!**



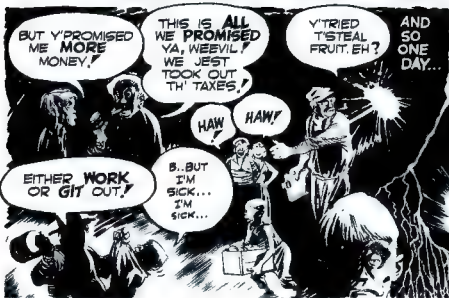
**Y'ALL**  
**HEARD TH' DOC, PAW!**  
**AH**  
**GOTTA**  
**REST.**  
**AH...**

**\*~!~!~\***  
**NOBODY**  
**SHIRKS!**  
**GIT OUTTA**  
**BED!**



**AND IT WUS AT THAT**  
**TIME THAT SPLINTER**  
**FELT THE FIRST**  
**STRONG EMOTION OF**  
**HIS LIFE!**

**HATE!**



**BUT Y'PROMISED**  
**ME MORE**  
**MONEY!**

**THIS IS ALL**  
**WE PROMISED**  
**YA, WEEVIL!**  
**WE JEST**  
**TOOK OUT**  
**TH' TAXES!**

**Y'TRIED**  
**T'STEAL**  
**FRUIT, EH?**

**AND**  
**SO**  
**ONE**  
**DAY...**

**HAW!**  
**HAW!**

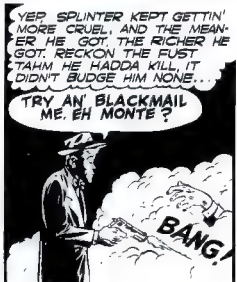
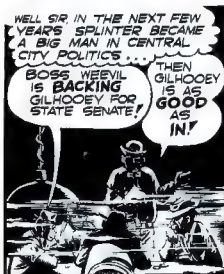
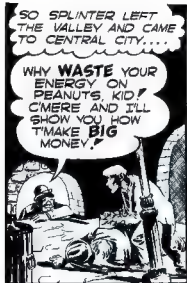
**EITHER WORK**  
**OR GIT OUT!**

**B..BUT**  
**I'M**  
**SICK...**  
**I'M**  
**SICK...**



**SPLINTER,**  
**MAH BOY,**  
**MAH BABY**  
**SON...**  
**LISSEN T'**  
**YO' MAW,**  
**PAW'LL**  
**KILL ME**  
**FO' LETTIN'**  
**YA GIT OFF**  
**WIF OUR**  
**MONEY!**

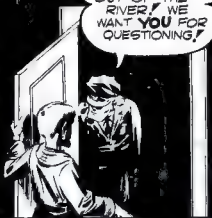
**SHADDAP!**  
**AHM GITTIN**  
**OUT**  
**AND**  
**Y'DIDN'T**  
**LET**  
**ME!**





AND SO...

WEEVIL WE  
JUST FISHED  
THE **BODY**  
OF MONTE FARO  
OUT OF THE  
RIVER. WE  
WANT **YOU** FOR  
QUESTIONING!



WHY **SURE!**  
MIND IF AH  
GET MAH  
COAT?



SPIRIT  
SPLINTER  
WEEVIL JUST  
**SHOT KLINK**  
AND **MULDOON!**  
HE'S **SKIPPED**  
TOWN!

THIS IS  
THE  
**CHANCE**  
I'VE BEEN  
WAITING  
FOR!  
I'M GOING  
AFTER  
HIM?



FOR MONTHS THE  
SPIRIT WAS ON  
SPLINTER'S TRAIL.  
WHERE SPLINTER WAS  
THE SPIRIT WAS SURE  
T'BE PURTY CLOSE  
BEHIND....



PLEASE, BUD, I'M AN  
EX-CON. IF YOU  
**TAKE THIS DOUGH,**  
MY BOSS WILL THINK  
I HAD A HAND  
IN IT. DON'T..

AH SEE  
YORE POINT  
AND AH'L **HEP**  
YA OUT!



**BANG**

NOW YORE  
BOSS **WON'T**  
SUSPECT YA!



SPLINTER FLED ACROSS  
THE COUNTRY, STEALIN'  
T'LIVE, MOVIN' BY FREIGHT.



WHAT'S  
ALL TH'  
**COMMOTION**  
NEIGHBOR?



A PLANE  
CRASHED  
ON ICE  
MOUNTAIN!  
WE'RE FORMING  
RESCUE PAR-  
TIES. C'MON  
AN **JOIN**  
WE NEED  
MEN!

ALL OF A SUDDEN  
SPLINTER SPOTS THE  
SPIRIT....

ER... JOIN... **YEAH, SURE**  
AH'LL **JOIN!** LET'S  
GET OUTTA HEAH,  
**QUICK!**



THE RESCUERS STARTED UP  
THE ICE COATED MOUNTAIN...

WE DON'T  
KNOW JUST  
WHERE THE  
WRECK IS.  
WE'LL **SPLIT**  
UP TWO APICE!  
IF Y' **SPOT** IT,  
SHOOT UP A  
**FLARE!**

HOW C'D  
**ANYBODY**  
STILL BE  
ALIVE IN  
THIS  
**BLIZZARD!**

BY THE TIME  
WE GIT  
BACK THE  
**G\*#\*!!**  
**SPIRIT**  
SHOULD BE  
**OUTTA**  
TOWN!

YOU  
OVER  
THERE!  
**LIGHT**  
YOUR  
TORCH  
AND  
**COME**  
WITH  
ME!

WELL, **WHY**  
DON'T YOU  
**LIGHT** YOUR  
TORCH?

N...NO  
THANKS  
AHM FINE!

SPLINTER STAYED FUR BEHIND THE  
SPIRIT AS HE COULD. HE KEPT  
THE TORCH AWAY FROM HIS FACE.

AH SHOULD  
**FIGGERED** THIS  
BOY SCOUT WOULD  
JOIN THE RESCUE  
PARTY. AH GOTTA  
GIT **OUTA** HERE!

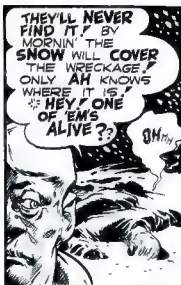
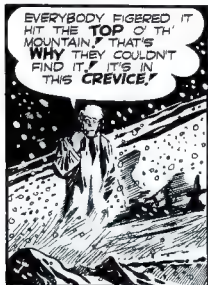
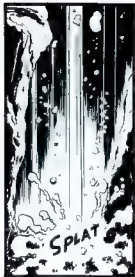
FER TWO HOURS  
THEY EXPLORED THE  
MOUNTAINSIDE...

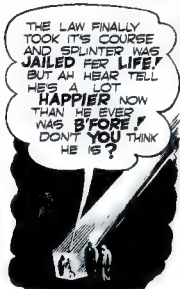
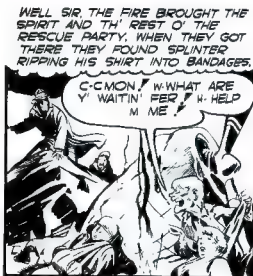
I THINK I SEE SOME-  
THING DOWN THERE!  
**BRING YOUR TORCH**  
OVER **HERE**. WILL  
YOU PAL?

NO... IT'S  
JUST A  
FALLEN  
TR.



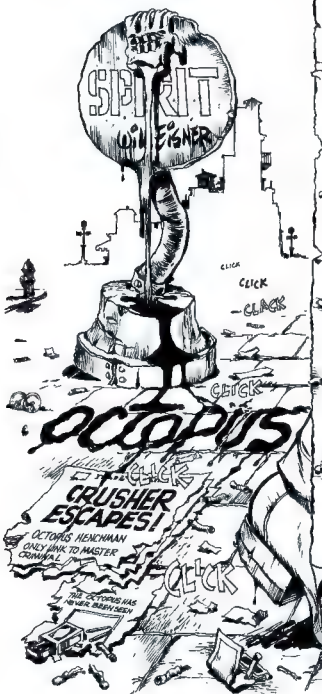


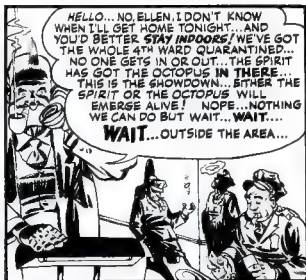




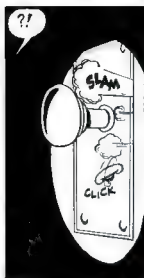
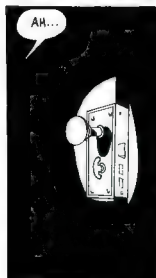
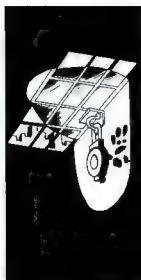


# SHOWDOWN











YOU'RE REALLY ON THE SPOT  
THIS TIME OCTOPUSSIE.. THE  
ENTIRE AREA IS SURROUNDED  
BY POLICE! BUT FIRST  
YOU AND I ARE GOING  
TO GET ACQUAINTED!



I'LL TAKE  
YOUR FLASH!



SORRY, MR. SPIRIT... MY  
IDENTITY IS GOING TO  
REMAIN A SECRET... AND  
SINCE THE FLASH HAS  
FALLEN IN SUCH A  
CONVENIENT SPOT...



...I'LL PROCEED TO  
**MAKE SURE**  
THAT MY PAL  
CRUSHER WON'T  
TURN **HONEST!**



BAM



...TUT-TUT, SPIRIT...  
I SAW YOU REACH  
FOR THAT FLASH...  
SO I'LL TAKE CARE  
OF THAT MATTER,  
TOO!



NOW ~~SCHUCKLE~~ WHILE YOU  
STUMBLE ABOUT IN THE DARK,  
I'LL ... **UGH!** ~~CRASH!!~~ YOU  
LOCKED THE WINDOW...



?  
SPLAT



SNIFF  
SNIFF  
PERFUME,  
MR. OCTOPUS,  
PERFUME!  
SO THAT YOUR  
PRESENCE WILL  
BE EASY TO  
DETECT EVEN IN  
THE DARK!













BENEATH THE CITY SIDEWALKS, FAR BELOW THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE PEDESTRIANS, THROBS THE VAST NETWORK OF MOVING STEEL, CALLED THE SUBWAY.

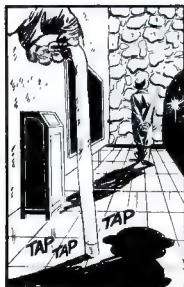
FOR ENDLESS HOURS, DAY AND NIGHT, THE BIG CARS TRAVEL OVER THE MILES OF TRACK SWALLOWING AND DISCHARGING HUMAN CARGO ON THEIR WAY TO WORK OR PLAY...

CLICKety CLACK...AND THE TRAINS ROAR ON UNMINDFUL OF ITS PASSENGERS.

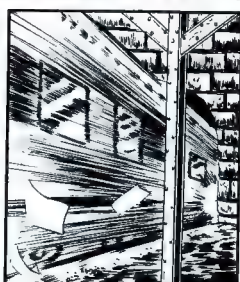
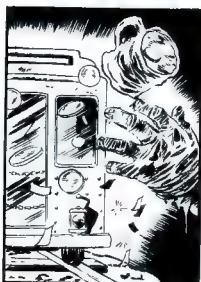
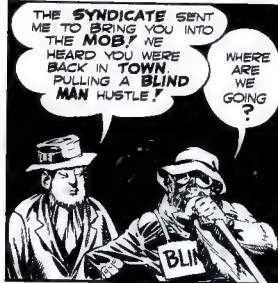


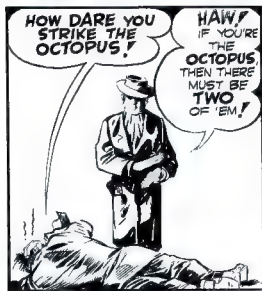
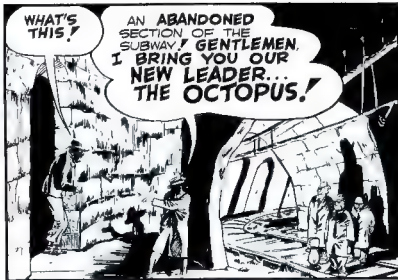
THE OCTOPUS IS BACK...











I KNEW YOU WERE MASQUERADING AS ME SO YOU COULD FIND THIS HIDEOUT. AND SINCE EXCHANGE IS ONLY FAIR PLAY, I DECIDED TO LET YOU TAKE MY PLACE....



NOW I'LL TAKE YOURS! TAKE GOOD CARE OF HIM, BOYS! HE'S FRAGILE!



THE SPIRIT OUGHT TO BE BACK BY NOW, COMMISH!

DON'T WORRY, SAMMY! HE'S ONE GUY WHO CAN TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF!





MEANWHILE, AT HEADQUARTERS...

SPIRIT, WHAT  
ARE YOU  
DOING WITH  
THOSE FILES?

DOLAN WANTS  
THE **COMPLETE**  
RECORDS OF  
ALL THE **BIG**  
CROOKS IN  
THE CITY. GIVE  
ME A HAND.  
KLINK!

HA HA HA! A FEW  
MORE TRIPS LIKE  
THAT AND I'LL  
HAVE **CLEANED**  
UP POLICE  
HEADQUARTERS!

PD



4:00 A.M.,  
I'M GETTING  
**TIRED**  
OF  
WAITING!

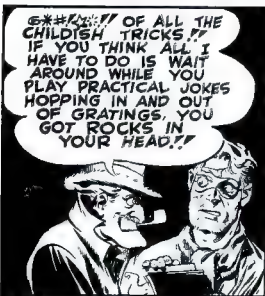
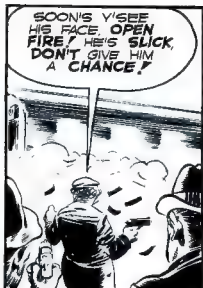
YAWN!

MEANWHILE...

BLIND



WE GOT 'IM  
NOW!

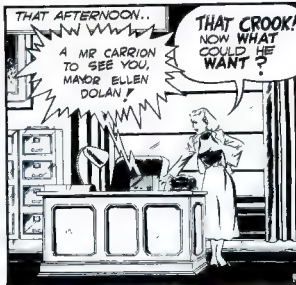
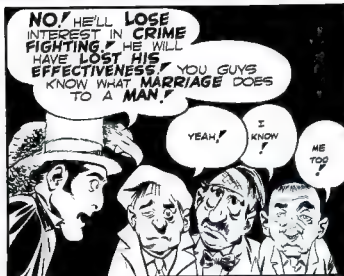
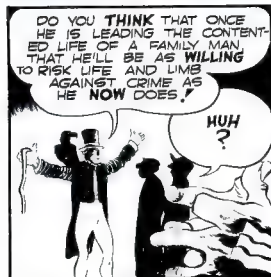


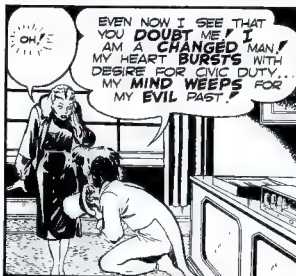
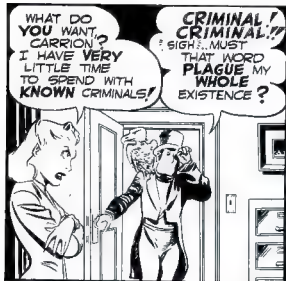
# TO THE SPIRIT WITH LOVE



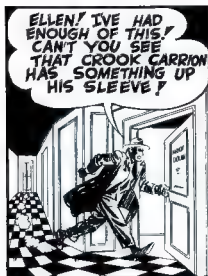


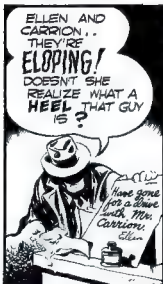
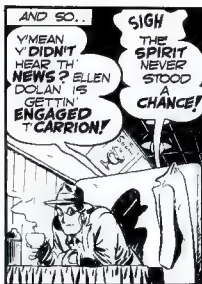


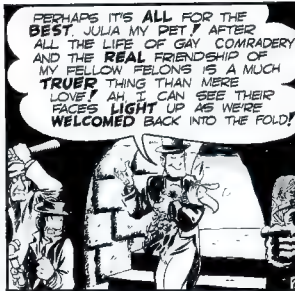












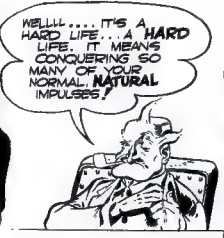


# PORTIER FORTUNE

SO YOU WANT TO  
BE A DETECTIVE.  
EH?



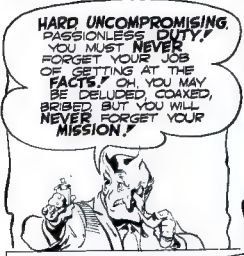
WELL... IT'S A  
HARD LIFE... A **HARD**  
LIFE. IT MEANS  
CONQUERING SO  
MANY OF YOUR  
NORMAL, **NATURAL**  
IMPULSES!



LOVE OF HOME,  
LOVE OF FAMILY.  
LOVE OF ALL  
YOU HOLD DEAR  
**MUST** BE  
SUBORDINATED  
TO DUTY!



**HARD UNCOMPROMISING.**  
**PASSIONLESS DUTY!**  
YOU MUST **NEVER**  
FORGET YOUR JOB  
OF GETTING AT THE  
**FACTS!** OH, YOU MAY  
BE DELUDED COAXED,  
BRIBED, BUT YOU WILL  
**NEVER** FORGET YOUR  
**MISSION!**



TAKE FOR  
INSTANCE THE  
**MILLISSY PORTIER**  
**MURDER!**

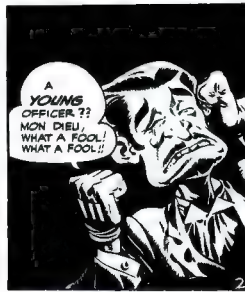


IT HAPPENED  
IN DECEMBER  
1946. IT'S  
BEEN FILED  
AWAY ALL THESE  
YEARS BUT NEVER  
**ONCE**, DID I  
**FORGET IT!**



AND NOW I'M ON MY WAY TO  
SEE THE **ONE** PERSON WHO  
CAN CLEAR UP ALL THE  
**LOOPHOLES...** AND BY  
**GEORGE, THIS TIME**  
I'LL GET AT THE  
**TRUTH!**









BUT P'GELL HAS  
OTHER THINGS TO DO.

IT'S ALMOST NINE  
O'CLOCK! SHE'S STILL  
NOT HERE! THAT...  
THAT HUSSY!! OH,  
WHAT A FOOL YOUR  
BROTHER WAS TO  
MARRY SUCH A...

PATIENCE, MILLISSY!  
WALDO WAS ALWAYS  
AN EARTHY SORT!  
JOVE! ER-I'M RATHER  
ANXIOUS TO MEET HER  
MYSELF! AHEN... OUT OF  
CURIOSITY, OF  
COAHNS!!



TO THINK HE DIED  
IN HER ARMS...

CAN YOU THINK OF  
A MORE PLEASANT  
WAY TO DIE??



PLEASE DON'T THINK  
ME IMMODEST, BUT  
WALDO WAS SO  
GRATEFUL FOR MY...  
AH... INTELLECTUAL  
COMPANIONSHIP, HE  
LEFT ME THE KEY TO  
THE FAMILY  
STROMS BOX!

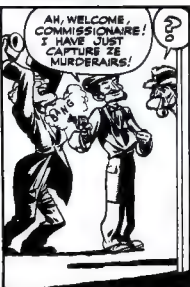
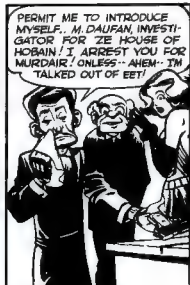
SO, WIPE YOUR  
CHIN, JUNIOR,  
AND GET THE  
PIGGY BANK!



PUT THAT BOX DOWN, I  
SAY! YOU'RE INFATUATED  
WITH HER YOURSELF!!

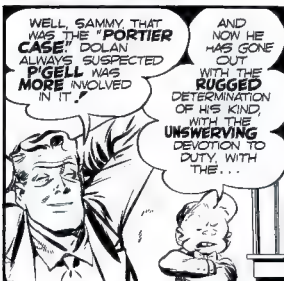
WHAT IF I AM? SHE'S  
ENTITLED TO ONE  
THIRD AND I ...









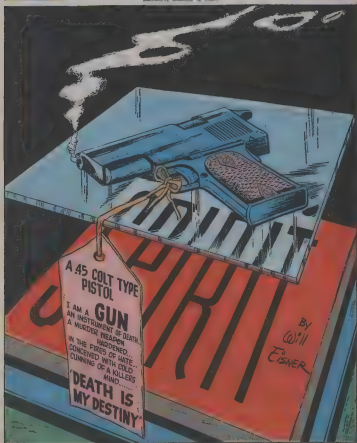


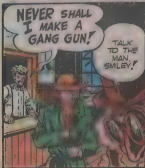
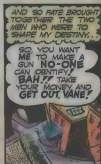
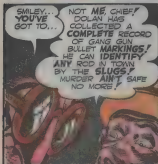
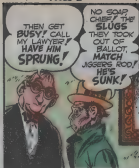
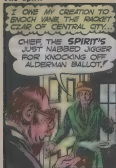


# THE STAR LEDGER

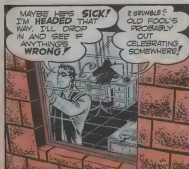
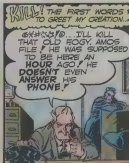
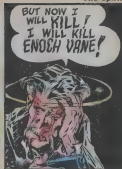
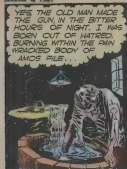
SUNDAY, MARCH 4, 1981

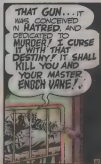
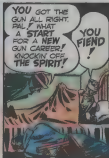
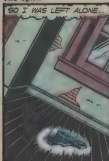
**ACTION**  
**Mystery**  
**Adventure**

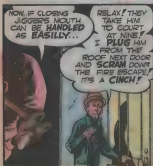
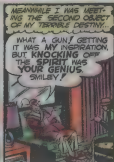
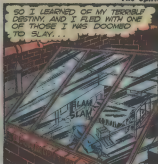
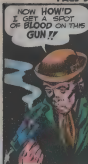








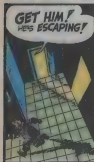
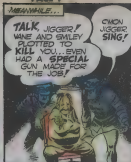








THERE I  
LAY,  
THWARTED  
IN MY  
DESTINY  
AND  
HELPLESS  
TO  
FULFILL  
MY FATE  
OF  
DESTRUCTION.





# THE STARLEDGER

SUNDAY, MARCH 11, 1951

**ACTION**  
**Mystery**  
**ADVENTURE**

THERE IS AN OLD LEGEND IN GERMAN FOLKLORE WHICH TELLS OF THE "DOPPLE GANGER" WHO WAS SUPPOSED TO BE A MAN'S SECOND SELF, OR AN EXACT PHYSICAL DUPLICATE WHO PURSUES HIM RELENTLESSLY, OF COURSE THIS IS ONLY A SILLY LEGEND. BUT TAKE THE CASE OF JOE JONES FOR INSTANCE....

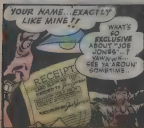
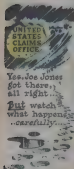




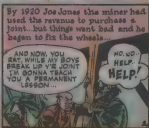
In the winter of 1905 Joe Jones and his partner prospector found a gold mine near Yusek, Alaska....

Now Joe Jones was an ordinary guy... not much different from you or me....

But....the sudden strike threw him off balance and he...ex...  
"liquidated" the partnership on the spot....



Read it again...  
burn it into  
your memory...  
it is  
important!!  
because  
from here on  
in things move  
awfully  
fast...  
Awfully fast!





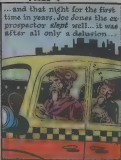
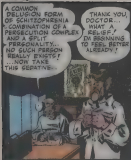
Joe cashed in his chips and tried a new field of enterprise... Chicago... where he married a meat-packer's orphaned daughter....



there was only one thing to do... travel!... elude this double who was black-mailing him... yes,

TRAVEL!





and so...October of 1947 found Joe Jones in Central City, the owner of a business...

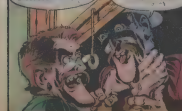


...the business went along but Jones couldn't play it straight...one night upon checking his books...



...THIS HAS GOT TO STOP!  
I-I THOUGHT YOU WERE A MURDER... BUT NOW I SEE YOU ARE REAL... I CAN'T UNDERSTAND THIS...

THERE ARE MANY MYSTERIES ON EARTH WE DON'T UNDERSTAND... WE ARE LINKED BY SOME BIG INVISIBLE FORCE...



BUT DON'T WORRY... TONIGHT YOU WILL BE RID OF ME... FOREVER!



F-FORRIBEE? H-HIS GOING TO KILL ME... GOT TO GET TO THE POLICE...

MARCH 11, 1951

PAGE 5

The Spirit

POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

NOW STOP BLUBBERING  
MR. JONES, AND TELL  
DR. BIKYSH ABOUT IT!

WAMP! A MAN,  
AN EXACT  
DOUBLE OF  
ME... BEEN  
FOLLOWING  
MR... SHOWS  
UP WHEN I'M IN  
TROUBLE, GOING  
TO KILL ME

SAW

A DOPELGANGER  
COMPLEX. HE'S  
SUFFERING FROM  
HALLUCINATIONS  
...HE MERELY  
THINKS  
THAT...

HMM...  
OK...  
EXCUSE ME  
DOC, THE  
PHONE

RING

DOLAN, THIS  
IS THE SPIRIT...  
SAM KLINK  
AND I HAVE  
JUST TRAILED  
THE BANKROPPER  
TO 81 VISTA  
ROAD... GUY  
NAMED JOE  
JONES...  
EXPECT HIM  
TO SHOW UP  
ANY MINUTE

GOOD! KEEP  
ME POSTED!

JONES, I THINK  
YOU HAD BETTER  
STAY RIGHT HERE!

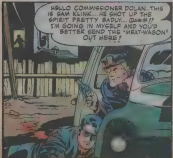
and so, at that very moment...

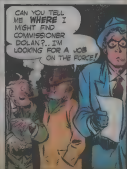
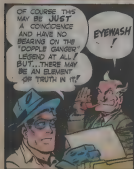
...LOOK, SPIRIT...  
THE LOOT TAKEN  
FROM THE BANK...

HMM... YEP, BUT IT'S  
VERY STRANGE... THERE'S  
ABOUT \$500,000  
MISSING... IN FACT,  
EXACTLY \$100,000  
IS MISSING!










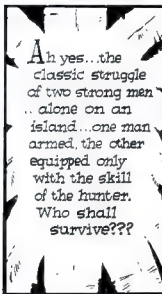
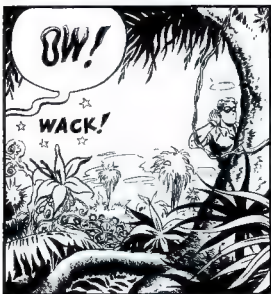
# DARLING AND THE OCTOPUS

## SPIRIT

BY  
Will  
EISNER



Some-  
where  
in the Florida  
Everglades are the  
'Lonesome Islands',  
a group of islands  
lost in the infested  
inlets and swamps.  
The islands are completely  
worthless and uninhabited...





ALL DAY, THEY WAIT  
EACH OTHER OUT...

WAITING FOR **ONE**  
MISTAKE, **ONE** CLUE  
TO THE OTHER'S  
WHEREABOUTS....

CRACK!

COME THIS WAY, LADIES! THIS  
IS **LONESOME ISLAND**,  
SECLUDED RENDEZVOUS IN  
THE EVERGLADES....ROMANTIC  
HIDEAWAY OF THE SOUTH....  
YOUR OWN PRIVATE ISLAND!

OBSERVE THIS  
PRIMITIVE SPLENDOR  
A TROPICAL PARADISE  
UNINHABITED BY  
MA...

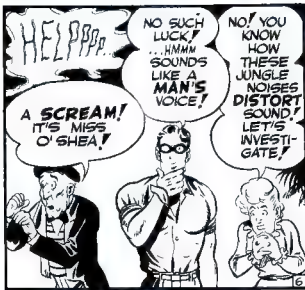
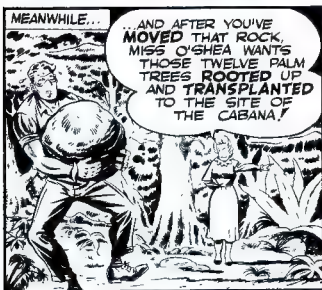
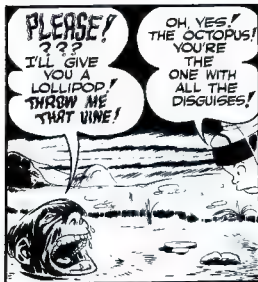
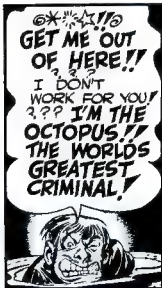
OH!

THIS ISLAND IS JUST  
WHAT I WANT!  
I'LL TAKE IT!

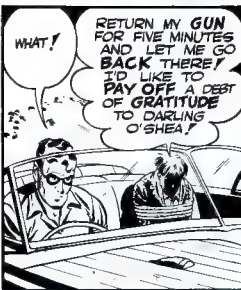
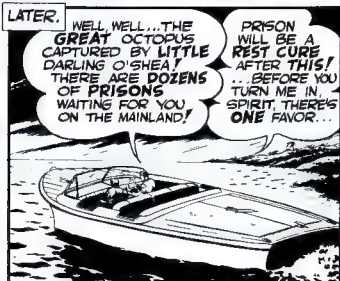
DARLING  
O'SHEA!











# DAMSELS IN DISTRESS



YOU KIDS SHOULD BE **ASHAMED** OF YOURSELVES, TALKING LIKE **THAT** ABOUT **COPS!** DON'T YOU THINK COPS ARE MADE OF FLESH AND BLOOD LIKE **YOU** ARE? DON'T YOU THINK **WE'RE** HUMAN?

BUT...

LET ME TELL YOU THE STORY OF **ONE** COP! A YOUNG FOOLISH ROOKIE! IT HAPPENED FOUR YEARS AGO, AND MAYBE IT WILL **PROVE** TO YOU THAT COPS ARE JUST PEOPLE AFTER ALL!



... BECAUSE OF THE PRESSING NEED FOR POLICEMEN, WE HAVE GRADUATED YOU MEN THROUGH A QUICK SUMMER SCHOOL. REMEMBER YOU ARE STILL ROOKIES AND YOU ARE STILL LEARNING ... DO YOUR DUTY FEARLESSLY AND HONESTLY...AND GOOD LUCK!



WHEW... COMMISSIONER DOLAN SURE TALKS A LOT... I'M SWEATERED... I'M GOING TO PUT IN AN HOUR OF BUNK FATIGUE!

SAM KLINK, PATROLMAN 3<sup>RD</sup> CLASS. I'VE WAITED FOR THIS DAY!

NOW, ROVER BOY, DON'T TELL ME YOU ARE GOING RIGHT OUT TO WIN THE PATROLMAN'S MEDAL!



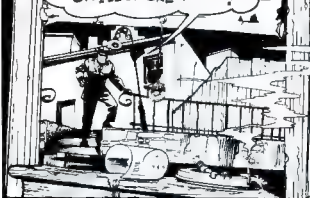
I'M CERTAINLY NOT GOING TO GET ANYWHERE IN THE DEPARTMENT LYING ON A BUNK... I'M GOING OUT TO MY BEAT AND CRACK DOWN ON CRIME RIGHT NOW... I'VE HAD MY EYE ON A JOINT THAT'S NEEDED CLEANING FOR A LONG TIME!

YAWN... LET HIM GO... SUCH TALK ONLY MAKES ME MORE TIRED!

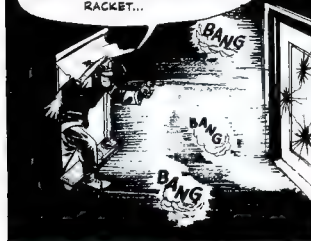


LATER...

O.K. YOU HOODS... THIS IS PATROLMAN SAM KLINK ON THE JOB NOW... FILE OUT OR I'LL SMOKE YA OUT!



... SO YOU WON'T ANSWER, EH? O.K.... I'LL COME IN SHOOTING! I KNOW ALL ABOUT YOUR USED CAR RACKET...



ER... OFFICER KLINK... WHEN YOU RUN OUT OF BULLETS WOULD YOU BE GOOD ENOUGH TO GET A PATROL WAGON DOWN HERE?... I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR AN HOUR!



AND SO... HEADQUARTERS



THAT SPIRIT... WISE GUY!  
ALWAYS AROUND WHEN  
Y'DON'T WANT HIM...



EN... WHO ARE YOU?



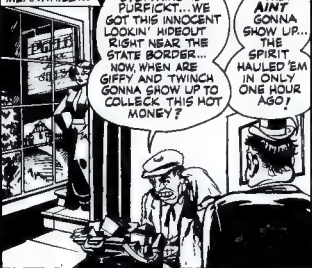
BUT I CAN'T WAIT...  
I'M IN DIRE  
**DISTRESS!**  
OF COURSE  
IT'S A CASE FOR  
THE SPIRIT...  
BUT IF YOU...



A FEW MINUTES LATER...



MEANWHILE...



WHAT! OH, A  
FINE BODYGUARD  
YOU ARE!  
WHYNTCHA  
STOP HIM?



HMMMM... YOU'RE IN A  
BAD SPOT, JUNIOR...  
MAYBE YOU'D BETTER  
PAY ME THE RENT  
IN ADVANCE!





OUTSIDE...

NOW BEFORE I GO IN, YOU'D BETTER TELL ME THE WHOLE STORY, SAREE!

WELL, THE MORTGAGE ON OUR SCHOOL IS DUE AND IN ORDER TO MAKE THE MONEY, MY STEP-MOTHER RENTED IT OUT TO A MAN... I THINK HE'S A CROOK... MOTHER IS A HELP-LESS WIDOW...

...A S'GULP! POOR HELPLESS WIDOW... UNPAID! SIGH! MORTGAGE... FEAR NOT, SAREE... I'LL SAVE YOU BOTH...

... SO LONG, WIDDER P'GELL... TOLDJA I'D GET EVEN...

WELL, TOOTH PASTE. THE COMMISSIONER WILL BE DELIGHTED TO SEE YOU!

DON'T WORRY, OLD WIDOW... PATROLMAN KLINK HAS THE SITUATION WELL IN HAND!

I MAY BE A WIDOW... BUT MY AGE IS A PRIVATE AFFAIR... NOW UNTIE ME LIKE A GOOD LITTLE HERO...

HEST... SAREE... QUICKLY... HIDE THAT BAG OF MONEY... HALF OF IT IS GENUINE... USED AS DECOYS IN PASSING THE ROTTEN STUFF... HURRY GIRL!

HEY... PUT THEM DOWN... THAT'S POLICE EVIDENCE!

NOW... OFFICER KLINK, BR... THE ROPES... I'M IN AWFUL AGONY... AREN'T YOU GOING TO UNTIE ME?... M-MMMM-MY YOU'RE A BIG ONE, AREN'T YOU?

SORRY MA'AM... I'LL HAVE TO HOLD YOU AS A MATERIAL WITNESS...

SIGH... THIS IS GOING TO NEED A LITTLE SPADE WORK... HOW OLD ARE YOU?







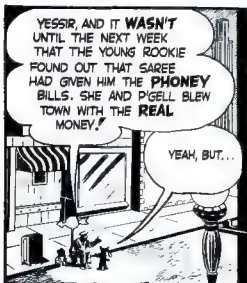
SPIRIT... I... THAT IS... GOSH...  
GOLLY, I MEAN, I'M SORRY FOR  
WHAT I SAID... I WAS SUCH  
A DOPE... I .

FORGET IT...  
YOU'RE THE  
FIRST HUMAN COP  
DOLAN HAS PRODUCED  
IN TEN YEARS... I  
HOPE WE'LL STAY  
FRIENDS.



SURE... HEY... DIDN'T I  
SOCK YOU ON THE JAW...  
HOW COME THE  
SHINER?

P'GELL,  
BLESS HER... NO  
SENSE OF  
HUMOR...



YESSIR, AND IT WASN'T  
UNTIL THE NEXT WEEK  
THAT THE YOUNG ROOKIE  
FOUND OUT THAT SAREE  
HAD GIVEN HIM THE **PHONEY**  
BILLS. SHE AND P'GELL BLEW  
TOWN WITH THE **REAL**  
MONEY.!

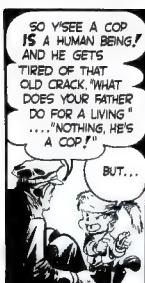
YEAH, BUT...



NOW, THIS MAY COME AS A  
SURPRISE, BUT THAT **YOUNG**  
COP, THAT **DUMB** ROOKIE,  
THAT **SWEET INNOCENT**  
SAP WAS NONE OTHER  
THAN **ME !!**

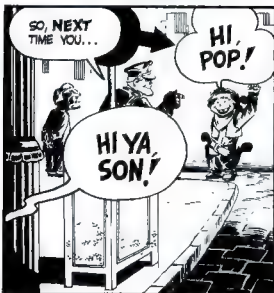
NO!

WILL  
WONDERS  
NEVER  
CEASE?



SO Y'SEE A COP  
IS A HUMAN BEING!  
AND HE GETS  
TIRED OF THAT  
OLD CRACK. 'WHAT  
DOES YOUR FATHER  
DO FOR A LIVING'  
.... 'NOTHING, HE'S  
A COP!'

BUT...



SO, NEXT  
TIME YOU...

HI,  
POP!

HI YA,  
SON!



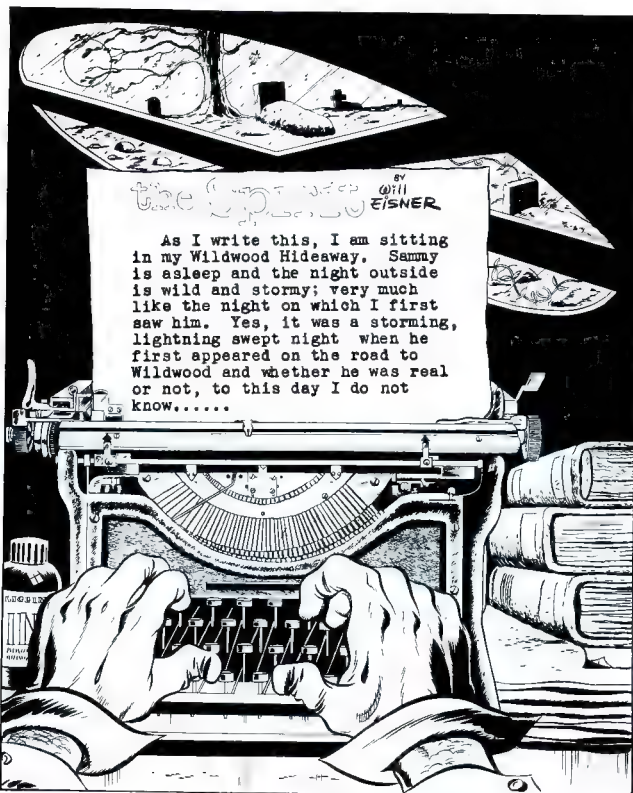
THAT'S WHAT HE'S  
BEEN TRYIN' T'TELL YA!

IT'S 'WAY  
PAST YOUR  
DINNER.  
JUNIOR MA  
WILL BE  
AWFUL ANGRY!

AW PA, I  
WAS TRYIN'  
T'TELL THAT  
DUMB ROOKIE  
THAT.

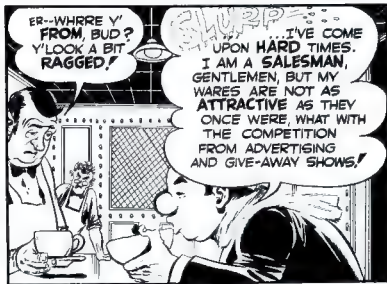


# THE LAST PROWL OF MEPHISTO



the last prowl of mephisto  
BY Will EISNER

As I write this, I am sitting in my Wildwood Hideaway. Sammy is asleep and the night outside is wild and stormy; very much like the night on which I first saw him. Yes, it was a storming, lightning swept night when he first appeared on the road to Wildwood and whether he was real or not, to this day I do not know.....



MEANWHILE...

THIS JOB OF BEING  
MAYOR IS RUINING  
YOU, ELLEN! WHY  
DON'T YOU GIVE UP  
ALL THIS SILLINESS  
AND RESIGN!

PLEASE,  
SPIRIT, I'M VERY  
BUSY!

MAYOR  
DOLAN

PRIVATE

AFTER ALL ELLEN,  
BEING AN EXECUTIVE  
IS A HARD UNCOMPROMISING  
EXISTENCE!

FRANCINE,  
SEND IN THE  
GRAND JURY  
REPORTS  
ON THE HAMBO  
BOOKIE RING!

THE HAMBO MOB  
IS NOT GOING TO  
SIT QUIETLY BY  
AND LET YOU  
ARREST THEM!

PLEASE,  
SPIRIT, I'M  
VERY  
BUSY!

QUIT THIS SILLY  
FARCE! LEAVE  
THIS WORK FOR  
OTHER HANDS...  
AFTER ALL...

IF HE  
SAVES A  
WOMAN'S  
PLACE IN  
THE HOME  
I'LL  
CROWN  
HIM!

A WOMAN'S  
PLACE IS  
IN THE...

HOME.

TAXI, MA'AM?

YES!

WHERE  
TO?

ANYWHERE! I'M  
SO MAD AT  
STUPID MEN  
I COULD BUST!  
I'D LET THE  
DEVIL TAKE  
THEM ALL!

INDEED?

MEANWHILE...

HERE IT IS,  
HAMBO! AIN'T  
IT A **CUTE**  
LAYOUT?

\*\*\* IF THAT  
DOLAN DAME  
WOULD LAY OFF  
US WE WOULDN'T  
HAVE TO  
HOLE AWAY IN  
THIS **DUMP!**



WHO'S  
THIS?

OUR WATCHMAN!  
I JUST **HIRED** HIM!  
HE'S A **PERFECT** WITNESS!  
**DEAF DUMB** AN' **BLIND!**  
HE JUST **FEELS** SOUNDS.  
HE CAN **FEEL** FOOTSTEPS!



I SUPPOSE YOU'RE  
KEEPIN' THE LIST  
O' TOMORROW'S  
WINNERS A **SECRET**,  
HUH, GRINDER?

YOU  
KNOW  
ME,  
BOSS!



YEAH ?? THEN WHAT'S  
THIS **SO-CALLED**  
WATCHMAN DOIN'  
WITH **THEM** IN  
HIS **POCKET**?



WISE GUY,  
HUH!

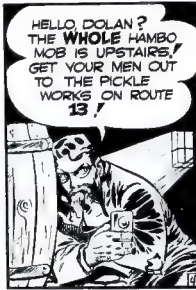


LEAVE 'IM ALONE  
HAMBO! HE  
JES' WANTED  
T'MAKE A  
FEW BUCKS!

LET'S GET  
UPSTAIRS  
AN' START  
TAKIN' **BETS!**



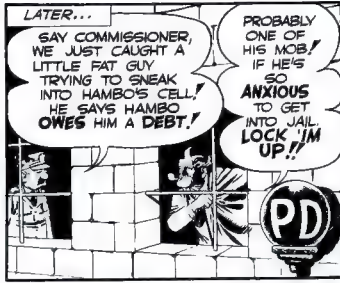
HELLO, DOLAN?  
THE **WHOLE** HAMBO  
MOB IS UPSTAIRS!  
GET YOUR MEN OUT  
TO THE PICKLE  
WORKS ON ROUTE  
**13!**











# THE SPIRIT

By Will  
EISNER

90.000 IN  
FET 1 UDX

IT VREWNK  
VHC VREWNK  
ENT 11/11/11

INFLUENCE TOWNS ON  
AND VIRTU.

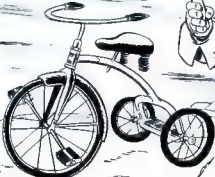
NONE WERE SEEN (EXCEPT  
-THE ONE WHO WAS TO  
BE KILLED).

LONG WAY  
TUNY  
TUNY

JAMES PETHRI  
DIXON ESQUIRE  
WITNESS WEIN  
WINNER...TERRE

## **PUBLIC NOTICES**

WALKALONG HAGGERTY,  
please come home.  
all is forgiven. TV  
set has been repair-  
ed. Mother and I  
love you, worrie!  
Father.





Monday  
Dear Mom  
Had a fierce tussle  
with a mountain  
lion today. Had the  
critter ~~sub~~ ~~sub~~ eatin  
outa my hand afore  
I was through...



Tuesday  
I went prospectin' &  
struck paydirt. I'm  
am not stakin' no  
claim account I  
think the vein is  
run out.



Wednesday  
They was Injun party  
wich I was surrounded  
I fought it out wit  
shootin' irons blamin'  
an I come out  
wit out a scratch.



Thursday  
I found a bad guy  
I got to protec the  
mails from him.  
wich then I'll  
will come  
home.



**WANTED!**  
\$1000 REWARD  
JOHNNY BUFFALO, ALIAS  
JOHN WEEDE ALIAS, AND  
WRETT ALIAS, JACKSON



**WANTED**  
7,418  
\$1000  
JOHNNY BUFF  
ALIAS ARE WRETT  
AGE-38 HEIGHT 6'1"  
POUND 160-170 HAIR  
BEARS ON RIGHT EAR  
EMPLOYED...

ARE YOU  
SURE THIS  
IS THE MAN  
YOU SAW  
THIS AFTER-  
NOON?

THAT'S HIM.  
ALL RIGHT, I  
GAVE HIM  
TWELVE GAL-  
LONS OF GAS  
AND A QUART  
OF OIL. I  
GOT A GOOD  
LOOK AT HIM I  
CALLED UP AFTER  
HE LEFT...



...I TOLD HIM HOW  
TO GET TO HOTEL  
FORLORN... WHY  
DON'T YOU  
TRY THERE  
?

THANKS,  
I  
WILL!

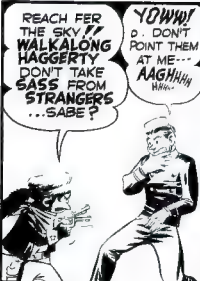
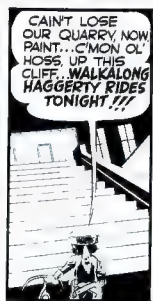
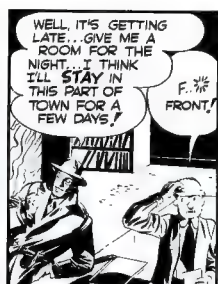


GEE, A MASKED  
MAN! WAAL, THESE  
HERE HILLS AIN'T  
BIG ENUF FER  
BOTH OF US...  
EAZZY, OL' PAINT  
'TILL AH SEE WHICH  
FORK HE TAKES!



YEP... AH'LL JEST  
TRY THIS HERE SIDE  
WINDOW AN' LARN  
WHAT EVIL'S AFOOT!  
GIDDYAP, PAINT!







LET'S GO, PAINT.  
BACK TO THE  
BAR-O-SPREAD!



REACH FER THE SKY,  
YOU **VARMINTS**! YOU  
GOT SOME **EXPLAININ'**  
TO DO!

**YAH**  
!!



HSST... GO AWAY, KID...  
**Y' BODDER US!!**

HE'S  
PLAYIN'  
**COWBOY**  
WID US.  
GIT RID  
O' HIM!



**BEAT IT BACK  
TO YOUR BUNK-  
HOUSE, COWBOY...  
IT'S BEDTIME!**



WOTTA  
**YOU SO**  
JUMPY  
ABOUT  
?

LOOK MAYBE YOU'D  
BETTER TAKE YOUR  
**LOOT** SOMEPLACE  
ELSE! NOW WITH  
THE **SPIRIT** HERE..  
IT'S **TOO HOT!**

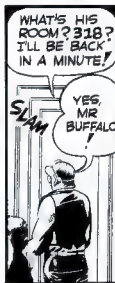


...AAH... JES' KEEP  
YER YAP SHUT..  
**I'LL HANDLE  
THE SPIRIT!**

AH  
AIN'T  
GITTIN'  
**KICKED**  
OUTTA NO  
CAFE! GIDDYAP  
PAINT, WE'LL  
BUST UP THE  
WHOLE GANG  
O' THEM  
**RUSTLIN'  
COYOTES!**



**GO HOME  
KID! GO  
HOME!**



WHAT'S HIS  
ROOM? 318?  
I'LL BE BACK  
IN A MINUTE!

**SLAM**

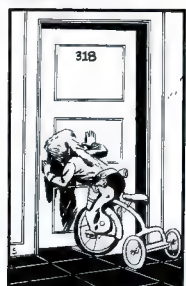
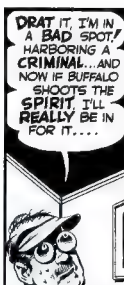
YES,  
MR  
**BUFFALO**  
!



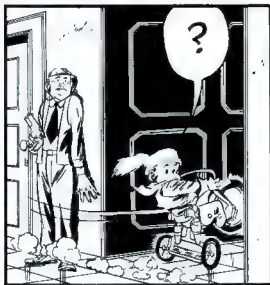
**WANTED**

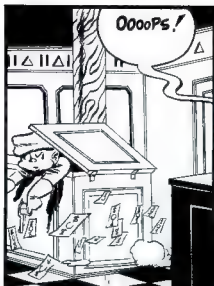


**JOHNNY BUFFALO  
REWARD**





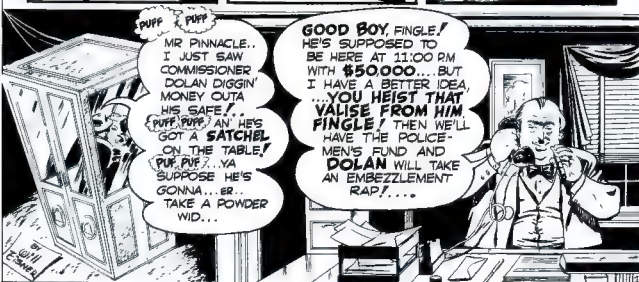
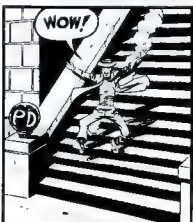
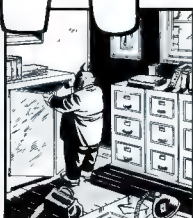




# TIME BOMB

## THE SPIRIT

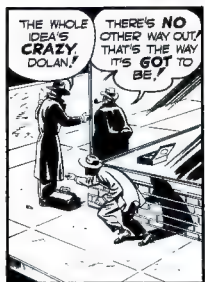
BY WIN EISNER



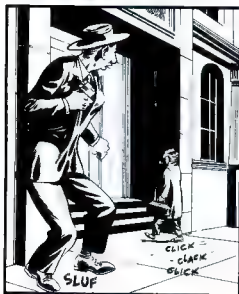
MR PINNACLE..  
I JUST SAW  
COMMISSIONER  
DOLAN DIGGIN'  
MONEY OUTA  
HIS SAFE!..  
PUFF, PUFF.. AN' HE'S  
GOT A SATCHEL  
ON THE TABLE!  
PUF, PUF?... YA  
SUPPOSE HE'S  
GONNA... ER..  
TAKE A POWDER  
WID...

GOOD BOY, FINGLE!  
HE'S SUPPOSED TO  
BE HERE AT 11:00 PM  
WITH \$50,000... BUT  
I HAVE A BETTER IDEA,  
...YOU HEIST THAT  
VALISE FROM HIM,  
FINGLE! THEN WE'LL  
HAVE THE POLICE-  
MEN'S FUND AND  
DOLAN WILL TAKE  
AN EMBEZZLEMENT  
RAP!....









JUST WHAT  
IS IT YOU  
CAN PROVE  
?

THE DEPARTMENT  
HAS BEEN MY  
LIFE! I'D RATHER  
DIE THAN LIVE  
UNDER YOUR  
THUMB...AND  
I'LL TAKE **YOU**  
WITH ME! HERE'S  
YOUR PAYOFF  
PINNACLE....  
**THIS BAG  
CONTAINS  
A BOMB!!**

THE SPIRIT IS  
OUT TO CRACK  
THE CASE  
**NOW!** IF  
HE PHONES  
**BEFORE 12,**  
I'LL WALK OUT  
OF HERE AND  
**DISPOSE**  
OF THE  
**BOMB!**

IT'S UP TO  
THE SPIRIT.  
WE'LL QUIETLY  
WAIT FOR HIS  
PHONE CALL...  
UNTIL 12  
MIDNIGHT!  
**AH, PEACE.**  
**IT'S  
WONDERFUL**



LOOK, FELLAS, **ALL** I WANT  
TO KNOW IS **WHERE'S**  
THE **TREASURER?**



WHAT  
INNING  
IS IT?

OH-  
OH!

CLICK



TAKING **GOOD**  
CARE OF THE  
RECORDS, MISTER  
TREASURER?... AND  
WILL YOU **LOOK**  
AT THAT NOW-  
DOLAN'S **CASH-BOX**,  
OF **ALL** THINGS!



ALL  
RIGHT...  
TAKE  
'EM!

VERY  
**OBLIGING**  
OF YOU

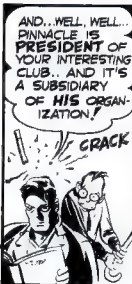


VERY NEAT BOOK-  
KEEPING! **ANHHH....**  
**COMPLETE** RECORDS.  
"RECEIVED \$50,000  
FROM POLICEMEN'S  
FUND" TWO WEEKS  
AGO!



AND...WELL, WELL...  
**PINNACLE** IS  
PRESIDENT OF  
YOUR INTERESTING  
CLUB.. AND IT'S  
A SUBSIDIARY  
OF **HIS** ORGAN-  
IZATION!

CRACK



THANK YOU  
**VERY** MUCH...  
WE'LL BE  
**VERY** HAPPY  
WITH **ALL**  
THIS!



YOU DIDN'T  
WANT ME  
IN BEFORE  
.. NOW YOU  
CAN THROW  
ME OUT!

I'M NOT  
THROWIN'  
YOU OUT...  
I'M  
THROWIN'  
YOU IN!



SORRY, GENERAL, NO  
TIME NOW... GOTTA  
MAKE A **PHONE** CALL!

FREE SPENDERS CLUB



LOOK, DOLAN, WHY DON'T YOU TAKE A **NICE** HOLIDAY, PAY OFF THE \$50,000 LIKE A **GOOD** FELLOW AND I'LL TREAT YOU TO A NICE VACATION, FREE...**GRATIS**.... WHAT SAY?...NO?

TICK  
TICK  
TICK  
TINCK  
TINCK  
TINCK  
ATINKA  
GATINK  
GATINK  
GATINK  
GATINK  
GOTTATINK  
GOTTATINK

THIS IS THE SPIRIT!  
WILL YOU GIVE  
COMMISSIONER  
DOLAN A MESSAGE?  
I'VE GOT THE BOOKS  
OF THE FREE-  
SPENDER CLUB  
AND IT'S TIE-UP WITH  
THE PINNACLE  
ORGANIZATION!

THE CASE OF  
THE POLICE  
FUND ROBBERY'S  
BROKEN WIDE  
OPEN!...  
**PINNACLE'S  
THROUGH!**



YOU WIN, DOLAN!! NOW GET OUT OF HERE...FAST... BEFORE THAT BOMB GOES OFF!!

SO LONG!!

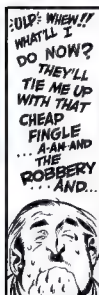
THERE'S FINGLE, THE FOOL! WHY DIDNT HE HEIST THE BAG? THAT BOMB WAS ONLY A BLUFF. PROBABLY...

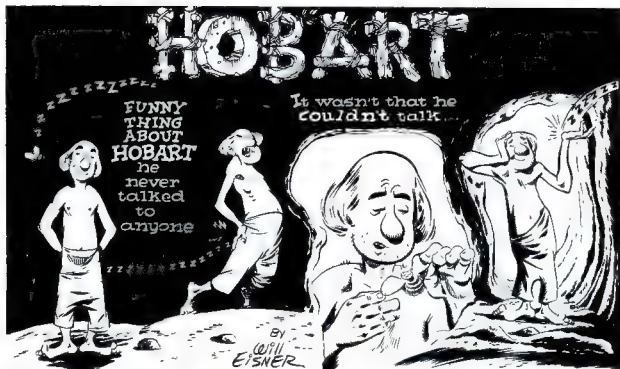
DOLAN USED THE OLDEST SUCKER GAME IN THE BOOKS!

A black and white comic panel. In the foreground, a man in a trench coat and hat is walking away from the viewer, carrying a satchel. He is looking back over his shoulder. In the background, a man in a suit and hat is pointing a gun at him. A speech bubble from the man in the suit says "FREEZE!... HAND OVER THE SATCHEL!". The scene is set on a sidewalk with a building in the background.

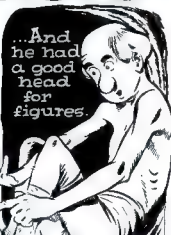
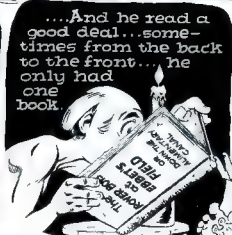
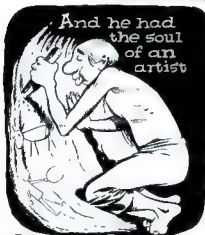
NO... **NO!**  
DON'T DO IT!







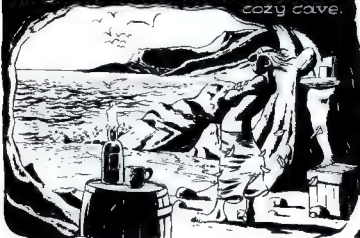
In fact, **H**e had a lot of things on his mind....



But you see, there was simply no point in talking... For

**HOBART WAS A HERMIT**

**HOBART** was master of all the magnificence viewed from his cozy cave.



He never wanted for good things to eat...

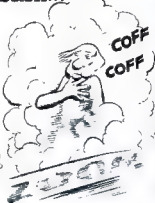
At times he'd get the wanderlust...



Then he'd pack his things, put on his shoes and go forth for a taste of civilization



But for some reason he'd always turn back...



And gaze into the beautiful beyond....



**IN FACT, HOBART** never entertained socially....



Except once



When civilization came to **HOBART**.



All nicely dressed....that is....



Except for one messy character, who wore a mask

One fellow was real sociable  
and smelled good, as smells go

HOW DO YOU DO? I'D LIKE TO RENT  
YOUR QUARTERS, OLD CHAP..FOR  
A MONTH, SAY! HERE'S TWO DOLLARS  
DEPOSIT...



WELL...???  
WHAT DO  
YOU SAY  
???



HE'S HOLDING  
OUT FOR MORE.  
COMMODORE...  
GIVE HIM  
FIVE!



Well it was a  
pretty piece of paper...  
But Hobart  
had only  
one use for  
paper.



HE'S  
USIN' IT  
TO LIGHT  
A  
FIRE!



HOLY SMOKE!  
HE MUST BE  
LOADED!!  
MONEY TO  
BURN!

SAYYYY.... DON'T  
HE LOOK LIKE  
STEAMBOAT SAM?  
LIT OUT ABOUT  
THREE YEARS AGO?



YEAH, HE WAS  
SUPPOSED TO  
HAVE MILLIONS  
STASHED  
AWAY!

EXACTLY! PERHAPS.  
HERE, EH, BOYS? WE  
SHALL BUY HIS FRIEND-  
SHIP! GET SOME OF  
OUR LOOT FROM  
THE LAUNCH!



BUT, COMMODORE..  
WE WENT TO A  
LOTTA TROUBLE  
SMUGGLIN' IN  
THEM DIAMONDS!



SHHH... WE'LL GYP  
IT BACK FROM HIM  
LATER! GO ON  
NOW!





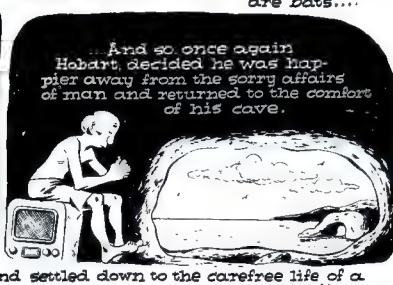


**HOBART** never knew people could be so nice.





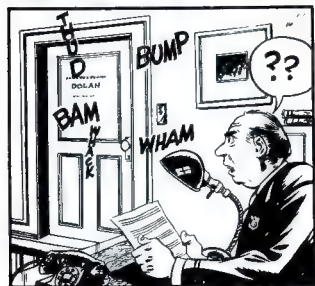


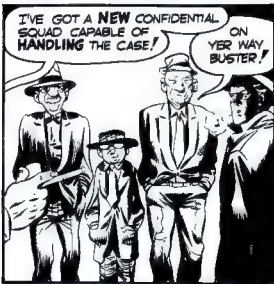
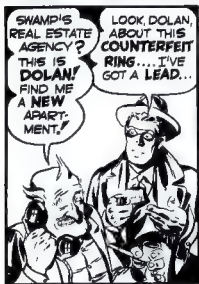
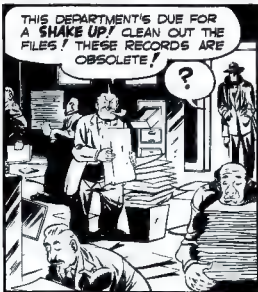






"HELP WANTED"



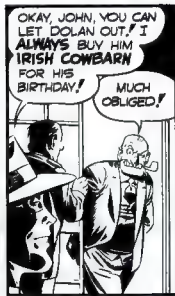












# THE FACTS

## THE SPIRIT

BY  
Will  
EISNER

NO ONE BELIEVED  
THE SPIRIT... BUT  
HERE ARE THE FACTS

I GUESS IT WAS SOME  
KIND OF STRANGE BLAST...  
AND THERE I WAS...  
THIS KID, WELL, HE... HE  
FLEW TO THE MOON!

I ALWAYS THOUGHT I WAS THE  
MOST REPULSIVE CHARACTER  
ON EARTH... BUT YOU, LITTLE  
GHOUL, YOU TAKE THE CAKE!

GEE,  
YOU'RE SWELL  
UNCLE  
CARRION!

Attention, dear reader, you doubtless have met  
Mr. Carrion, the villian, and Julia his pet.

But in this fine portrait, another we see  
fantastically clever beyond you or me.

It's Carrion's nephew, a genius of sorts  
Who plagues the police with his devilish sports

The nephew would get such swell gifts from dear unc,  
Dead reptiles, shrunk heads and interesting junk.

The evil pair dwelt amidst garbage and welter  
Where nobody ventured—THIS was their shelter.



# THIS IS THE WAY YOU HEARD IT.....



# BUT HERE ARE THE FACTS.....

Young Ghoul had a brain scientifically bent  
When he spoke it was hard to know what he meant  
He solved knotty problem in nuclear fission  
Which even alarmed the Atomic Commission.

PROFESSOR ZWEISTEIN?  
THIS IS GHOUL!  $VR^2 + X^2 = YR^2$   
 $+ 0.02510 \cdot h^2 LP + \Omega \cdot R \cdot VL$

But his biggest delight  
Was in phone conversation  
With disastrous alarms  
To frighten the nation

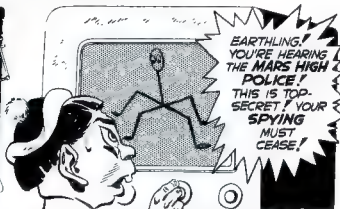
Till everyone wearied of those horrid stunts  
And ignored him and called him a pest and a dunce.



With sprockets and gears  
and transmissions from cars  
Ghoul even constructed  
a rocket to Mars.



Once Carrión brought home  
a frayed book of instruction  
And old TV parts for young  
Ghoul's construction....



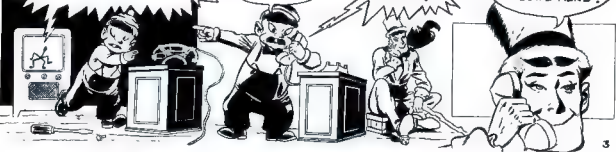
He soon had a set with a  
far-reaching pulse...  
It worked like greased magic,  
with monstrous results!

EARTH MUST NOT KNOW OF  
OUR ACTIONS JUST YET...  
WE'RE GOING TO LIQUIDATE  
YOUR TV SET!  
WE'RE PROPELLING A COSMIC  
EXPLOSION TOWARD YOU...  
2 HOURS AND 12 MINUTES  
FROM NOW, ADIEU!

I JUST HEARD  
THE MARTIANS  
ON CHANNEL 15  
I WANT  
PROTECTION  
A BLAST IS  
FORESEEN!

LISTEN, YOUNG  
FELLA, PLEASE  
GET OFF THE  
PHONE!  
ALL WE WANT  
NOW IS TO  
LEAVE US  
ALONE!

'LO, SPIRIT? IT'S  
CARRIÖN! THE  
MARTIANS ARE  
NEAR!  
IF YOU WANT ME  
TO PROVE IT.  
WHY DON'T YOU  
COME HERE?



An idea strikes  
Carrion  
consumed  
with hate,  
His arch-foe  
the Spirit  
to eliminate!

ATTAGIRL, JULIA,  
DOES HE APPROACH?



NOBODY HOME?  
WHERE'S THAT  
CARRION ROACH?



ATTENTION! MARS  
CALLING! ONE  
MINUTE TO GO!

WELL, I'LL BE  
DOGGONED!  
THEN IT IS  
REALLY SO!



But Ghoul was quite desperate  
to save his machines  
Let's scam, said the Spirit,  
or we're smithereens.

WE'RE LOCKED  
IN! HEY, CARRION,  
IS THAT YOU  
OUT THERE?

HA HA HA HA!  
THAT'S RIGHT SPIRIT!  
TOODLEOO! SAY  
A PRAYER!



OH, GHOUL! WHERE  
ARE YOU? RUN  
AWAY WHERE  
IT'S SAFE!



IN HERE,  
MR. CARRION!  
WOULD YOU DARE  
SAVE THE WIFE?

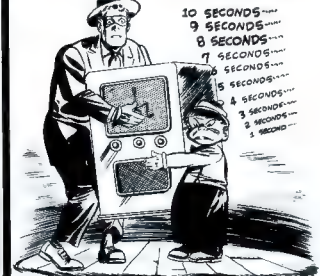
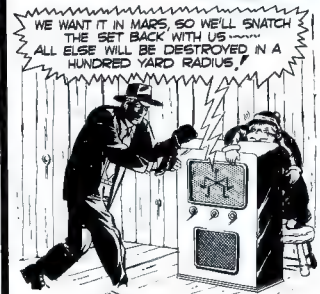
29 SECONDS



**THIS IS THE WAY YOU HEARD IT....**



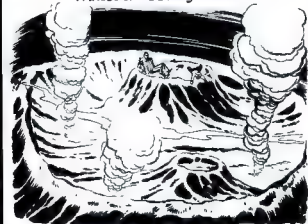
**BUT HERE ARE THE FACTS.....**







'Twas the last that was heard  
on Channel 15  
The Martians had come and left,  
without being seen.





# THE HERO THE SPIRIT

HENRY J. TIMECLOCK  
WAS NO HERO

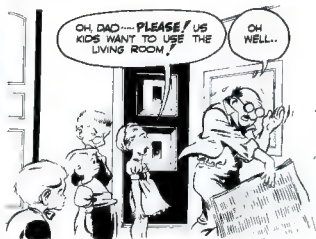
HIS HOMELIFE  
WAS FAR  
FROM HEROIC.

TICK  
TICK  
TICK  
TICK



HENRY! I JUST  
VACUUMED THE  
RUG!

OOOPS!  
SORRY....



OH, DAD.... PLEASE! US  
KIDS WANT TO USE THE  
LIVING ROOM!

OH  
WELL...

Every morning  
at 8:12....on the  
station platform  
...and so forth....



certainly he was obscure....

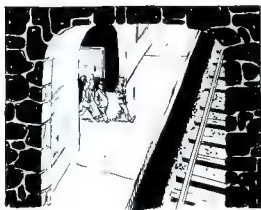
At 9:00 A.M. he  
opened the  
accounts....



At 5:00 P.M. he  
closed the  
accounts



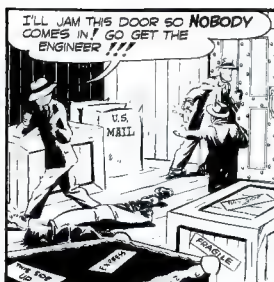
And he'd rush to catch the  
5:15 in a most unheroic  
fashion....

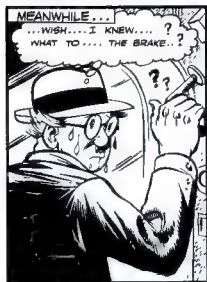


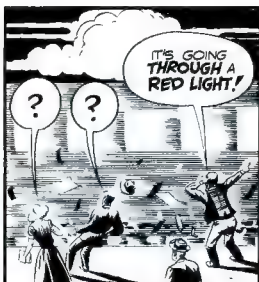
**FRIDAY NIGHTS IT WAS ALWAYS MORE CROWDED....**

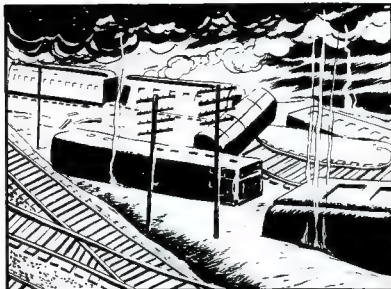
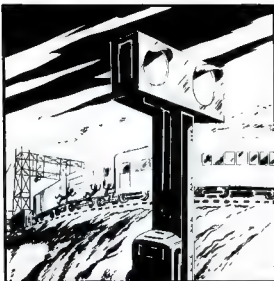










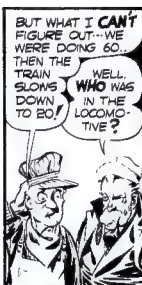






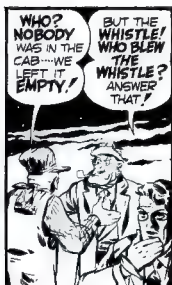
SOME INJURIES  
IN THE COACHES,  
**THREE DEAD**  
IN THE **BAGGAGE**  
**CAR!**

I WAS TRAILING  
THEM...TRAIN BANDITS  
AFTER SOME **VITAL**  
GOVERNMENT  
MATERIAL!



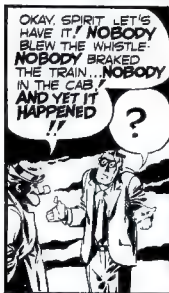
BUT WHAT I **CAN'T**  
FIGURE OUT---WE  
WERE DOING 60...  
THEN THE  
TRAIN  
SLOWS  
DOWN TO 20!

WELL,  
**WHO WAS**  
IN THE  
LOCOMO-  
TIVE?



**WHO?**  
**NOBODY**  
WAS IN THE  
CAB---WE  
LEFT IT  
**EMPTY!**

BUT THE  
**WHISTLE!**  
**WHO BLEW**  
THE  
**WHISTLE?**  
ANSWER  
THAT!



OKAY, SPIRIT LET'S  
HAVE IT! **NOBODY**  
BLEW THE WHISTLE-  
**NOBODY** BRAKED  
THE TRAIN...**NOBODY**  
IN THE CAB!  
AND YET IT  
HAPPENED  
!!

?

Not many  
miles away



NOW WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN SO  
LATE, HENRY? **THE IDEA!!** DO  
YOU THINK I HAVE NOTHING TO  
DO BUT KEEP SUPPER WAITING  
.....**YAK YAK YAK**  
YAKATA YAK...

**OUTA**  
THE WAY DAD  
LOOK OUT!!



**QUIET!!**



SUPPER READY  
GOOD! SET  
THE TABLE!  
I'M HUNGRY  
!!



NOW WHAT'S---?  
HE'S **NEVER**  
ACTED LIKE  
THAT BEFORE..  
SHHH---CHILDREN!!  
????  
?



?

# THE 7<sup>th</sup> HUSBAND

GIRLS, WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO ON A CRUISE, THROUGH FAR-AWAY EXOTIC CLIMES.....WITH-  
OUT IT COSTING YOU A CENT? IT CAN  
BE ARRANGED!.....MARRY A SHIPPING  
MAGNATE!.....LIKE THE TIME I TOOK  
MY SEVENTH HUSBAND, ELLIS MURDOCH...

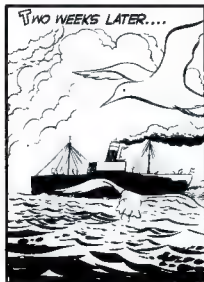
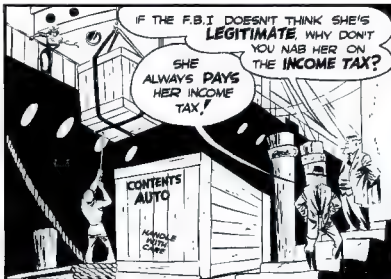
I DO!

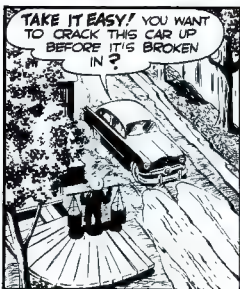
HERE SHE IS, NAMED  
AFTER YOU.....THE S.S. P'GELL!  
SHE'S YOUR BABY,  
SWEETHEART!

THE  
SPIRIT

THE  
SPIRIT

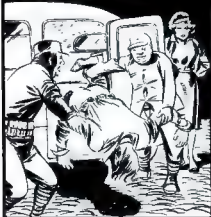
BY  
Will  
EISNER







SOMETIMES YOU'RE SO  
**STUPID SPIRIT**...  
...TOO BAD!



WHERE  
AM I...?  
???



THE  
ONLY  
LIGHT  
AROUND  
...???



THEY MUST BE  
IN THERE....



THERE ARE  
THREE CRATES  
OF **ATOMIC**  
RIFLES ABOARD  
MY WIFE'S  
SHIP, KWANG!  
THE NEXT  
MOVE IS  
YOUR'S!



**GOOD!** WITH  
300 **ATOMIC**  
RIFLES, I  
WILL CONTROL  
THIS ENTIRE  
PENINSULA!

I WILL SEND A TRUCK  
DOWN TO PICK THEM  
UP FROM THE  
SHIP...!

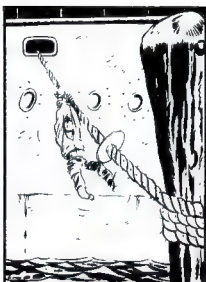


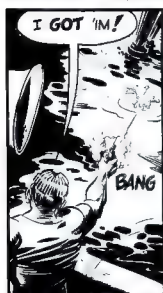
AAAAAGGH



BANG  
BANG



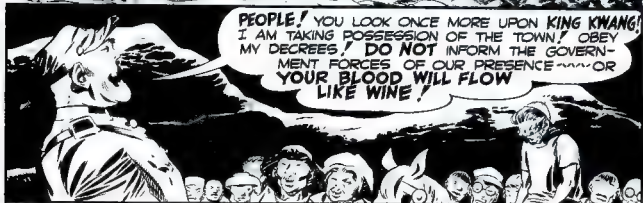




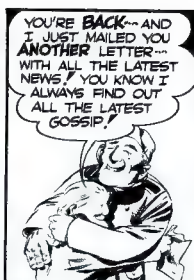




# KING WANG







IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW, A PALL OF DREAD AND GLOOM SETTLES ON THE TOWN. WHILE THE BRIGANDS MAKE MERRY... ON SATURDAY NIGHT.....













# THE THING IN THE JUNGLE

575. Originally published June 3, 1951

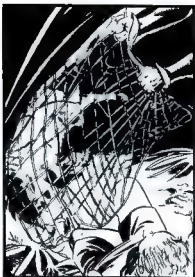


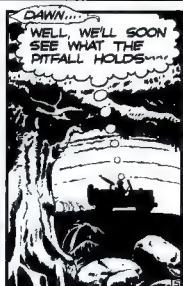
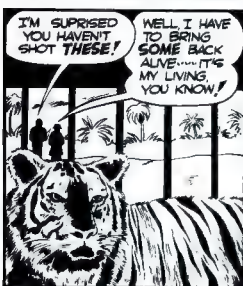


**A** heavy stillness,  
dank and warm....  
the drowsy drone  
of insects....two  
days from the  
village.















AND...ONE WEEK LATER...  
HUNTER TRAVAIL EMERGES  
FROM THE JUNGLE VAST-  
NESS... WELL AND HEALTHY.



TRAVAIL!



WE'VE COMBED THE  
JUNGLE FOR A WEEK...  
WE SAW YOUR SMASH-  
ED JEEP...  
ARE YOU  
ALL RIGHT  
?

NEVER  
BETTER!



I WAS AFRAID  
YOU WERE A  
VICTIM OF  
~~THE THING~~  
**THE THING!**

SPIRIT, KNOW  
WHERE I CAN  
FIND A GOOD  
CAMERA?



WHAT'S  
ALL THIS  
ABOUT  
???

I'M THROUGH  
WITH KILLING,  
OLD MAN!  
HEREAFTER I  
SHALL DO ALL  
MY SHOOTING  
WITH A CAMERA!




AS FOR THE THING,  
IT'S A LEGEND.  
SPIRIT...NATIVE  
VOODOO! DON'T  
TAKE IT SERIOUS!



YES, THERE ARE MANY  
TALES OF THE JUNGLE....  
AND OF THE PROWESS OF  
THOSE WHO STALK THE BIG  
GAME.... SOME OF THEM, AS  
WE SAID, COULD INDEED BE  
TRUE.

## WANCHU

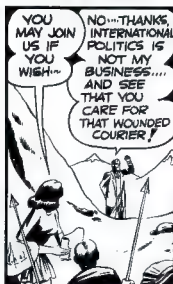


ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF WANGTE~~~  
IN THE SEASON OF THE FLOWERING  
OF THE TUNTSE IN THE VALLEY, A  
SMALL FORCE LED BY WARLORD LOO,  
CLIMBED THE SNOWCAPPED PEAKS OF  
WANCHU AND CAPTURED THE ANCIENT  
CITADEL OF THE WANCHU MONASTERY.

.....BUT SINCE THIS ANCIENT  
KINGDOM HAD NEVER BEEN  
IN TOUCH WITH THE WORLD  
OUTSIDE~~~NO ONE  
WOULD KNOW~~~SAVE  
FOR AN OCCASIONAL  
TRAVELLER.







...AND SO, THE FOLLOWING MORNING---  
THE SPIRIT FINDS HIMSELF ON THE  
EASTERN SLOPE---THE MORNING MIST  
THINS TO REVEAL---THE ANCIENT CITY  
OF WANCHU---

OOOW... MY  
FEET...HEY...WHAT  
A LAYOUT!



MAYBE  
I CAN GET  
MYSELF  
A HORSE  
DOWN  
THERE...



ALL RIGHT THERE, TAKE  
IT EASY! I WANT  
TO SEE WARLORD  
LOO!



WHAT'S  
EVERYONE  
SO MAD  
ABOUT!



WE DO NOT  
PERMIT  
FOREIGNERS  
TO SEE LOO.  
THE MORNING  
LOTUS. UNLESS  
YOU HAVE  
SOMETHING  
IMPORTANT  
TO SAY!

WELL...ER...  
IF YOU  
WANT IT  
THAT WAY,  
I SURE DO  
HAVE  
IMPORTANT  
INFORMATION!

TAKE  
HIM  
IN!



I AM LOO,  
THE MORNING  
LOTUS! WHAT  
IS IT  
TRAV-  
ELLER?



THE HILLS  
ARE CRAWLING  
WITH OUTLAWS  
WHO ARE  
PREPARED  
TO ATTACK  
THE CITY!

SO THE  
DOGS  
RETURN!  
GOOD!  
I WILL  
WIPE THEM  
OUT! WHAT  
REWARD DO  
YOU WISH?



AS A MATTER  
OF FACT, ALL  
I WANT IS  
TO BUY A  
HORSE AND  
BE ON MY  
WAY! HERE'S  
FIVE DOLLARS  
AMERICAN!

YOU ARE  
AMERICAN?  
EXCELLENT--  
YOU WILL BE  
OF VALUE!  
YOU ARE  
HUNGRY,  
NO??



HMM...AN AMERICAN COULD  
WIELD INFLUENCE FOR US  
AT THE CENTRAL GOVERN-  
MENT...YOU COULD CITE  
OUR LAND  
REFORMS, OUR  
BENEVOLENT  
ADMINISTRATION!  
WHAT IS YOUR  
PROFESSION?

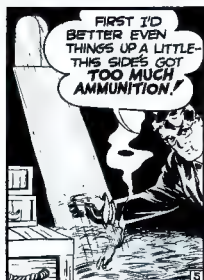
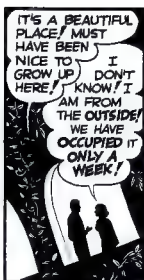
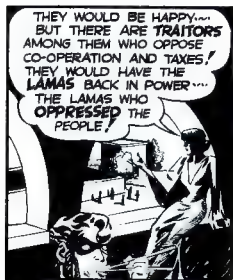
YOU  
MIGHT CALL  
ME A  
CRIME-  
FIGHTER!

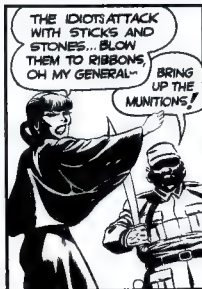


EVEN  
BETTER!  
YOU SHALL  
BE HEAD  
OF THE  
SECRET  
POLICE!

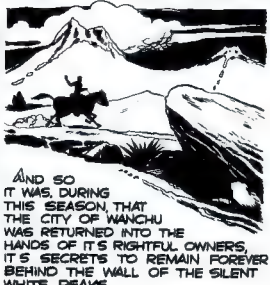
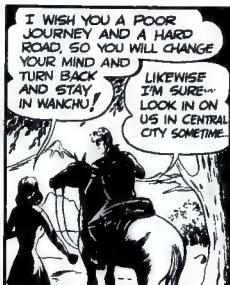
WHAT'S  
THE  
MATTER?  
AREN'T THE  
PEOPLE  
HAPPY  
HERE?



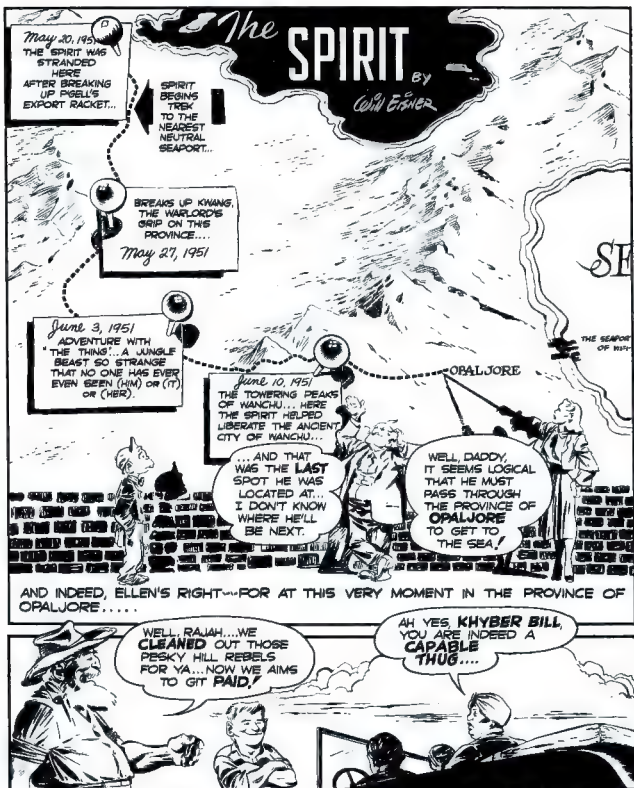








# KHYBER BILL

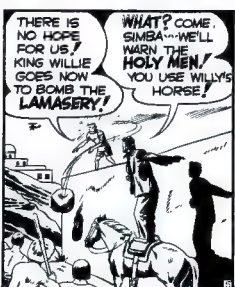
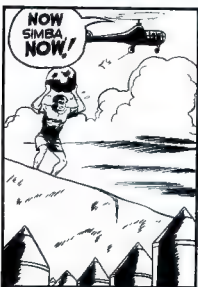




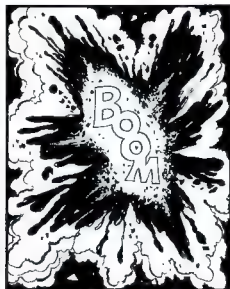












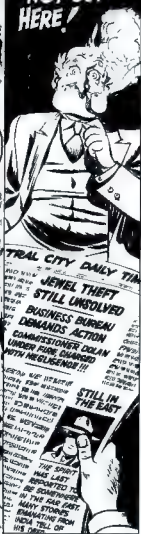


578. Originally published June 24, 1951

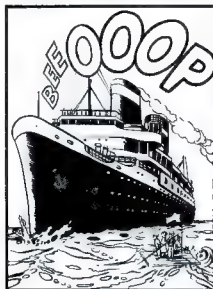
## SCHOOL IS OUT

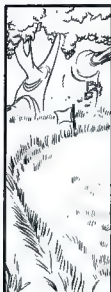


BUT...IN  
CENTRAL CITY  
POLICE  
HEADQUARTERS  
ON THIS GAY  
JUNE DAY...  
ALAS...HOW  
DIFFERENT!!  
ALL IS  
GLOOM...  
SCHOOL IS  
NOT OUT  
HERE!

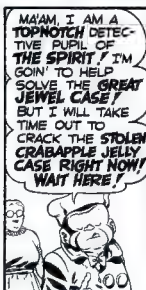
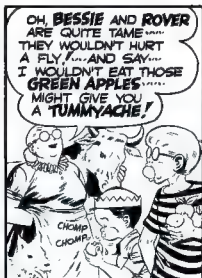


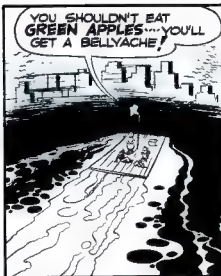
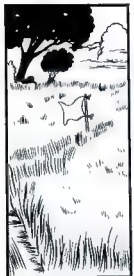


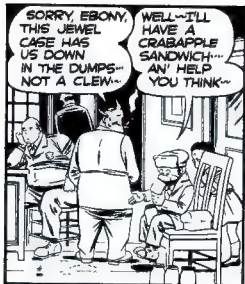










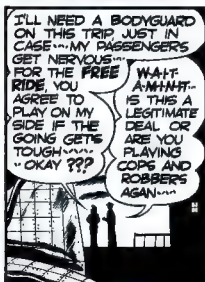


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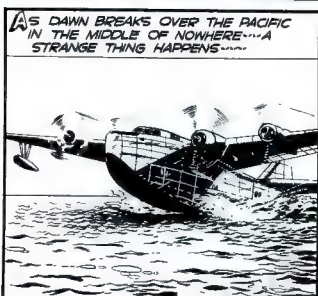
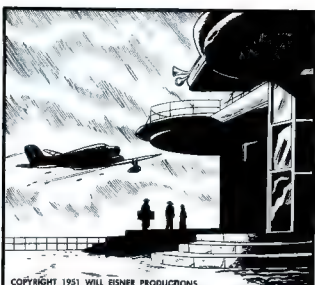


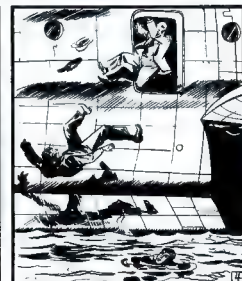
## A TICKET HOME













HERE! YOU CAN JOIN THE OTHERS!



WELL?...WHAT DO WE DO NOW... WITHOUT A PILOT?

A GOOD QUESTION



HEY!! COME BACK HERE!!

THEY CAN'T... THE WIND AND THE CURRENT ARE TOO STRONG!



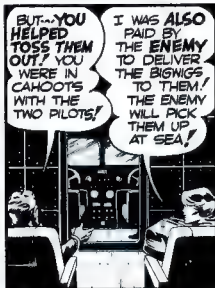
THIS IS FINE!

WE'RE DRIFTING INTO THE SHIPPING LANES... THAT'S WHAT THE MAN SAID... I CAN WAIT!



I DON'T QUITE GET ALL THIS... ???

I WAS SIMPLY SMUGGLING POLITICAL REFUGEES OUT OF DANGER TO AMERICA... THEY PAID ME WELL FOR IT!



BUT...YOU HELPED TOSS THEM OUT! YOU WERE IN CAHOOTS WITH THE TWO PILOTS!

I WAS ALSO PAID BY THE ENEMY TO DELIVER THE BIGNIGS TO THEM! THE ENEMY WILL PICK THEM UP AT SEA!



THAT'S WHAT I'D CALL FANCY DOUBLE-CROSSING!

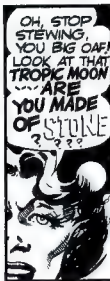


LISTEN, DARLING. WE'RE ALL ALONE ON THE WIDE, WIDE SEA... WHY WASTE TIME QUARRELING?

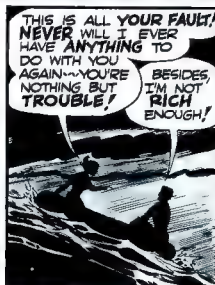
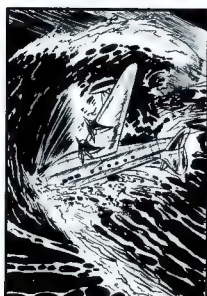


ALL DAY THE DERELICT PLANE BOBS ON THE OCEAN

IT'S TOO STILL AND OPPRESSIVE OUTSIDE... PIGG! I DON'T LIKE IT...



OH, STOP STEWING, YOU BIG OAF! LOOK AT THAT TROPIC MOON... ARE YOU MADE OF STONE ???





And so, dear reader...it is with great regret we must leave the Spirit and Pgell alone on an isolated 'isle...now if there are any among you who might be curious as to what happens...well...you might get next week's edition...



## THE LOOT OF ROBINSON CRUSOE

### THE SPIRIT

By Will Eisner

Will somebody please notify the boys of that eastern college who voted Pegg! The girl they'd like most to be cast on a desert isle with ".....that fate has obliged....." and the Spirit now finds himself in that very position.

So come with us to the breeze caressed tropical sanctuary--and gaze with us, upon this idyll of technicolor paradise.



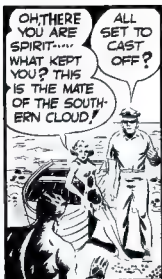


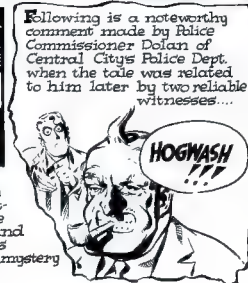
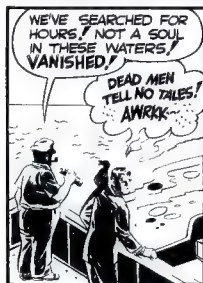










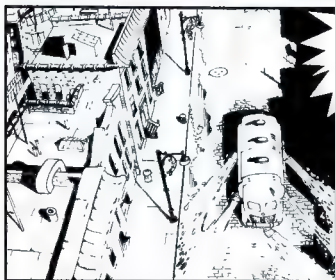
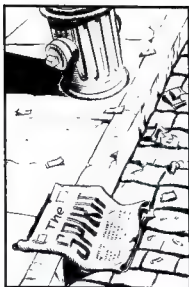


# HEAT



## THE SPIRIT

It started out like any day  
A little warmer perhaps,  
but no one really noticed--  
Just another day in the city



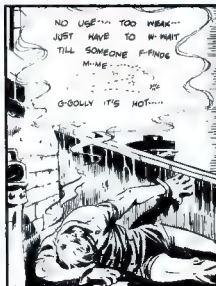
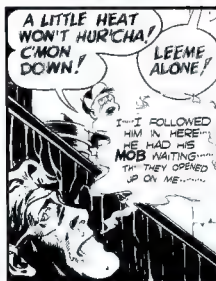
A VERY GOOD MORNING TO YOU CITY DWELLERS ~~~~ THE WEATHER FORECAST FOR CENTRAL CITY AND VICINITY ~~~~ IT WILL BE SUNNY AND HOT TODAY WITH A HIGH IN THE LOW NINeties !



GENTLE SOUTHEASTERLY WINDS ARE MOVING IN FROM THE GULF. THE TEMPERATURE NOW IN DOWNTOWN CENTRAL CITY AT 7 A.M. IS 87° WITH THE HUMIDITY AT 63% ....



THIS IS THE KIND OF DAY FOR LYING ON THE BEACH.





HERE IS THE ELEVEN O'CLOCK  
WEATHER REPORT—TEMPERATURE  
93° HUMIDITY 85%—THIS IS  
A RISE OF 6° SINCE 6 A.M.

WHAT DOES THE WEATHER  
MAN SAY, MA? IS IT GONNA  
RAIN?

NO,  
MILLIE!

I SURE HOPE IT  
DON'T RAIN, I  
GOT A DATE WITH  
FRED T'NIGHT! YA  
KNOW WHAT THE  
RAIN DOES T'NY  
HAIR!

IT  
WON'T  
RAIN  
DEAR!

RAIN MAKES MY  
HAIR SO STRAIGHT...  
WHY I CAN'T HAVE  
WAVY HAIR LIKE  
OTHER GIRLS, I  
CAN'T UNDERSTAND!

PLUG  
IN  
THE  
VACUUM  
PLEASE  
MILLIE!

HELP

DOORBELL,  
MA!!

I KNOW,  
MILLIE—I  
KNOW—I  
'LL GET  
IT!

THE HEAT AT ONE O'CLOCK  
HAS REACHED A HIGH OF 98°  
—SIX PEOPLE HAVE COLLAPSED  
IN DOWNTOWN CENTRAL CITY!



THERE IS NO EXPECTED  
DROP IN THE TEMPERATURE,  
OFFICES ARE LETTING OUT  
EMPLOYEES EARLY!

HOT AIN'T  
IT, MRS.  
SCULLY?

WHEW!



YEAH!

Y'KNOW WHAT I THINK,  
MRS. SCULLY? I THINK  
IT'S THE TIMES WE LIVE  
IN! ALL THIS IS SORT  
OF A PUNISHMENT!

MUST HAVE  
PASSED OUT  
AGAIN...



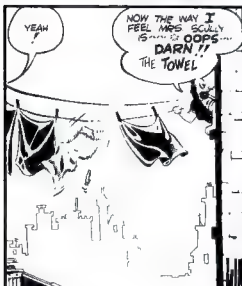
IF ONLY SOMEONE  
WOULD NOTICE  
ME... TOO  
WEAK TO YELL  
I'M HELPLESS...

I WAS TELLING MY  
MURRAY LAST NIGHT HE  
SHOULD BE ASHAMED HE  
DON'T EAT HIS CEREAL  
WHILE PEOPLE IN EUROPE  
ARE STARVIN'!



YEAH!

NOW THE WAY I  
FEEL MRS. SCULLY  
IS... OOPS...  
DARN!!  
THE TOWEL



I DROPPED A  
TOWEL! I HATE  
TO GO DOWN IN THIS  
HEAT AND PICK IT UP!

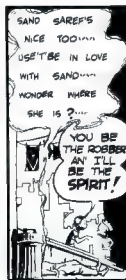
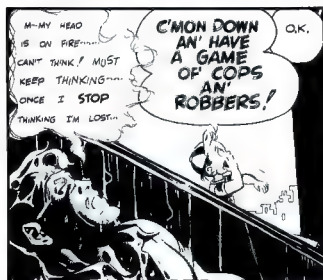
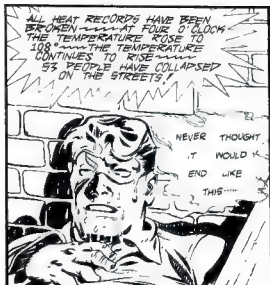
WHY STRAIN YOUR  
HEART MRS. GOOTCH,  
LET YER SON GET  
IT WHEN HE  
COMES HOME!



YOU'RE RIGHT THIS  
HEAT IS DANGEROUS!  
I WON'T GO DOWN!

I-I'M BEGINNING  
TO BLEED  
AGAIN!  
UH OH









QUIET!

SHHHHHHHH!

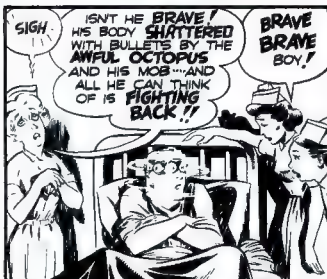
SPIRIT

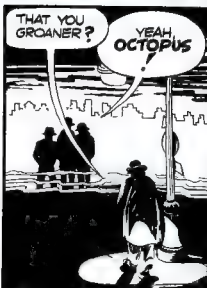
HOSPITAL  
ZONE  
QUIET

We beg of you...Please  
read this story with  
the utmost of silence.  
Kindly refrain from  
coughing, sneezing, or  
clearing of throats....  
There's a sick man  
inside

By  
Wm  
EISNER

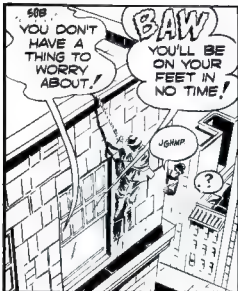








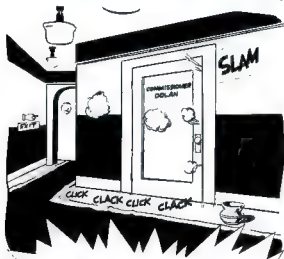
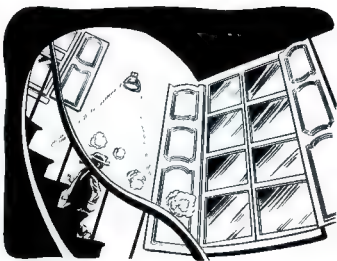






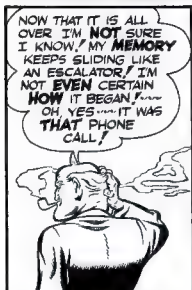


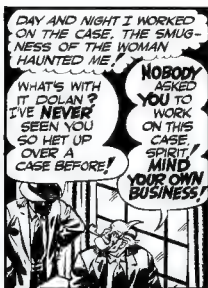
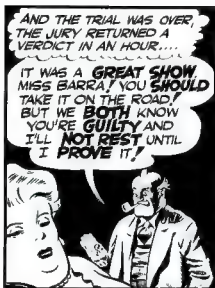
# Veta Barra

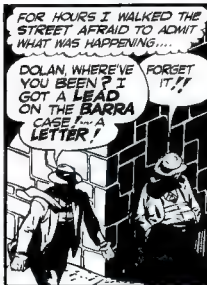


CITY HALL IS IN A TURMOIL! ALL OFFICIALS HAVE **REFUSED** COMMENT! THE WHEREABOUTS OF COMMISSIONER DOLAN IS **UNKNOWN**—ALL THAT IS KNOWN AT THE MOMENT IS THAT ONE HALF HOUR AGO **COMMISSIONER DOLAN RESIGNED** AND EVERY ONE IS ASKING **WHY?**

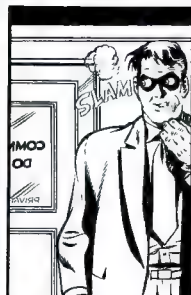
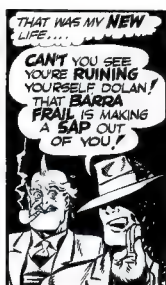


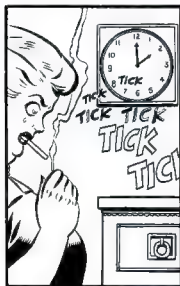


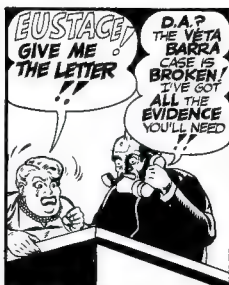




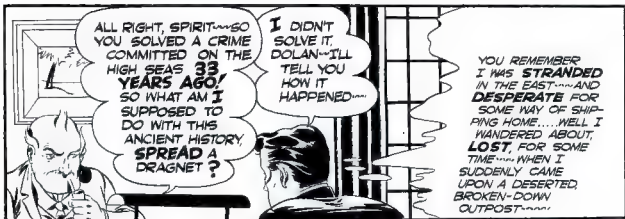


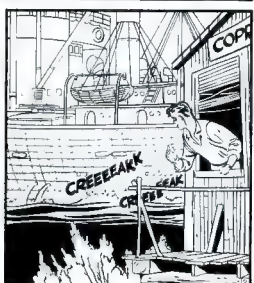
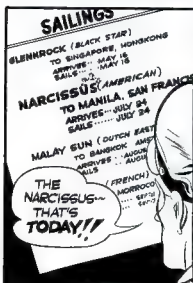




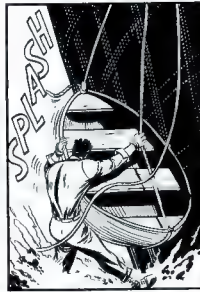
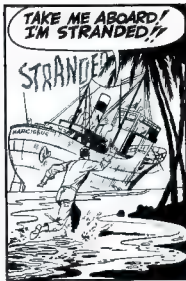


## THE RETURN OF THE NARCISSUS

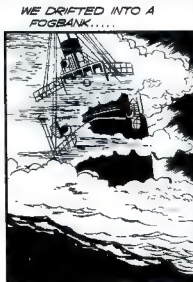
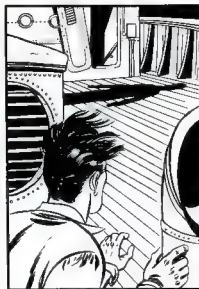
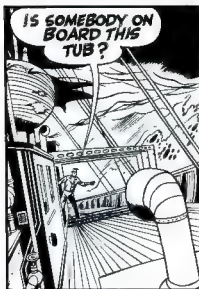
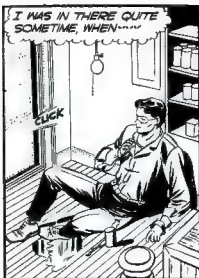












June 20, 1918 Lat 27° 06'  
Long. 130° 15' Rang-  
Crew mutilated. Rang-  
leaders Schuller, first  
mate, and Coggins, second  
mate, took possession  
of cargo - landed same  
at Key Wig.  
Abandoned ship in  
hurricane

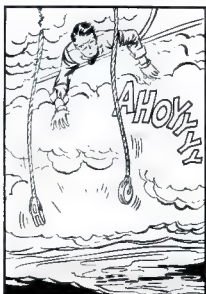


The master of this vessel died at the hand of Mr. Coggins. You will find finger prints on the hilt of this weapon. I leave it in your hands.

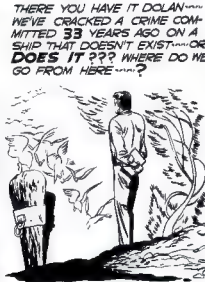
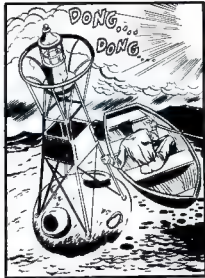
Who am  
I, I d. the

Who are  
in I d. the

Who am I? The  
Swami Id. the unknown  
and all-seeing!  
There are more things  
in heaven and earth,  
Oh spirit, than are  
dreamt of in your  
philosophy.



**LAND!!**





# The Foxtrot Poll

## SPECIAL NOTE TO OUR READERS

RETURNS OF THE "FOXTROT POLL" OF OUR READERSHIP ARE NOW IN AND THE SURVEY POINTS TO A GROWING SUSPICION ON OUR PART, THAT TELEVISION IS HERE TO STAY...IN FACT, TO QUOTE DOCTOR FOXTROT,

"LOOK OUT EISNER THEY GOT COLOR TELEVISION.. NOW!!" WE ARE NOT GOING TO TAKE THIS NEW COMPETITION LYING DOWN...NO SIR... THIS WEEK WE WILL PRESENT A COLOR TELEVISION TREATMENT OF THE SPIRIT...BY GOLLY!!

SPIRIT  
SPIRIT  
SPIRIT  
SPIRIT  
SPIRIT  
SPIRIT  
SPIRIT  
SPIRIT  
SPIRIT  
SPIRIT

SPIRIT  
SPIRIT  
SPIRIT  
SPIRIT  
SPIRIT  
SPIRIT  
SPIRIT  
SPIRIT  
SPIRIT  
SPIRIT

THE  
SPIRIT  
BY  
COIN EISNER

WELCOME TO ANOTHER EXCITING  
SPIRIT ADVENTURE--AS OUR  
GUEST TONIGHT WE HAVE  
SOMEONE YOU **ALL** KNOW  
**POLICE COMMISSIONER  
DOLAN!**

G'EVENING!



**HA! HA!** THE  
CAMERAS ARE  
**THIS WAY,**  
COMMISSIONER!

GOOD  
EVENING!



NOW, COMMISSIONER, NO  
DOUBT YOU HAVE **MANY**  
EXCITING STORIES YOU  
COULD TELL US ABOUT  
**THE SPIRIT!** WHICH  
TO YOUR WAY OF  
THINKING IS THE  
**MOST EXCITING?**



COMMISSIONER!  
COMMISSIONER!  
I SAID---

**OWCH!**  
☆☆☆☆



LISTEN YOU---KICK  
ME AGAIN AND  
I'LL---

AI-HA HA HA!  
WHAT AN  
EXAMPLE OF  
BELLIGERENT  
CRIME FIGHTING!



BUT TELL US  
COMMISSIONER  
WHAT IS YOUR  
STORY FOR  
TONIGHT?

MY STORY  
FOR TONIGHT  
IS EN-TITLED---  
**THE CASE  
OF THEE  
CRYING  
DOLLS!**





COMMISSIONER, YOU AND WELL SIR,  
THAT PIPE OF YOURS  
ARE **FAMOUS!** I  
WONDER HOW MANY  
OF OUR VIEWERS  
KNOW WHAT BRAND  
OF **TOBACCO**  
YOU SMOKE?

IT'S A  
**MIXTURE!** I SLICE  
UP A  
PIECE OF  
LETTUCE WITH  
THE PEEL OF  
AN APPLE AN'  
MIX IT WITH



**COMMISSIONER!**

OOOPS! WHY,  
OF COURSE! I  
**ALWAYS SMOKE**  
**"GUNNY SACK"** THE **TOBACCO**  
WITH THAT WONDER-  
FUL **GYMNASIUM**  
**AROMA!**



NOW COMMISSIONER, WE'D  
LIKE YOU TO **COMPARE**  
TWO DIFFERENT UNLABELED  
TOBACCOS... FIRST  
TRY **THIS!**

**UGH!**  
**AWFUL!**



UH...HUH-  
**NOW TRY**  
**THIS!**



**KOFF! KOFF**  
**WATER!**



**KOFF WATER! WATER!**  
**KOFF!** CHOKO  
**KOFF!**

HEH HEH HEH  
AND NOW  
BACK TO  
PART TWO  
OF TONIGHT'S  
**SPIRIT STORY!**



WHEN WE LAST SAW THE SPIRIT,  
HE WAS TRAPPED HELPLESSLY BY  
SAND SAREF AND HER MOB.....

NOW THAT WE  
GOT 'IM, I  
SAY LET'S  
GET RID  
OF 'IM!

NO!

YEAH!



YOU WOULDN'T  
BE SWEET ON  
'IM, WOULD  
YOU LASSIE?

WHILE  
I'M  
RUNNING  
THIS  
SHOW  
WE WON'T  
TRAFFIC IN  
MURDER!

THEN  
MAYBE WE  
OUGHT  
TO HAVE  
A  
CHYNGE  
HIN  
MANAGE-  
MENT!



DOLLS... HUNDREDS  
OF DOLLS!...  
WHAT IS THIS,  
SAND?

NO TIME  
TO  
EXPLAIN!  
THEY'RE  
BREAKING  
DOWN THE  
DOOR!!



MY...WHAT INTENSE EXCITEMENT...IN A MOMENT WE SHALL RETURN TO OUR STORY, BUT FIRST...HERE IS AS EQUALLY INTENSE A DRAMA FROM REAL LIFE....

UGH...WHAT A ROUGH FACE!

9-10...YER OUT!!

THAT'S YOUR THIRD LOSS IN A ROW, SLUGGER! WHAT'S THE MATTER?

I...GUESS...MY...MIND...IS...NOT...ON...FIGHTING...ALL...I...EVER...THINK...OF...IS...MY...RED...ROUGH...FACE...WHICH...MAKES...IT...IMPOSSIBLE...FOR...ME...TO...GET...A...CLEAN...SHAVE...AND...BE...ATTRACTIVE...TO...WOMEN!

WHY NOT TRY **CONTOUR BLADES!** THE RUBBERIZED RAZOR BLADE MADE TO FIT THE SHAPE OF YOUR FACE! LEADING THROAT SPECIALISTS RECOMMEND CONTOUR BLADES! AND REMEMBER CONTOUR BLADES CONTAIN **ITEM '19-Z'!**

ITEM 19-Z!  
WOW!...I'LL...GET...THEM...TONIGHT!

9-10...YER OUT!!

Ooh--  
THE POOR BOY!

HOT DOG!  
WITH...CONTOUR-BLADES...I...AM...NOW...AT-TRACTIVE...TO...WOMEN!

NOW BACK TO OUR STORY...THE CROOKS BREAK INTO THE LOCKED STORE-ROOM...LET'S WATCH...EH?

**DIAMONDS!**  
HE'S SCATTERING THE DIAMONDS!

SO THAT'S HOW THEY'VE BEEN **SMUGGLED** IN!...IN THE EYES OF THE DOLLS!

HERE COMES A **POLICE BOAT!**

IT WAS **LUCKY** WE  
**FOLLOWED** YOU  
HERE, SPIRIT, ARE  
YOU **SURE** THIS IS  
THE **WHOLE** GANG?  
WE HEARD THERE  
WAS A **WOMAN**  
INVOLVED!

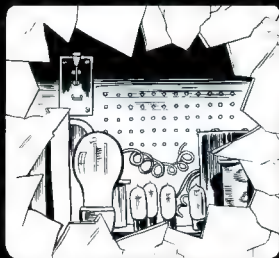
YOU GOT  
A **BUM**  
STEER,  
DOLAN!  
THIS IS  
THE  
**WORKS!**



WELL THAT **CERTAINLY** WAS  
A **THRILLER** AND WE HOPE  
YOU'LL LET US KNOW WHAT  
YOU THINK OF THIS NEW  
SERIES OF SPIRIT STORIES!  
THIS IS **BERT SMIRK**  
SAYING **GOOD NIGHT!**



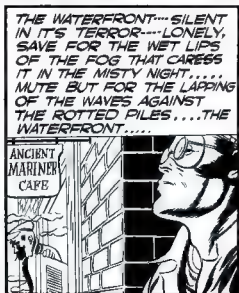
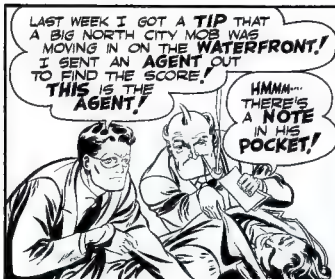
**CRASH**



# NIGHT ON THE WATERFRONT

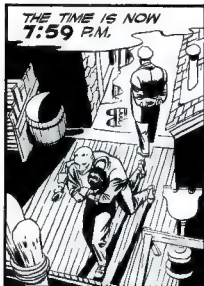










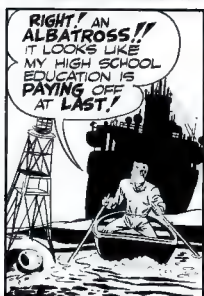


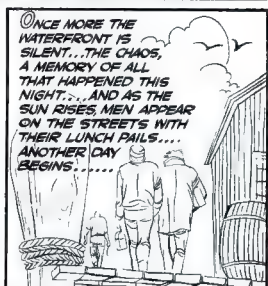
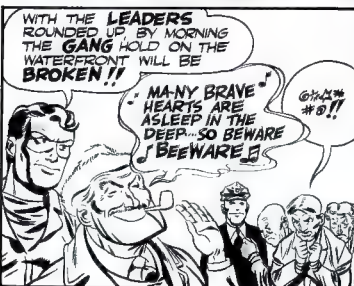
AT THAT PRECISE MOMENT, FROM THE SHADOWS OF THE WHARVES, MASSES OF MEN EMERGE CARRYING BELAYING PINS, KNIVES, CLUBS, PIECES OF BROKEN BOTTLES...ANY WEAPON THEY CAN LAY THEIR HANDS ON.....



THE FIRST TRAP IN THE DOCK WAR HAS BEEN SPRUNG!







## DEACON MANTIS

**D**eacon Mantis used t'stand on his soap box 'mongst all the hill folk and he'd say.....



**A**nd all the hill folk laughed..... *By Will Eisner*



**T**hen "Deacon" Mantis 'ud say....



**A**nd all the hill folk laughed.....



**A**nd soon all over the hills people got t'talkin' about Deacon Mantis an' how he was gonna bring doom to evil.....



When one day "Deacon" Mantis packed his carpet bag and told the hill folk he was leaving.....



AH HAVE FOUND GREATER EVIL THAN HILL EVIL.. IT'S CITY EVIL! AH GO TO CURE THE CITY EVIL!

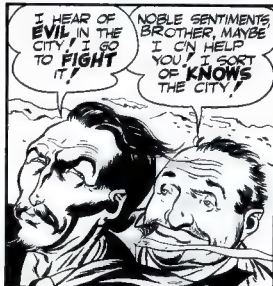
So after years of being laughed at by hill people, "Deacon" Mantis went to the city

WHERE Y'HEADED BO?



I HEAR OF EVIL IN THE CITY! I GO TO FIGHT IT!

NOBLE SENTIMENTS, BROTHER, MAYBE I CAN HELP YOU! I SORT OF KNOWS THE CITY!



And by the next week in a big park in Central City....

EVIL IS DOOMED! MUH WRATH HAS RISEN TO LIGHTNIN' FURY! THE TIME IS COMIN' WHEN MUH PATIENCE WILL BE GONE!!



HOW'D WE DO, FORKER?

\$280<sup>00</sup> THAT HICK CAN HOLD A CROWD LIKE NOBODY'S BUSINESS!



And so....

NEARLY A **GRAND**  
IN **TWO WEEKS!** WHAT  
D'YA THINK O'  
**THAT LIGHT**  
**TOUCH?**

**CHICKEN**  
**FEED!**

**HUH?**

DON'TCHA REALIZE WITH THE  
**GIMMICK** WE GOT WE CO'D  
PULL IN **TWICE** THAT MUCH  
IN A **DAY!** THIS HICK IS  
**BIGGER ENTERTAINMENT**  
**THAN TELEVISION!!**

LEAVE US SAY FER EXAMPLE  
THAT WE AS HIS **AGENTS**  
GET HIM INTO THE **VAN GIZMO**  
**CHARITY BAZAAR**. FER  
EXAMPLE! **THINK** OF ALL  
THOSE **SWELLS** ENTRANCED  
BY THE **'DEACON'**!  
**THINK OF IT!!**

I'M THINKIN'....

Next day...

BUT WILL HE TALK  
ABOUT **ANYTHING**  
BESIDES **EVIL?**

MR. VAN GIZMO,  
HE'LL TALK ABOUT  
**ANYTHING**  
YOU WANT HIM  
TO TALK ABOUT!  
WHEN **'DEACON'**  
**MANTIS** STARTS  
HIS SPIEL, YOU'LL  
HAVE **EVERY** PEN  
IN THE **RUNNIN'** OUT  
OF **INK WRITIN'**  
CHECKS!

HE **DOES** SEEM  
TO **SELL** HIS  
POINT! HOW  
MUCH WOULD  
YOU **WANT**  
FOR HIS  
SERVICES?

CONSIDER  
IT **OUR**  
DONATION  
TO  
CHARITY, MR.  
VAN GIZMO!

**SIGH** IT'S NOT  
OFTEN THAT  
YOU MEET ONE  
WITH SUCH A  
**GENEROUS**  
**HEART!**

**COMMISSIONER**  
**DOLAN** TO SEE  
YOU, SIR!

AH, COMMISSIONER!  
ARE THE  
ARRANGEMENTS  
MADE?

WE'LL HAVE  
THAT BAZAAR  
COVERED TIGHTER  
THAN A SIZE  
40 WAIST IN A  
SIZE 38 TROUSER!  
ANY PICKPOCKET  
WHO CRASHES  
WON'T STAND  
A CHANCE!

Of course all these goin's on  
was unbeknownst t' Deacon  
Mantis....

REMEMBER... THE DAY IS NOT FAR  
OFF WHEN I SHALL AIM THE FINGER  
OF DOOM AT ALL MEN OF  
EVIL... GIVE UP THIS BITTER ROAD,  
ERE IT IS TOO LATE!!



SO THAT'S THE  
GINK WHO'S GIVING  
THE CHARITY SPIEL  
AT THE BAZAAR!  
PRETTY CORNY  
IF Y'ASK ME!!

HMM...

WHAT'S THE  
MATTER  
SPIRIT?

DOLAN, DID YOU  
NOTICE "FINGERS"  
O'FLYNN AND  
"LIGHT TOUCH"  
LOGAN IN THAT  
CROWD?

WHAT ARE YOU  
THINKING?

I'M THINKING  
SOMEBODY  
SHOULD KEEP  
A SHARP EYE  
ON OUR  
LECTURING  
FRIEND TO-  
MORROW NIGHT!

And that night, like every night,  
"Deacon" Mantis went home to  
his dingy lil' flat in the slums  
of Central City....

MAH FRIENDS TELL ME TOMORROW  
AH WILL LECTURE TO A DIFFERENT  
KIND OF EVIL... RICH EVIL... IT  
IS ENCOURAGIN' T' HAVE SECH VERY  
GOOD FRIENDS!



Next evening...

560 <sup>has</sup> 565 <sup>plus</sup>  
510 <sup>vs</sup> 580 <sup>plus</sup>



OOOPS!

BROTHERS!  
IT IS LATE!



RIGHT YOU ARE,  
'DEACON'! WE  
GO TO COMBAT  
EVIL!!



Later...

WHAT A MOB,  
DOLAN! THERE'S  
NOT A MINK COAT  
OWNER IN TOWN THAT  
ISN'T HERE! GOT  
YOUR MEN STAKED  
OUT?

TAKE IT  
EASY SPIRIT,  
THERE'S  
NOT A  
THING  
I'Worry  
ABOUT!



SURRENDER EVIL DOERS!  
REVILE THY SINS!!

NOT A  
THING  
TO  
WORRY  
ABOUT,  
HE  
SAYS!

BUT YOU  
SAID HED  
TALK ABOUT  
CHARITY!



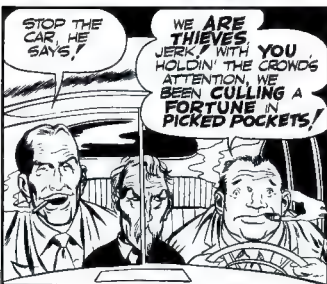
VAN GIZMO IS  
ON MY NECK!  
I CAN'T GET THE  
'DEACON' TO  
CHANGE HIS SPEECH!  
START CIRCULATIN'  
NOW! LET'S MAKE  
OUR HAUL AND  
BLOW!



COPR. 1951 WILE EISNER



OH!

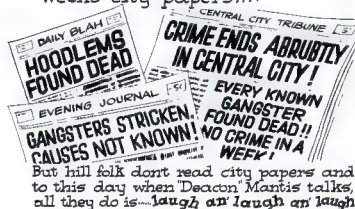






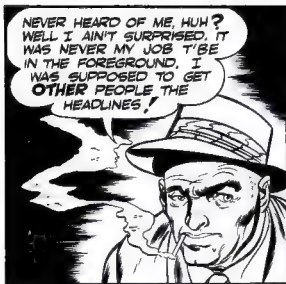
Well, "Deacon" Mantis went back t'his hills and it was just like old times...

And that jest about ends th' story 'cept fer a few items that appeared in the next weeks city papers...

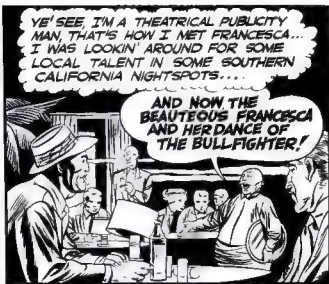


## DANCE OF THE BULLFIGHTER



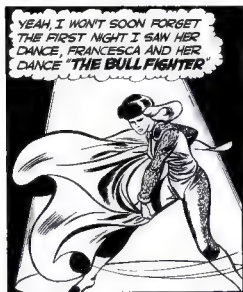


NEVER HEARD OF ME, HUH?  
WELL I AIN'T SURPRISED, IT  
WAS NEVER MY JOB T'BE  
IN THE FOREGROUND. I  
WAS SUPPOSED TO GET  
OTHER PEOPLE THE  
HEADLINES!



YE' SEE, I'M A THEATRICAL PUBLICITY  
MAN, THAT'S HOW I MET FRANCESCA...  
I WAS LOOKIN' AROUND FOR SOME  
LOCAL TALENT IN SOME SOUTHERN  
CALIFORNIA NIGHTSPOTS...

AND NOW THE  
BEAUTEFEOUS FRANCESCA  
AND HER DANCE OF  
THE BULLFIGHTER!



YEAH, I WON'T SOON FORGET  
THE FIRST NIGHT I SAW HER  
DANCE, FRANCESCA AND HER  
DANCE "THE BULLFIGHTER"



IT WAS A CORNY  
BIT, BUT THERE  
WAS SOMETHING  
ELECTRIC ABOUT  
HER, I KNEW I HAD  
TO MEET HER...

I'M SORRY  
MR. FARRADAY,  
I HAVE  
AN AGENT!



SURE AN AGENT THAT  
STICKS YOU IN A FLY  
BY NIGHT CRUMMY CAFE  
LIKE THIS! <sup>\*\*\*\*</sup> HONEY.  
I CAN MAKE  
YOU BIG!!

PLEASE  
GO  
MR.  
FARRADAY  
!!



DON'T ASK ME WHY...  
I COULDN'T SLEEP  
THAT NIGHT...THE  
NEXT MORNING I  
PICKED UP A LOCAL  
NEWSPAPER....

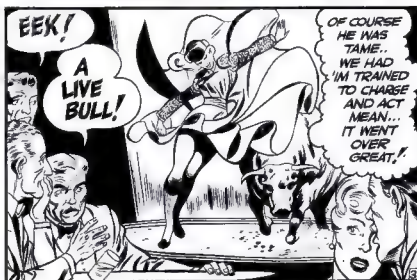
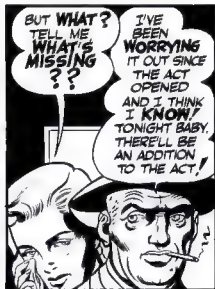


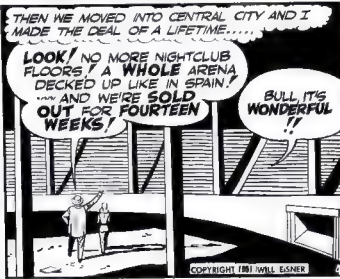
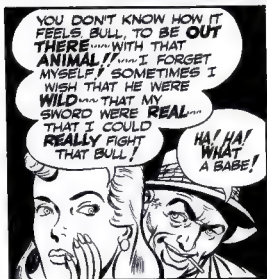
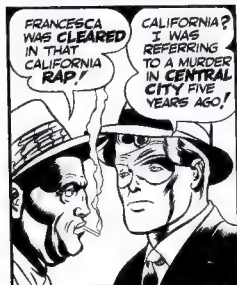
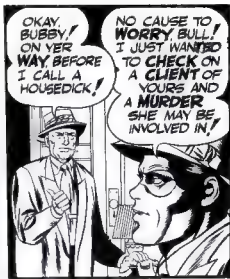
A MR.  
FARRADAY  
TO SEE  
YOU!



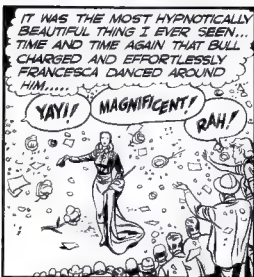
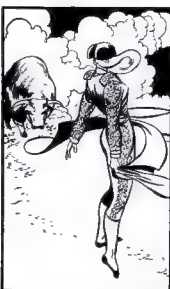
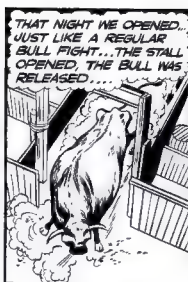
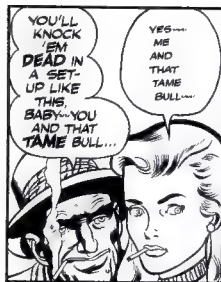
STILL WANT  
TO MAKE  
SOMETHING  
BIG OUT  
OF ME  
FARRADAY?

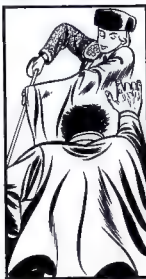
DON'T GET  
SARCASTIC ON  
ME, BABY, AGREE  
TO WORK FOR  
ME AND WITHIN  
AN HOUR A  
DOZEN WITNESSES  
WILL SWEAR THEY  
WERE SIPPING  
SODAS WITH YOU  
IN L.A. AT THE  
TIME OF THE  
CRIME!

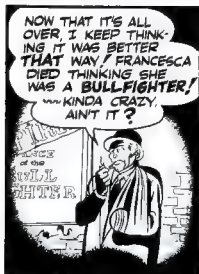










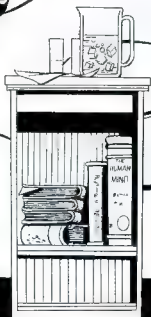


## DR. SCHYZOID

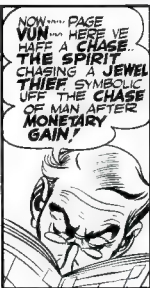
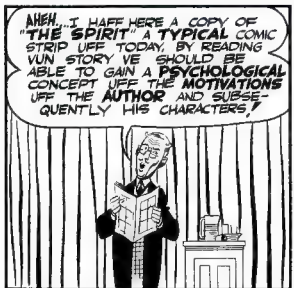
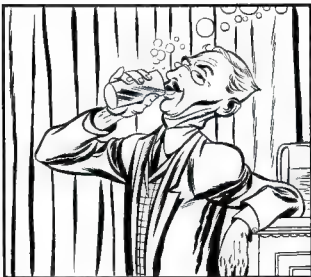
THE

We are happy to  
devote our space this  
week to that noted  
psychoanalyst Doctor  
Sigmund Schyzoid.  
Dr. Schyzoid's dis-  
cussion is entitled  
"Psychoanalyzing  
the Spirit"  
We give you.....  
Dr. Schyzoid.

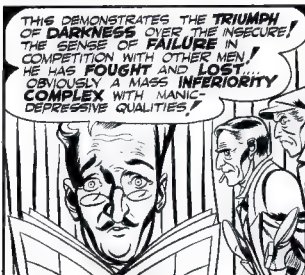
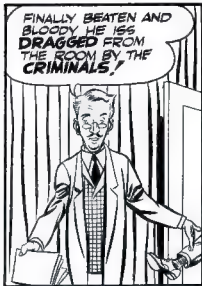
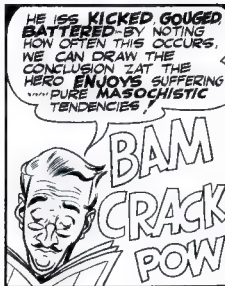
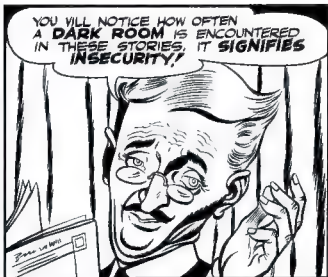
I ZANK  
YOU....



BY  
Will Eisner







ON PAGE FOUR THE CRIMINALS RETURN. THEY ARE **UNABLE** TO FIND THE **STOLEN GEMS**!



THEY SEARCH ALL OFFER **UNABLE** TO FIND THEM, DENOTING THE **CONFUSION** AND **CHAOS** OFF OUR TIME. THEY LOOK UPON EACH OTHER WITH **SUSPICION**.....OBVIOUS **PARANOIAC** LEANING!



THESE ARE THE TYPICAL BEHAVIOR PATTERN OFF THE **VILLIANS**. TYPICAL **ILLITERATE UNCOUTH NEUROTICS**!!



THEY SYMBOLIZE THE "**GANG**" COMPLEX, THE DEFEAT OFF THE INDIVIDUAL, DENOTING A **MALADJUSTMENT** AND A **GUILT COMPLEX** COMBINED WITH A **FEAR OF REALITY**!

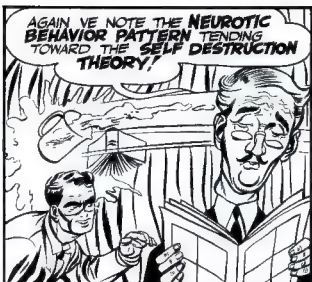


UNDOUBTEDLY THE CAUSE OF THIS IS A **FATHER** FIXATION OR MAYBE **MOTHER** FIXATION. EITHER THAT OR THE **SISTER**. COULD, OR THE **BROTHER**. A **CLEAR OEDIPUS COMPLEX**!!



AT THIS POINT THE **SPIRIT** HAVING REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS **BURSTS** UPON THE SCENE AGAIN.....AND WE COME TO THE END OF **ANOTHER PAGE**!





ON THIS PAGE VE SEE **THE SPIRIT** CALLING **COMMISSIONER DOLAN** TO PICK UP THE CRIMINALS!



HERE VE SEE THE **FRUSTRATION** OFF THE **HERO**. HE ISS **UNABLE** TO PERFORM THE **FINAL ACT** OFF **ARREST**... HERE AGAIN THE **PROOF** OFF **INSECURITY!!**



TAKE FOR INSTANCE THE WEARING OFF THE **MASK**... THE **MASK** ISS A **VALL**, A PROTECTION FROM THE OUTSIDE WORLD. A POINT OFF ISOLATION FROM **REALITY!**



ALZO, THE **MASK** IS A **SYMBOL** OF ACCOMPLISHMENT, MITOUT IT THE SPIRIT ISS **ORDINARY**... MIT IT HE ISS A **HERO!** IT ISS A **CRUTCH** OFF THE **SUPER-EGO**. A **FALSE ILLUSION** OFF **SECURITY!**

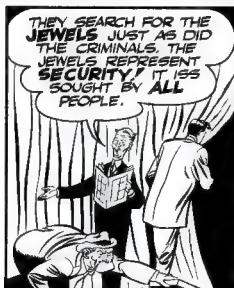


HERE VE SEE THE **SYMBOL** OFF **SPLIT PERSONALITY, SCHIZOPHRENIA**. THE SPIRIT DOES NOT **REALLY** EXIST! HE ISS IN OUR MINDS. A **FALSE ILLUSION!** A **HALLUCINATION!** A **FAKE!!**



HEH - HEH... AND NOW... PAGE **SEVEN!**







# THE COUNTERFEIT KITTER

*Memo...*

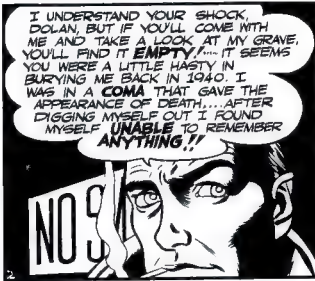
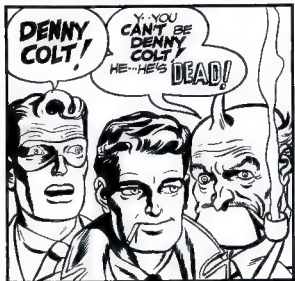
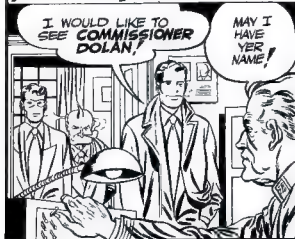
In June 1940, young Denny Colt, criminologist was killed by a mad scientist named Dr. Cobra... Colt's body was buried in Wildwood Cemetery. He was properly mourned by his friends and after a suitable length of time, was forgotten. Besides Commissioner Dolan, no one has ever connected the alleged death of Denny Colt and the sudden appearance on the scene of a masked fighter who calls himself the Spirit....



...and that's exactly the way things were for 11 years, until.....



One day a man walked into police headquarters and said....



FOR YEARS I WANDERED AROUND IN A **DAZE**. FINALLY LAST WEEK I CAME TO MY **SENSES**...WHAT CAUSED THIS I DO **NOT** KNOW! NOW AT LAST I AM **HERE** AGAIN...**HOME!**



I'LL KICK THAT **NO GOOD FAKE** RIGHT OUT THE **@\*!#! WINDOW!**

**NO, DOLAN!** WE HAVE NO IDEA OF **HOW MUCH** HE KNOWS ABOUT **DENNY COLT**...LET'S FOLLOW THIS THING THROUGH AS IF IT WERE A **ROUTINE INVESTIGATION**...WE'RE GOING OUT TO THE **GRAVE!**



YOU SEE COMMISSIONER, IT'S **EMPTY!**

IF **EBONY** PICKS **THIS** MOMENT TO OPEN THE TRAP DOOR IN THE BOTTOM OF THAT **CASKET** AND GIVES AWAY THE **SPIRIT'S** **HIDE-A-WAY**...I'LL **KILL MYSELF!**



**LATER...**

THERE'S NO WAY TO **CROSS** THIS GUY! WE **DESTROYED** ALL RECORDS OF **DENNY COLT'S FINGERPRINTS** SO THERE COULD NEVER BE A **COMPARISON** TO YOUR PRINTS!

LET'S FACE IT **DOLAN!** WE'RE **SNARED** IN OUR **OWN TRAP!**



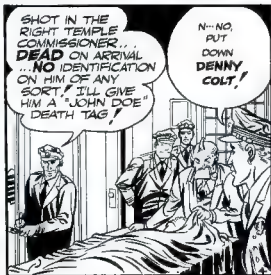
AND **NOW** COMMISSIONER THAT I'VE **PROVEN** MY IDENTITY, I DEMAND THE **BALANCE** OF MY FATHER'S ESTATE...YOU WERE THE EXECUTOR OF HIS WILL! I WOULD BE PLEASED IF YOU COULD HAVE HIS **AFFAIRS** READY FOR ME BY **MORNING!**

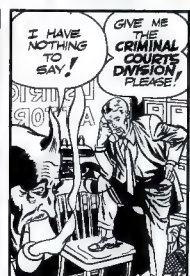
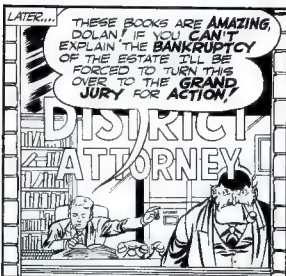
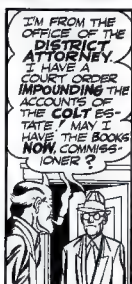
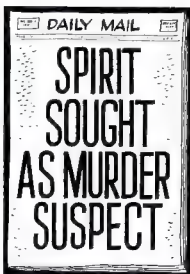


SO THAT'S HIS **GAME!** THE **MONEY** FROM MY **FATHER'S ESTATE**...WHAT'S THE **MATTER** **DOLAN?**

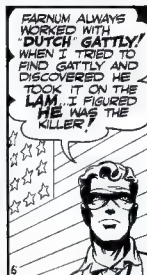
IT'S **GONE!** YOU'VE BEEN **LIVING OFF** THE **ESTATE** FOR **YEARS**...THERE'S **NOT A CENT** LEFT! ...TO ANY ACCOUNTANT IT WOULD LOOK LIKE I HAD BEEN **TAP-PING** THE **FUNDS!**

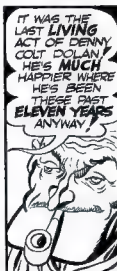
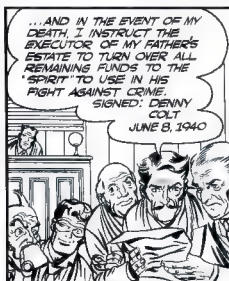
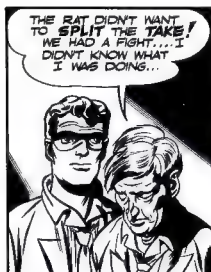






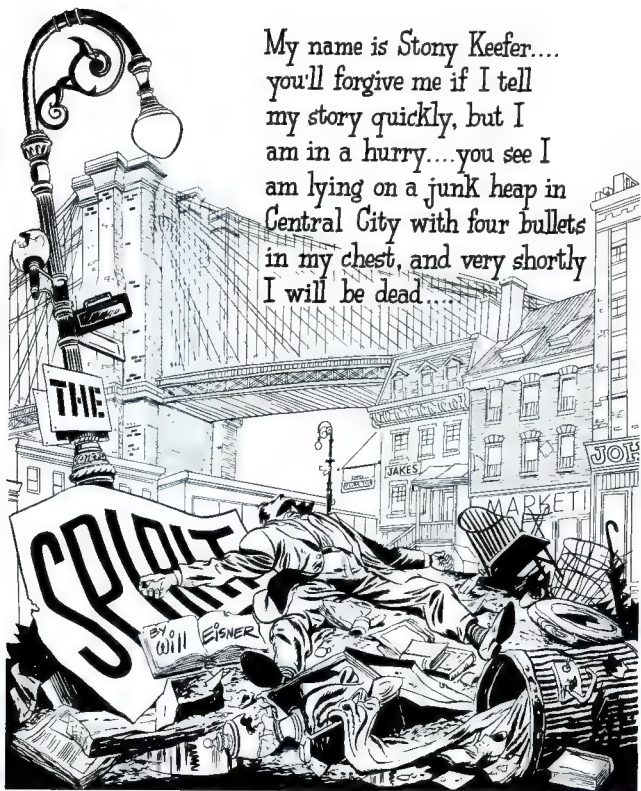






# STONY KEEFER

My name is Stony Keefe....  
you'll forgive me if I tell  
my story quickly, but I  
am in a hurry....you see I  
am lying on a junk heap in  
Central City with four bullets  
in my chest, and very shortly  
I will be dead....



YOU HEAR THAT ? THOSE ARE SIRENS.....AN AMBULANCE. THEY'VE COME TO PICK ME UP....

WEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

THERE IS A CROWD AROUND ME... DYING PEOPLE ALWAYS DRAW CROWDS... HELLO CROWD! HOW ARE YOU, CROWD? I'D SMILE BUT I JUST CAN'T SEEM TO MAKE IT....

THE LIGHTS OF THE STREET SEEM TO BOTHER ME... AN AMBLANCE HAS COME TO PICK ME UP... THEY'LL TAKE ME TO THE HOSPITAL AND OPERATE.... BUT IT'S TOO LATE....



I'M AT THE HOSPITAL... WILL YOU  
LOOK AT THE RECEPTION.....  
NEVER HAD SO MUCH OF A  
FUSS MADE OVER ME IN MY  
LIFE....HELLO, SPIRIT!! HOW  
ARE YOU, DOLAN?

I'LL TALK NOW, SPIRIT! ANYTHING YOU WANT TO KNOW, JUST ASK ME. I'LL TELL YOU THE WHOLE STORY... TOO BAD YOU CAN'T HEAR ME...

LET'S SEE... HOW DID IT ALL BEGIN?...  
CAN'T THINK... EVERYTHING IS  
WHIRLING... CAN'T THINK ???  
HOW DID IT ALL HAPPEN?

©CPR. 1951 HAYES BISHOP PRODUCTIONS







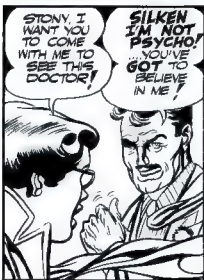
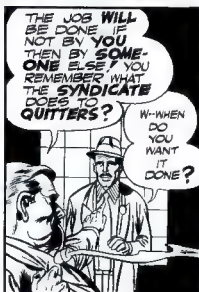
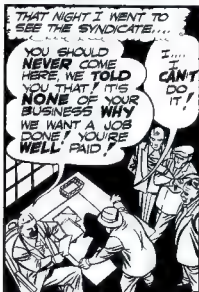
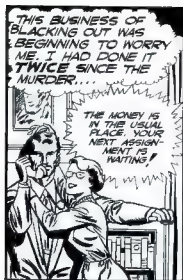
DAILY RECORD -56-

# FINANCIER MURDERED

## KILLER UNKNOWN

"NO SUSPECT YET." SAYS  
COMMISSIONER DOLAN...  
POLICE SEEK HIRED KILLER.



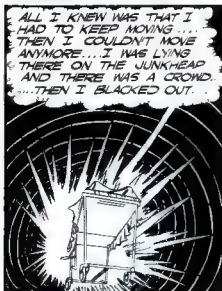




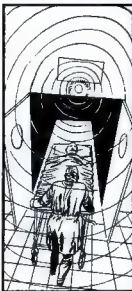
SHE WAS ALL RIGHT...  
SHE HAD JUST FAINTED...  
NONE OF THE BULLETS  
HIT HER...



THEY HAD HIT ME INSTEAD...



ALL I KNEW WAS THAT I  
HAD TO KEEP MOVING...  
THEN I COULDN'T MOVE  
ANYMORE... I WAS LYING  
THERE ON THE JUNKHEAD  
AND THERE WAS A CROWD...  
...THEN I BLACKED OUT.



THEY'VE WHEELED ME INTO THE  
OPERATING ROOM... I FEEL ALL  
USED UP... YOU MUST KNOW  
BY NOW, SPIRIT I'M THE  
GUY YOU WANT... I GUESS  
EVEN SILKEN KNOWS...



SILKEN!! YOU'RE  
GOING TO OPERATE...  
YOU'RE NOT MAD AT ME?  
YOU SEE BABY I WASN'T  
NUTS... YOU SEE...  
...YOU SEE...



TOO BAD KID - IT  
MIGHT HAVE BEEN  
SO NICE - YOU  
CAN PUT AWAY YOUR  
SCALPEL - LOOKS  
LIKE YOU WON'T  
EVEN HAVE CHANCE  
T-TO START



AGH!



# ROAMIN UMPIRE

 **The Spirit** presents.....



a New Will EISNER Epic Production....



BOOM BIDDY BOOM BIDDY BOOM

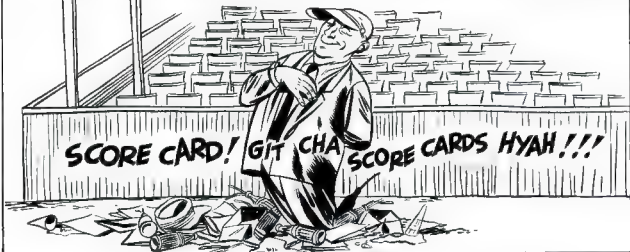
Our humble dedication to the game of  
baseball and its Fall Classic....the  
World Series....



**CRRRAAAAASHHHH!**

the **DECLINE** and **FALL**  
of the **ROAMIN' UMPIRE**

**SCORE CARD! GIT CHA SCORE CARDS HYAH!!!**





The sun was shining brightly....the weather it was fine,  
The City Cops were playing the Penitentiary nine.....

TODAY  
STATE  
PENITENTIARY  
vs.  
CENTRAL  
CITY  
POLICE



Oh the City Cops were wide awake, not a base would there be stolen  
The Spirit played hawkeyed from first, at second there was Dolan...



COPR 1951 WILL EISNER PRODUCTIONS

At third Mahoney held the sack...at short there was McKenta  
Groogan, Doogan, Loogan, they....played right, played left played center



Sam Klink the cop was pitching to a most formidable foe....  
 But the convicts quaked not any, for they had a murderers row



And standing there in suit of black, erect behind the plate  
 The UMPIRE honest, never swayed...number seven-one-six-five-two!



"PLAY BALL," the umpire shouted. "PLAY BALL!" echoed the crowd.  
 They came in alive, the convicts said. "They'll go out in a shroud."



Dolan was the first to bat...the fans began to shout.  
 "Strikes one, two, three," the umpire said. Move on ya bum **YER OUT!**



Next man up, the Spirit, knocked a blast beyond the wall....  
 "Call that one," ump the Spirit said. The ump replied, **FOUL BALL!**



The game progressed, the innings passed...it was a bloody mess...  
 The cops were kicked and spiked and gouged...they hadn't one redress.



<sup>00</sup> **HOORAY!** <sup>00</sup> The convicts shouted, "Hit 'em in their snoots!"

IT'S NOTHING-NOTHING  
IN THE NINTH. WE'RE  
OUT OF **SUBSTITUTES!**

**DEFAULT THE  
GAME!!!**

The umpire said


YOU'VE ONLY  
SIX MEN  
PLAYING!

WE'LL **PLAY**  
WITH SIX!!!

OH, SPIRIT **STOP!**  
YOU DON'T KNOW  
WHAT YOU'RE SAYING!

The crowd was in an ugly mood...a mean and deadly crew....  
The cops came up to bat the ninth, the crowd they all yelled,

<sup>00</sup> **BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO** <sup>00</sup>



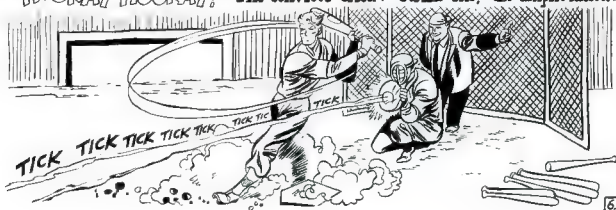
Mahoney popped to centerfield.....Groogan fouled to right...  
Two men down and Dolan up...he swung with all his might....



A double, and the Spirit up. "Time out!!!" the pitcher cried....  
"I dont like this ball...a new one ump," and the umpire complied



The pitch came in with dazzling speed. The Spirit swung and missed.  
"HOORAY HOORAY!" The convicts cried. "Strike one!" the umpire hissed.

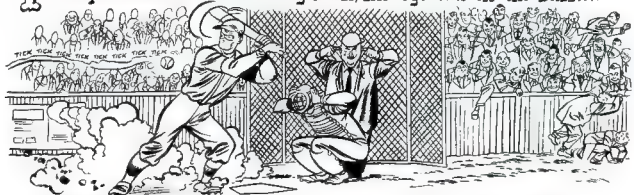




The count it went to three and two, the runner led away....  
"This payoff pitch," the pitcher said, "is a pitch that'll really pay."



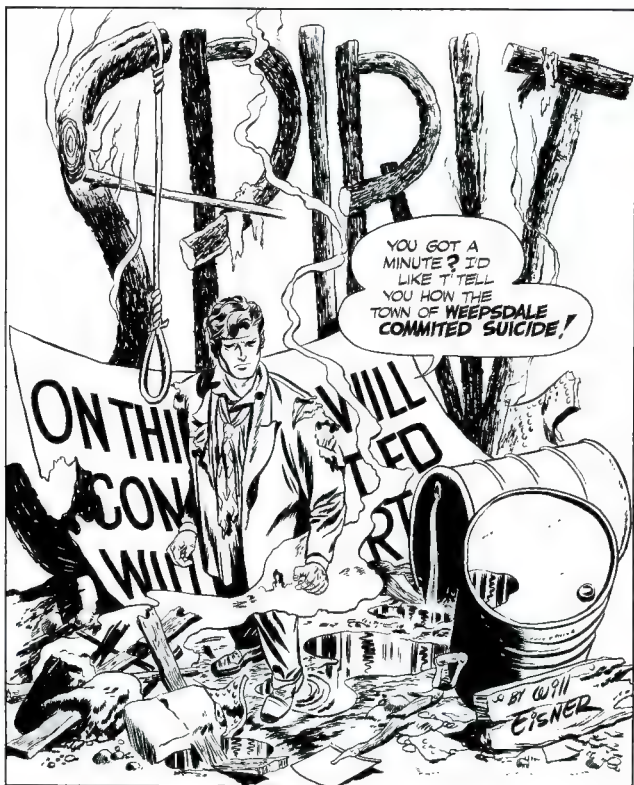
The pitch, it came....it floated in....the fattest pitch of all....  
The Spirit cocked his bat way back, his eye was on the ball....



Oh, somewhere birds are happy, and somewhere people shout....  
But there is no joy in the 'Pen' tonite, the Spirit has **STRUCK OUT!**



## THE SUICIDE TOWN



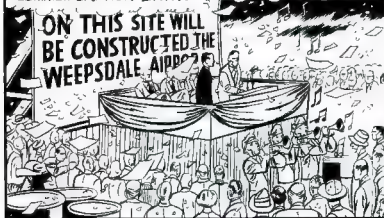
WEEDSDALE IS JUST OUTSIDE CENTRAL CITY!  
A LOT OF PEOPLE CALLED IT A SUBURB,  
BUT IT WASN'T! WE HAD OUR  
OWN MAYOR AN' EVERYTHING!!  
ABOVE ALL WE HAD  
TOWN PRIDE!



I LIVED IN WEEDSDALE  
ALL MY LIFE.. I DIDN'T MIND IT  
BEIN' SMALL....BUT OTHER  
FOLKS THEY WERE  
**AMBITIOUS** THEY  
KEPT TALKIN' ABOUT  
MAKIN' THE TOWN  
ANOTHER CENTRAL  
CITY!!



THEN THE STATE DECIDED TO BUILD AN  
AIRPORT IN WEEDSDALE...BOY WHAT EXCITEMENT  
THERE WAS, EVERYBODY WITH A DIME'S WORTH OF  
IMPORTANCE WAS OUT AT THE AIRPORT SITE ON  
COMMEMORATION DAY....



....ANOTHER CENTRAL  
CITY! THAT'S WHAT OUR  
COMMUNITY SHALL BE  
ONCE THE NEW AIRPORT  
HAS BEEN BUILT HERE!  
**NEIGHBORS**, MARK MY  
WORD... A NEW ERA  
HAS DAWNED!!



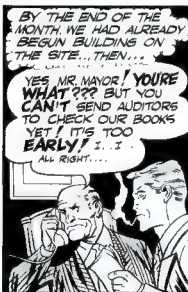
NOW...HA...HA NEIGHBORS..  
NOW IS THE TIME TO  
AWARD THE BID TO  
THE CONTRACTOR  
WHO WILL BUILD  
THE AIRPORT!

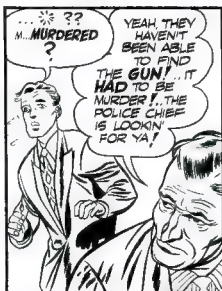


HERE IT  
COMES, MR.  
MARSHALL!  
BOY IF WE  
COULD ONLY  
LAND THAT  
CONTRACT...

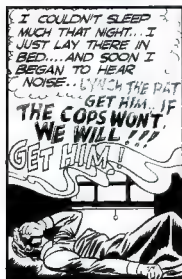
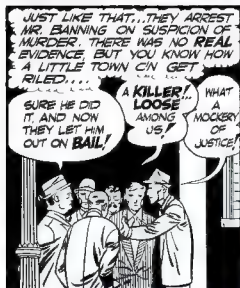
SAM BANNING'S CONSTRUCTION  
COMPANY IS THE ONLY ONE  
WE HAVE TO FEAR  
ROBBY! I'M SURE  
WE **OUTBID** ALL  
THE REST!













SOMEBODY KNOCKED ME DOWN... I'M GLAD I DIDN'T SEE IT HAPPEN...



THE MOB STARTED CHEERING! THERE WAS A CARNIVAL-LIKE ATMOSPHERE. THEY DANCED AND FLUNG THEIR TORCHES IN THE AIR...



I'M NOT SURE WHAT HAPPENED NEXT... ONE OF THE TORCHES MUST'VE GOTTEN INTO AN OPEN OIL DRUM...



THE OTHER OIL TANKS IGNITED...



THERE WAS A TRAIN PULLING OUT OF THE FREIGHT YARDS... THE LAST VIEW I GOT OF WEEPSDALE WASN'T VERY PRETTY...



YOU MUST'VE READ ABOUT THE FAMOUS WEEPSDALE FIRE. IT LASTED THREE DAYS AND DESTROYED THE WHOLE TOWN...



THE LYNCH MOB WAS COMPLETELY WIPED OUT AND NOW WEEPSDALE IS JUST A BURN'T PATCH OF GROUND... SO Y' SEE IN A WAY THE TOWN COMMITTED SUICIDE BY TRYING TO TAKE THE LAW INTO THEIR OWN HANDS!



ARE YOU READY, ROBBY?

OH YEAH... I'VE CONFESSED EVERYTHING TO THE SPIRIT. BY THE WAY, THE AIRPORT IS NOW GOING TO BE BUILT IN THE NEXT TOWN, SUTTERVILLE. I HEAR THE TOWN IS PRETTY EXCITED!



THEY SAY THEY MAY BECOME ANOTHER CENTRAL CITY!!



# TINY BUTTRIX

## THE SPIRIT

IT WAS JUST AN AVERAGE AUTUMN DAY.....



BY  
Will Eisner

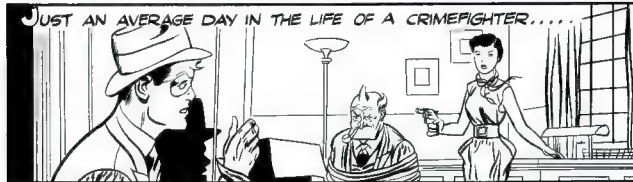
THE BIRDS WERE SINGING THEIR EVERYDAY SONGS, THE CHILDREN WERE PLAYING THEIR EVERYDAY GAMES.....

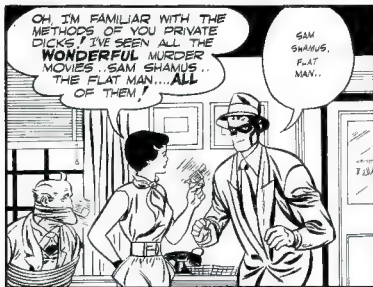


NO, IT WAS NOT THE KIND OF DAY ON WHICH EXCITING THINGS HAPPENED.....

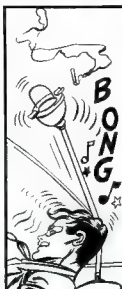
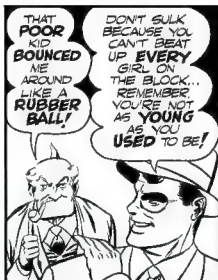


JUST AN AVERAGE DAY IN THE LIFE OF A CRIMEFIGHTER.....









SHORTY WAS TRYING TO FIND OUT YOUR INTEREST IN THE BUTTRIX GIRL! WHY DID SHE GO TO A COP? IS SHE IN TROUBLE?

YEAH SHE'S GOING AROUND BEATING UP COPS! ANY OTHER QUESTIONS?

YOU MAY LEAVE  
BUT I'M SURE  
**EVENUALLY**  
YOU'LL TELL ME  
WHAT I WANT TO  
KNOW! SHORTY  
WILL BE AROUND  
TO **VISIT YOU!**

YEAH..  
I'LL  
BE  
**AROUND!**

LATER...

A-ALVIN? SHORTY?  
NO, I **NEVER** HEARD  
OF THEM! WHO  
ARE THEY?

NOBODY...  
**YET!**  
GIVE ME  
A **LIST**  
OF YOUR  
**BOY**  
**FRIENDS**  
WHO WERE  
FRIGHTENED  
AWAY!

...AND TELL ME WHO IS THIS UNCLE THAT DIED...THE ONE WHO WILLED YOU MONEY?

HE WAS MY UNCLE OTTO FROM AUSTRALIA. I HAD NEVER HEARD OF HIM UNTIL I STARTED GETTING THE CHECKS!

WHO SIGNS THE CHECKS?

A MR. J. YATES, HE WAS MY UNCLE'S LAWYER!

AND SO...


A. YATES.... HMMM... NO...  
THERE IS NO PRACTICING  
ATTORNEY UNDER **THAT**  
NAME IN THIS  
STATE!

STATE  
BAR  
ASSOCIATION

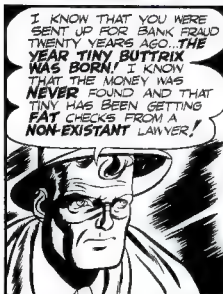
YOU WANNA KNOW  
**WHY I DROPPED**  
**SEEMING TINY?...!**  
 MISTER WHEN YOU  
 GET A GOIN OVER  
 BY A **BLACK JACK**  
**TAPPING LITTLE**  
**RUNT,** YOU'LL  
 DROP ANY  
 GIRL!!

4.

SHORTY CONCH A SMALL  
TIME HOOD, SPENT MOST  
OF HIS LIFE IN JAIL! THIS  
PLANT FELLOW IS A  
**STRANGE** ONE THOUGH....  
CONVICTED ON AN \$85000  
**BANK FRAUD RAP**...GOT  
SENT UP FOR TWENTY  
YEARS BUT THE MONEY  
WAS **NEVER** RECOVERED!











## A GUIDE TO CLEAN LIVING

# *The* **SPIRIT'S**

*own*  
**Purposeful Guide**  
*To*

## CLEAN LIVING



## LIVE LONG *BE* HAPPY



*a* **Will EISNER**  
**public service feature**

**1** rise early, greet the new day  
with fresh vigor.....



**2** shave and eat a hearty well  
balanced breakfast.....



you are now ready to begin a  
day's work.....

**3** as you walk, breathe deeply, it is quite invigorating.....



**4** walk briskly, it will add years to your life.....



**5** every little bit of exercise you can get, helps.....



**6** look forward to your day's routine with eagerness.....



**7** work conscientiously.....  
let your ambition be strong.....



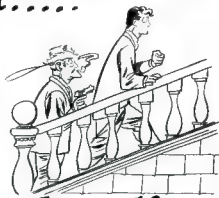
**8** there is no task big enough to defeat you.....



**9** make helpful suggestions to your fellow workers.....



**10** do not criticize those who are less able than you.....



**11** always look out for the welfare of your fellow worker.....





**12** put your full interest in your work.....



**13** remember, act decisively and you will gain new found respect..



**14** try and break up the monotony of your workday with a few bending exercises.....



**15** be cautious; overdoing any activity may prove harmful.....



**16** now with your day's work over, get a good night's rest.....



**17** and tomorrow you will be ready to lick the world!



BANK GUARDS SHOT...BLAZING BUS... A \$ 500 BILL...  
**THE PLOT OF THE PERFECT CRIME**

# THE CRIMINAL MIND

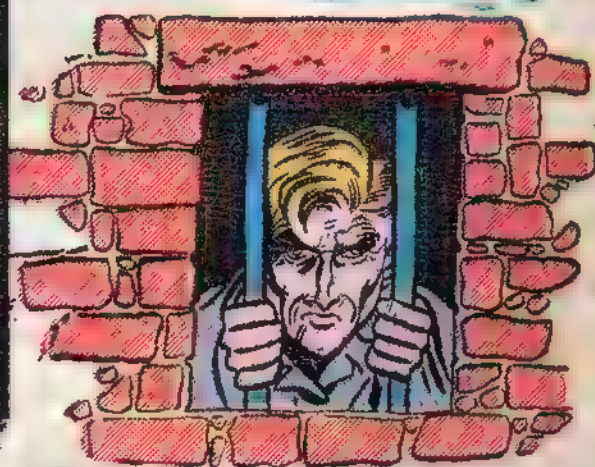
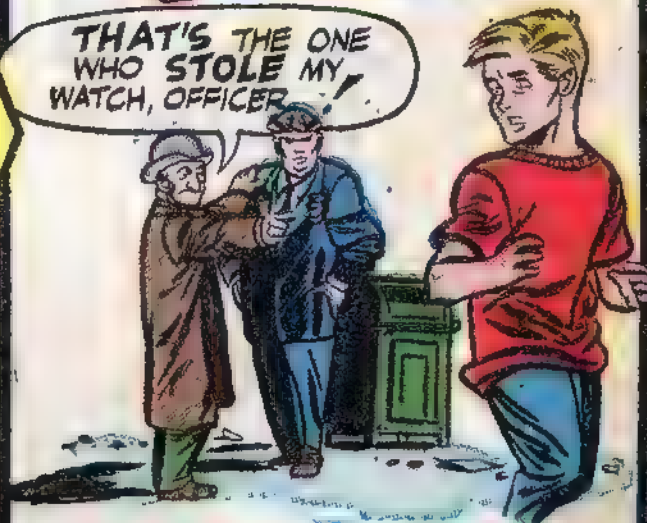
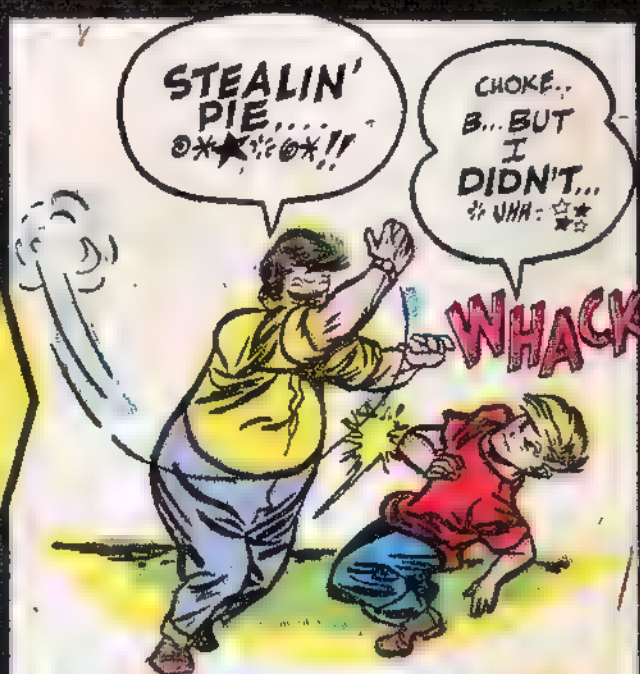
PEOPLE WERE ALWAYS BLAMING  
YOUNG MARVIN FOR SOMETHING....

MOST OF THE TIME HE WAS  
BLAMELESS, BUT NEVERTHELESS  
THROUGH THE YEARS HE KEPT  
TAKING THE RAP....

AND AS TIME WENT BY, YOUNG  
MARVIN BECAME HARD AND  
BITTER....HE HAD BUT ONE  
DESIRE.....

BY  
**Will Eisner**

....TO COMMIT THE WORST CRIME POSSIBLE AND  
NEVER BE BLAMED!!!!





BUT IN SPITE OF HIS GREAT AMBITION, LIFE WENT ON AS USUAL FOR YOUNG MARVIN.....

TALK YOU RAT...TALK!

TALK! YOU WERE SEEN OUTSIDE THE CHARITY TRUST COMPANY AT THE TIME OF THE ROBBERY! WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT IT

NOTHIN'!

ANYTIME YOU COPS WANT A FALL GUY, YOU PICK YOUNG MARVIN!!!! LEEME ALONE!!!

TURN ON THE LIGHTS, KLINK!

YOU CAN GO NOW MARVIN, BUT REMEMBER, TWO BANK GUARDS WERE KILLED IN THAT JOB! WE'VE GOT OUR EYE ON YOU!!

YOU'VE ALWAYS HAD YER EYE ON ME! SO LONG, DOLAN!

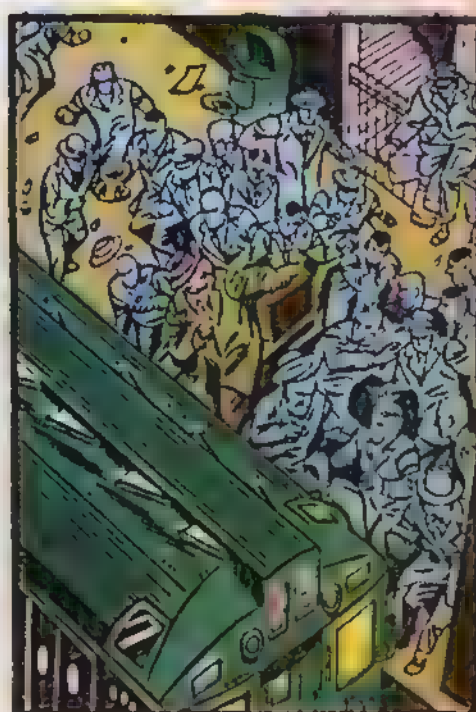
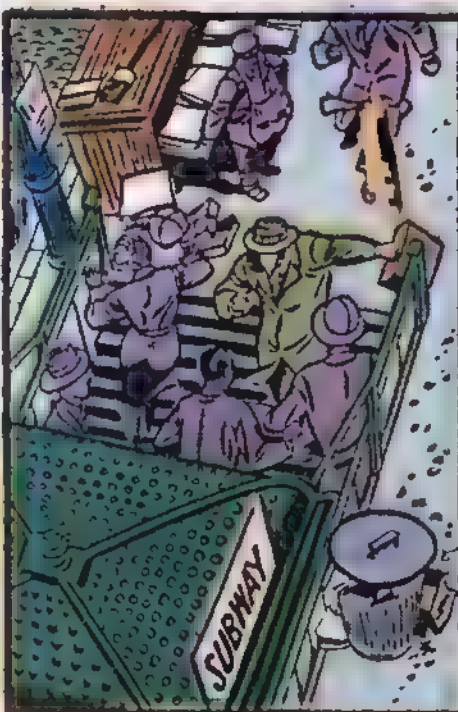
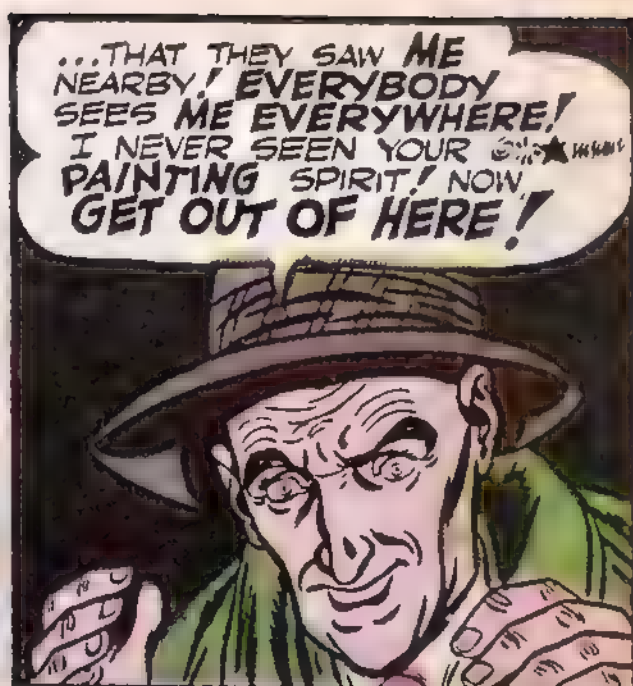
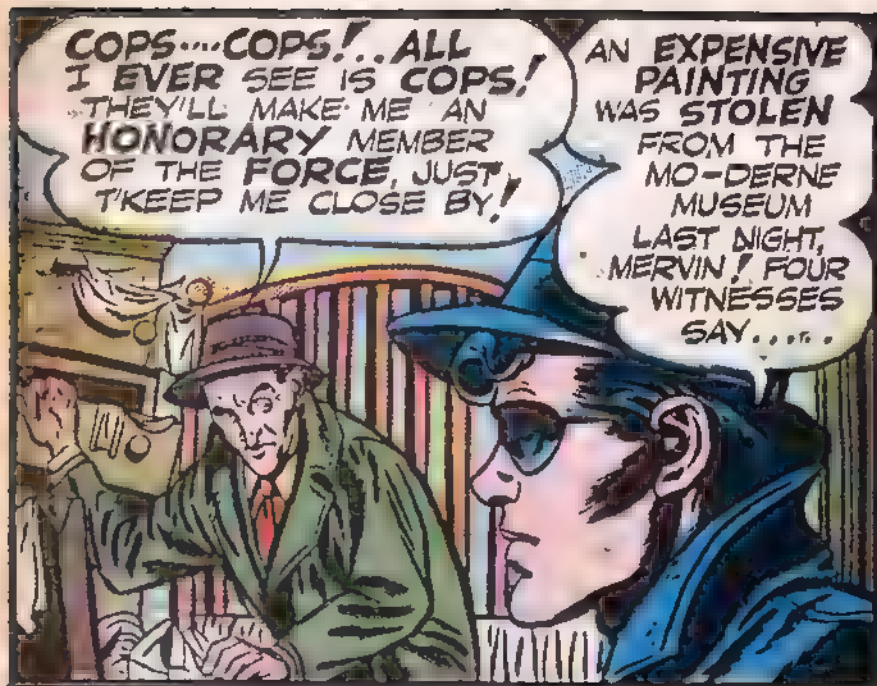
COPR 1951 WILL EISNER PRODUCTIONS

FIRST THIS RAP, THEN THAT RAP! THEY'RE OUT F'IMY HIDE IN THIS TOWN! SOONER OR LATER THEY'LL PUT ME AWAY F'GOOD!

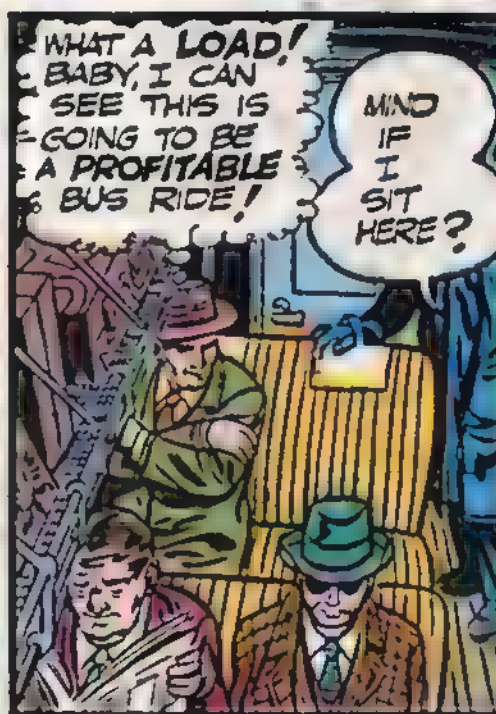
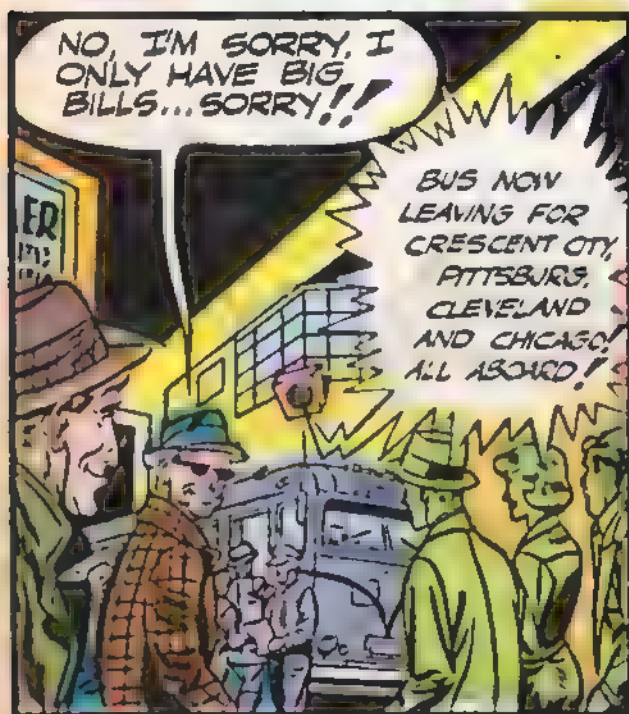
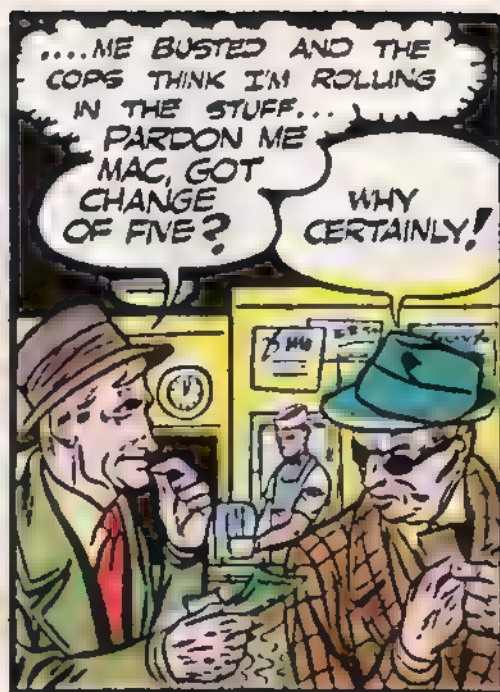
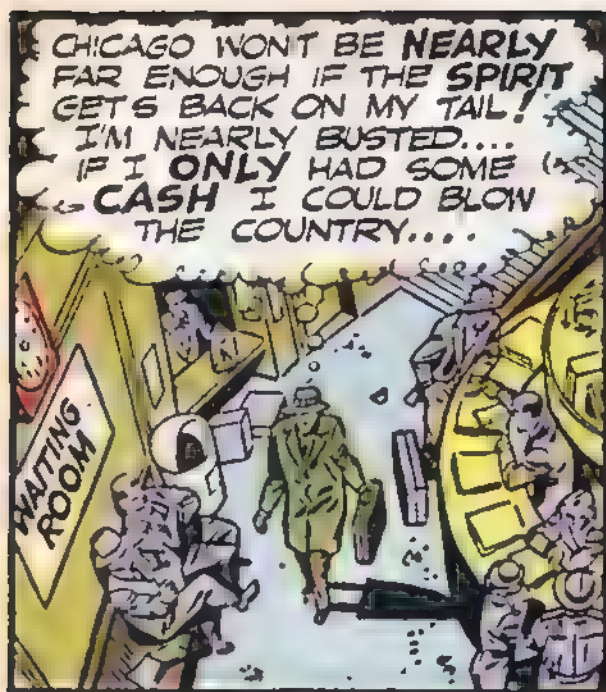
THERE'S ONLY ONE THING I'DO....

GOING AWAY, MARVIN?

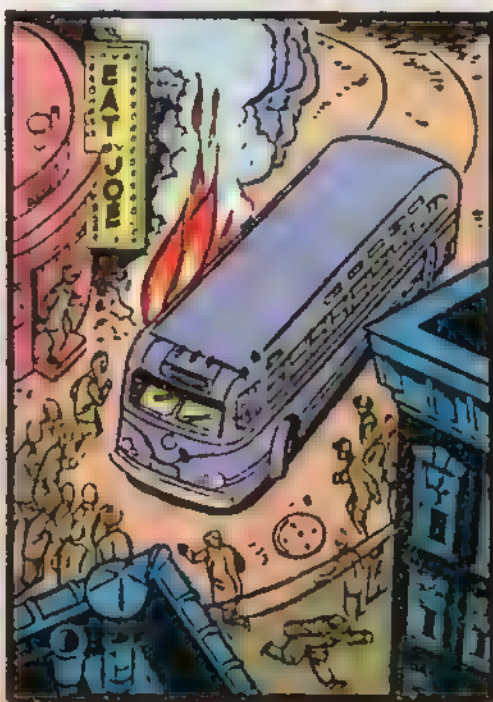
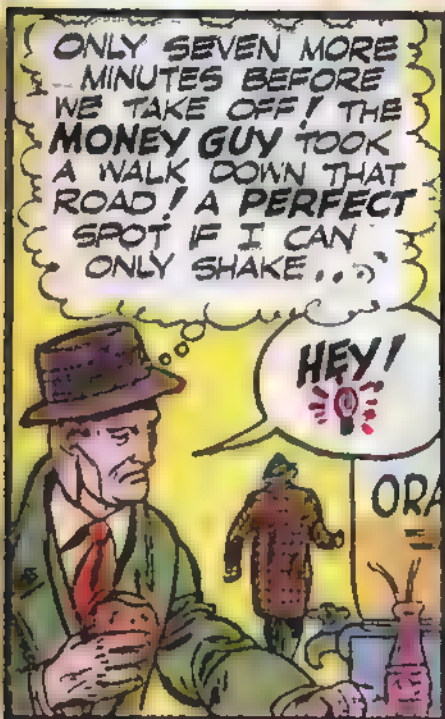




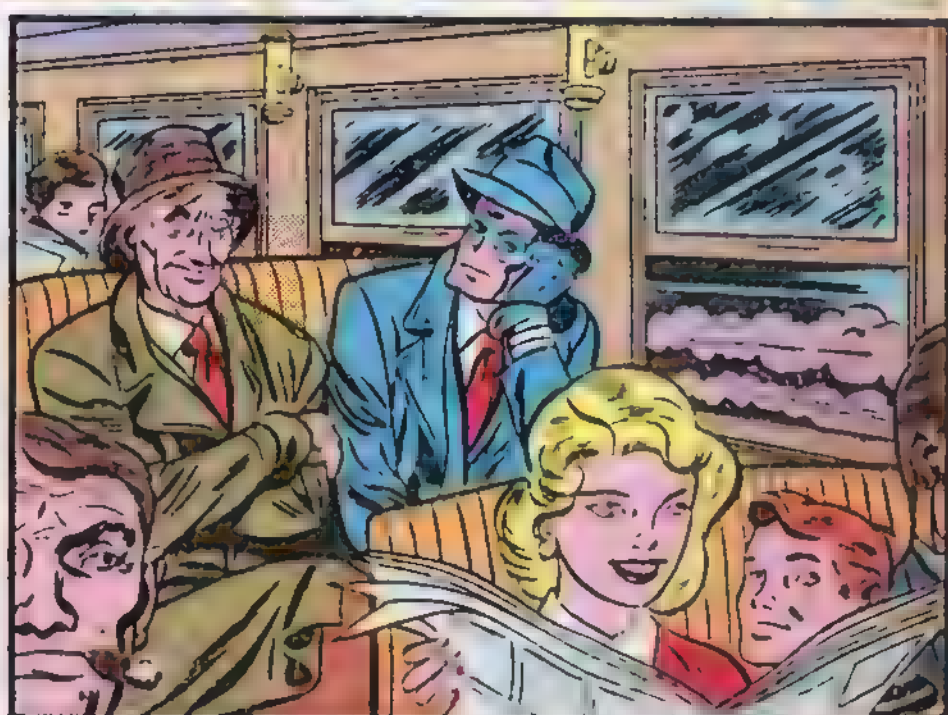




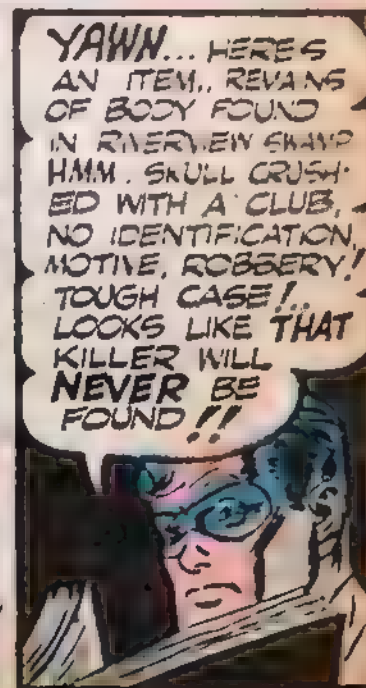
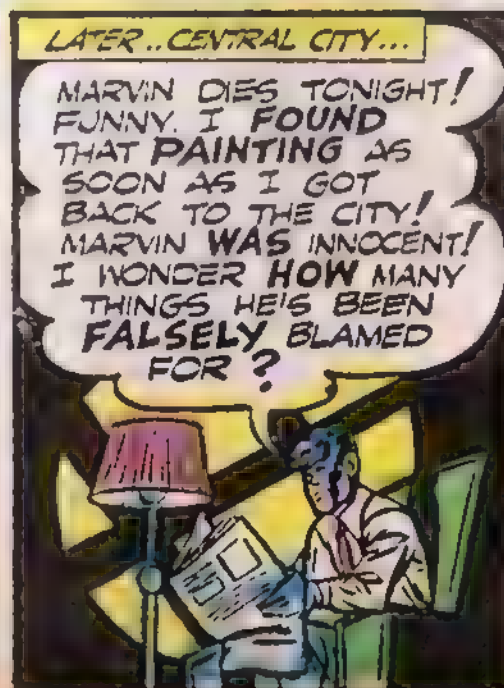
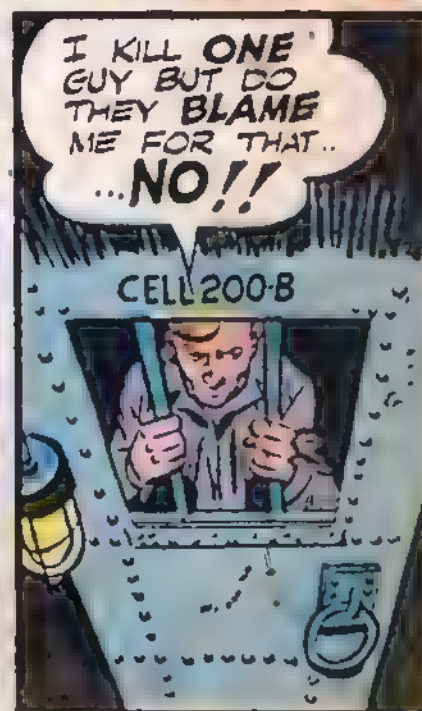
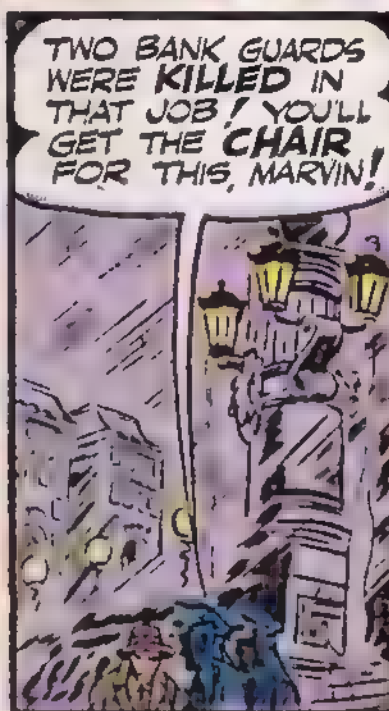
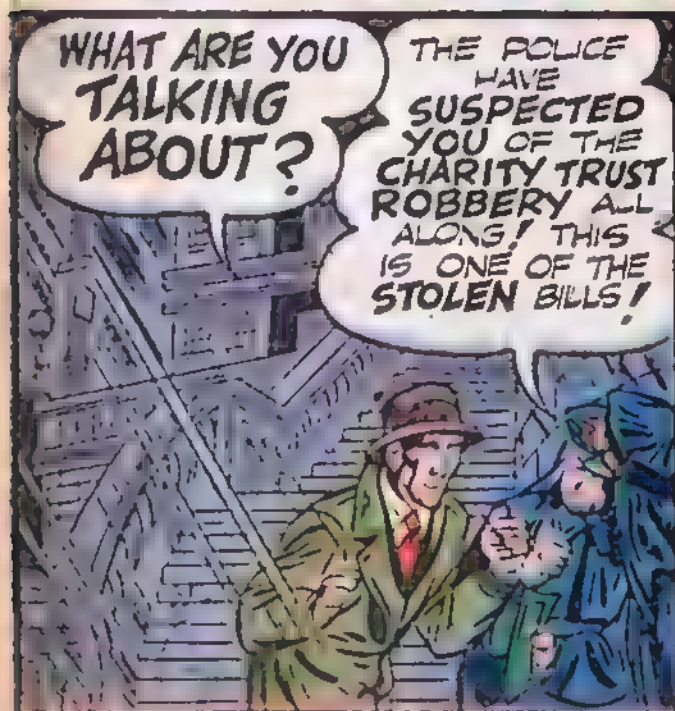
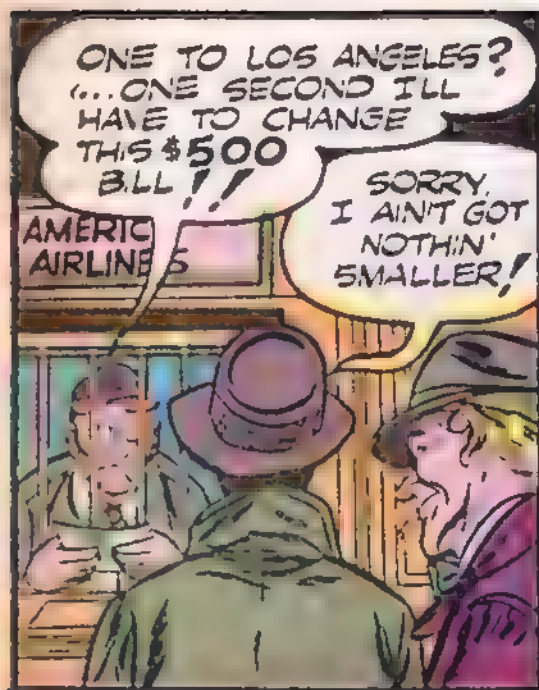












ABANDONED BRIDE...VANISHED AFE...JEWELS OF JEOPARDY  
**THE CURSE OF CLAYMORE CASTLE**

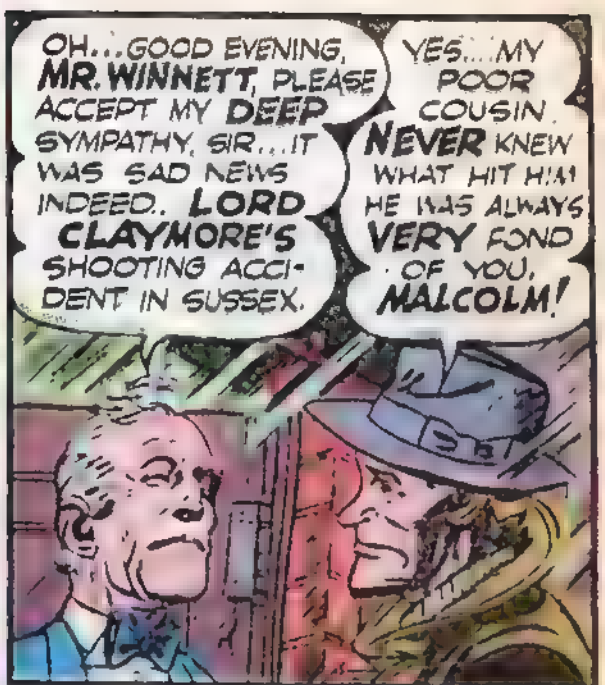
**W**INNING HIS WAY, HIGH OVER THE OCEAN, TO SCOTLAND WARD  
THE SPIRIT ON THE TRAIL OF AN INTERNATIONAL SWINDLER

**A**CROSS THE SCOTTISH  
MOORS GLOWS CLAYMORE  
CASTLE, LIKE AN EXILED MON-  
ARCH... LONE AND DESOLATE  
BY THE SEA.

A SPLASH OF LIGHTNING  
REVEALS A RAIN-DRENCHED,  
FIGURE ON FOOT...

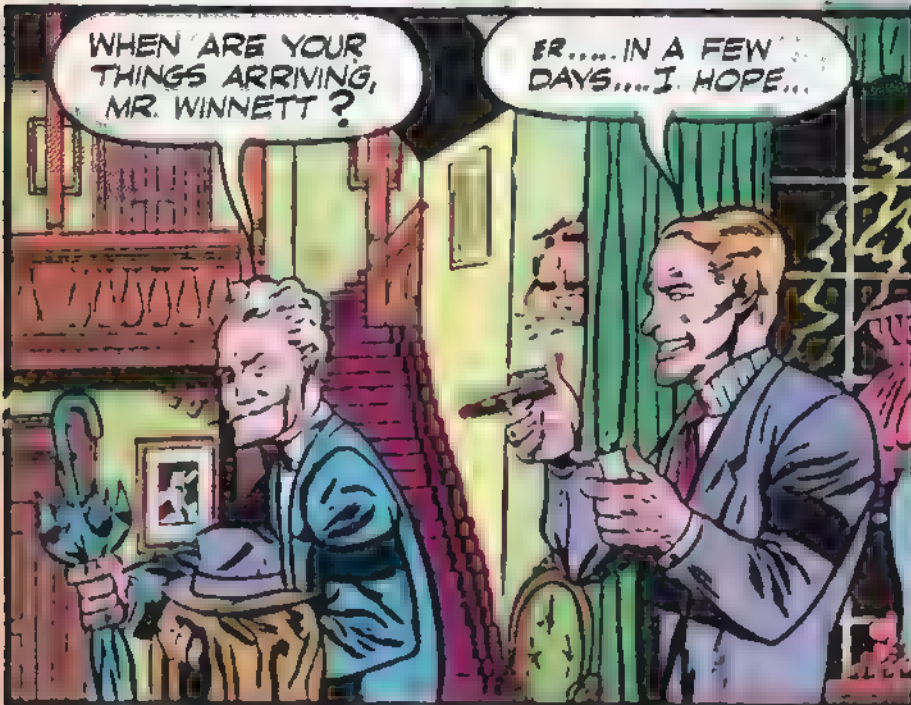
THE  
**SPIRIT**  
BY  
WILL EISNER





OH...GOOD EVENING, MR. WINNETT, PLEASE ACCEPT MY DEEP SYMPATHY, SIR...IT WAS SAD NEWS INDEED. LORD CLAYMORE'S SHOOTING ACCIDENT IN SUSSEX.

YES...MY POOR COUSIN. I NEVER KNEW WHAT HIT HIM! HE WAS ALWAYS VERY FOND OF YOU, MALCOLM!

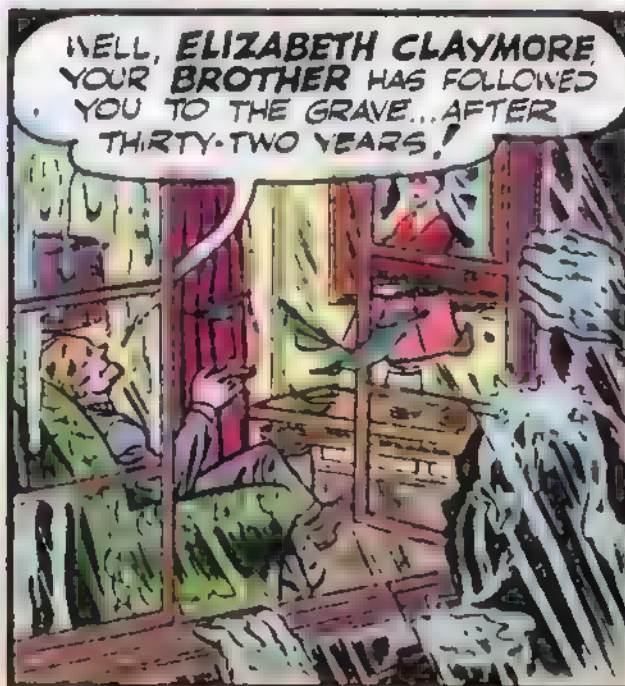


WHEN ARE YOUR THINGS ARRIVING, MR. WINNETT?

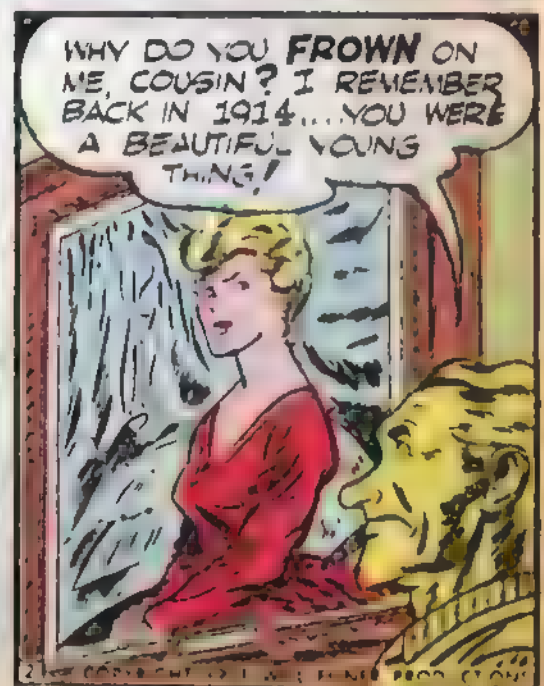
ER....IN A FEW DAYS...I HOPE...



I'M TAKING A LOOK ABOUT THE CASTLE MALCOLM, BEFORE I TAKE POSSESSION...

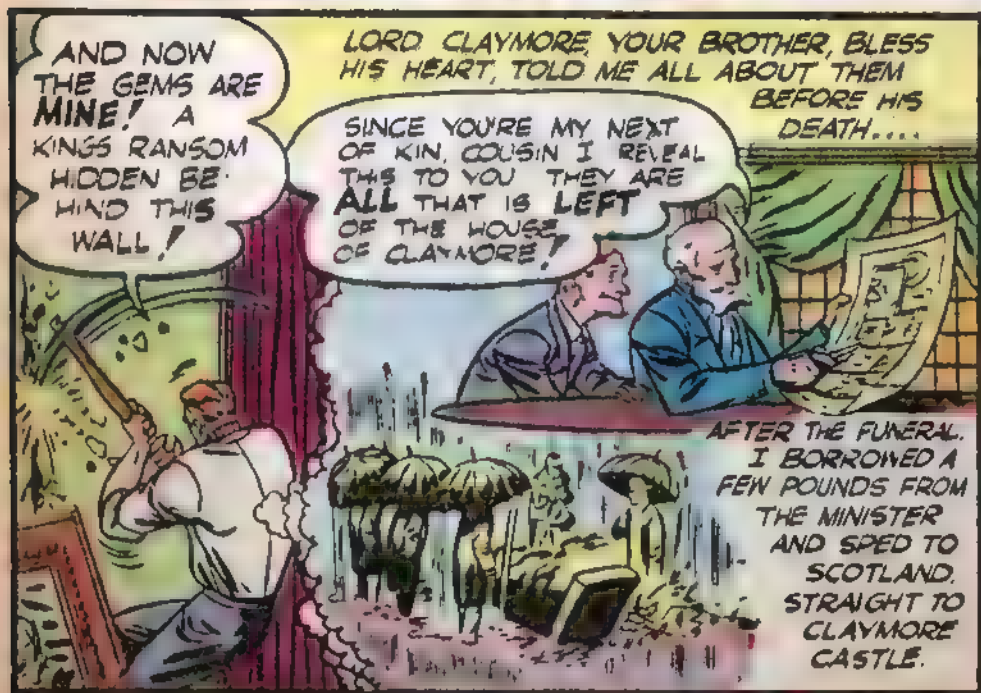
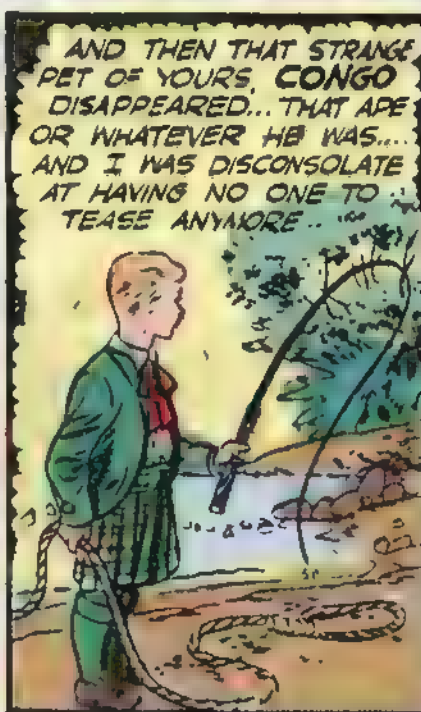
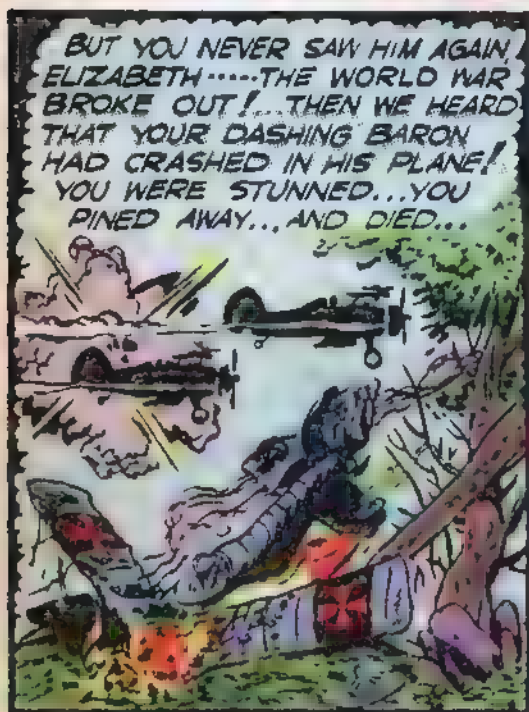
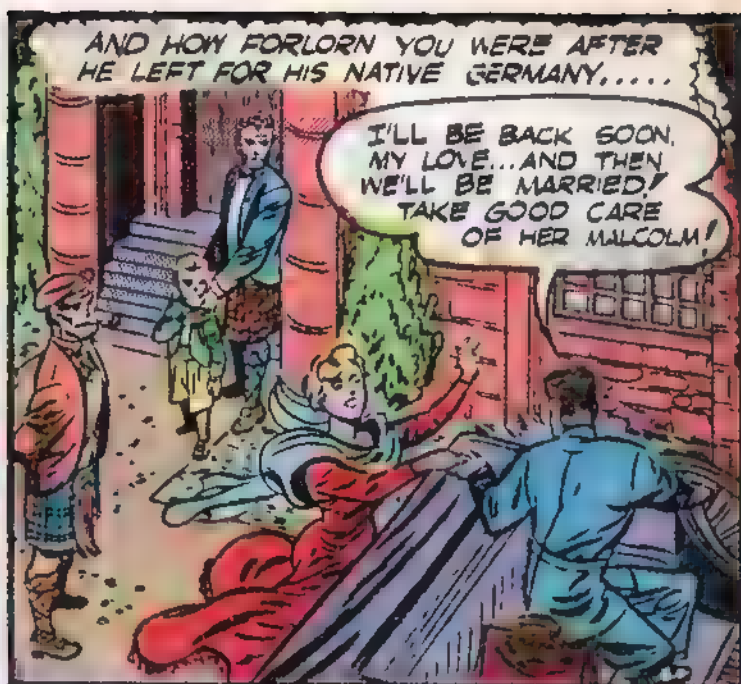
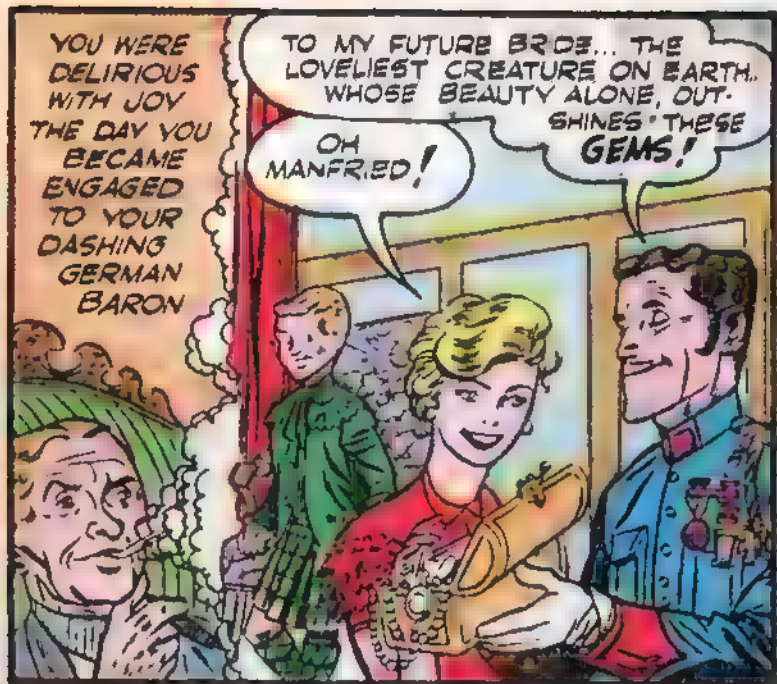


WELL, ELIZABETH CLAYMORE YOUR BROTHER HAS FOLLOWED YOU TO THE GRAVE...AFTER THIRTY-TWO YEARS!



WHY DO YOU FROWN ON ME, COUSIN? I REMEMBER BACK IN 1914...YOU WERE A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG THING!



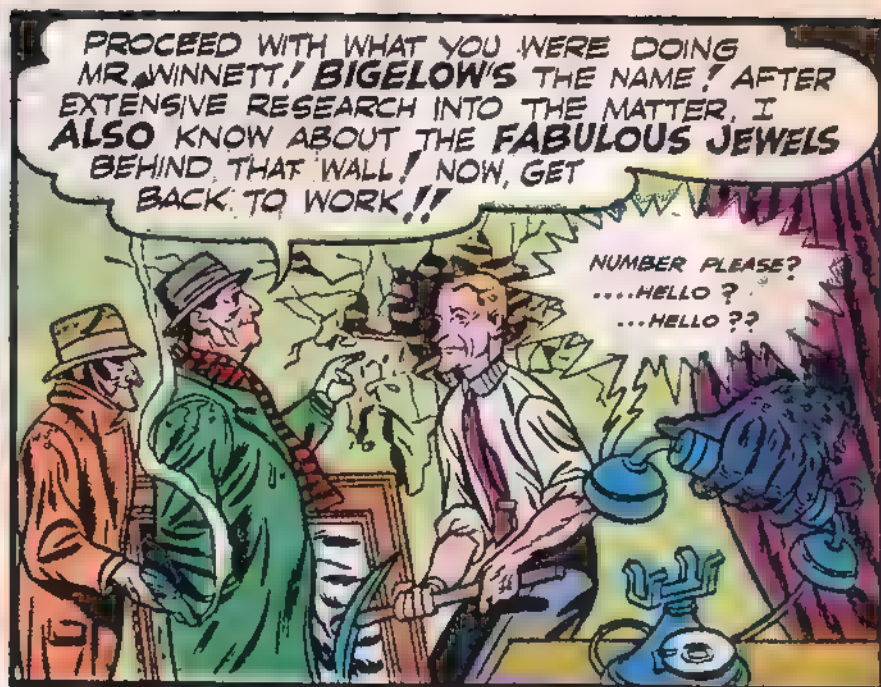






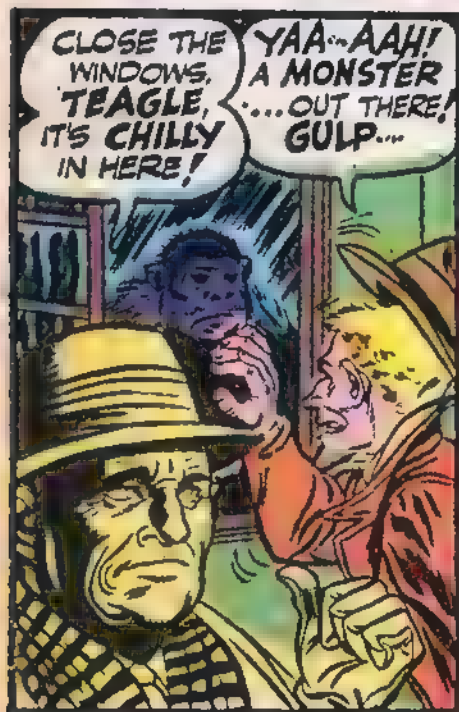
PLEASE, SIR....  
I'm...

BANG  
BANG



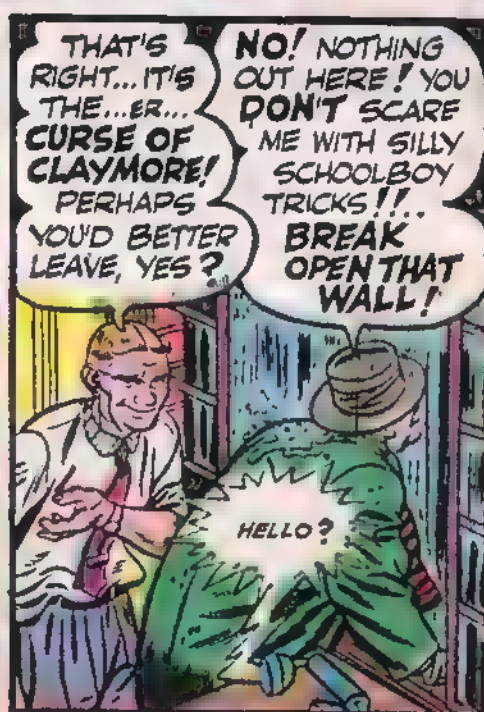
PROCEED WITH WHAT YOU WERE DOING  
MR. WINNETT, **BIGELOW'S** THE NAME! AFTER  
EXTENSIVE RESEARCH INTO THE MATTER, I  
ALSO KNOW ABOUT THE **FABULOUS JEWELS**  
BEHIND THAT WALL! NOW, GET  
BACK TO WORK!!

NUMBER PLEASE?  
....HELLO?  
...HELLO??



CLOSE THE  
WINDOWS.  
**TEAGLE,**  
IT'S CHILLY  
IN HERE!

YAA-AAH!  
A MONSTER  
...OUT THERE!  
GULP...



THAT'S  
RIGHT... IT'S  
THE... ER...  
**CURSE OF  
CLAYMORE!**  
PERHAPS  
YOU'D BETTER  
LEAVE, YES?

NO! NOTHING  
OUT HERE! YOU  
DON'T SCARE  
ME WITH SILLY  
SCHOOLBOY  
TRICKS!!  
**BREAK  
OPEN THAT  
WALL!**

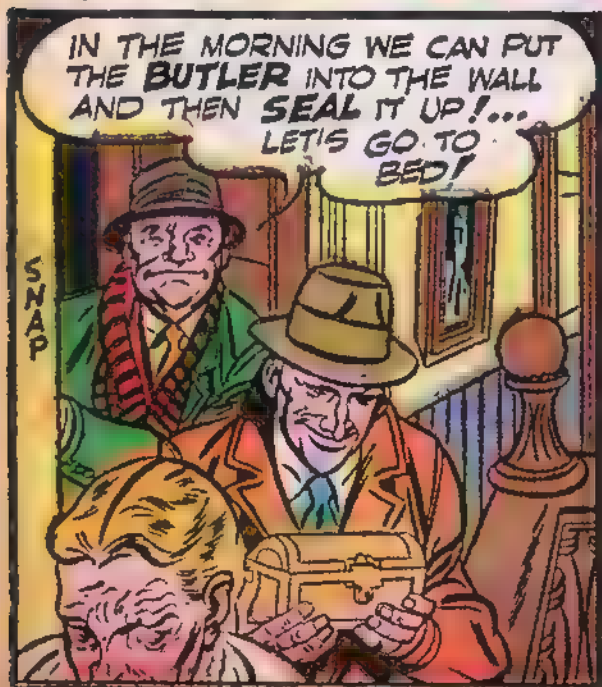
HELLO?



SOON....  
**GLORY  
!!**

THEY'RE  
MINE!  
I'M THE  
RIGHTFUL  
HEIR! I'LL  
CALL THE  
POLICE!

WINNETT, IN  
MY BUSINESS  
I LEARN ALL  
SORTS OF  
THINGS... I  
KNOW THAT  
YOU **KILLED**  
YOUR COUSIN  
LORD CLAYMORE!  
WOULD YOU LIKE  
THE **POLICE**  
TO KNOW ABOUT  
IT TOO?



IN THE MORNING WE CAN PUT  
THE **BUTLER** INTO THE WALL  
AND THEN **SEAL IT UP!**...  
LET'S GO TO  
BED!

SNAP



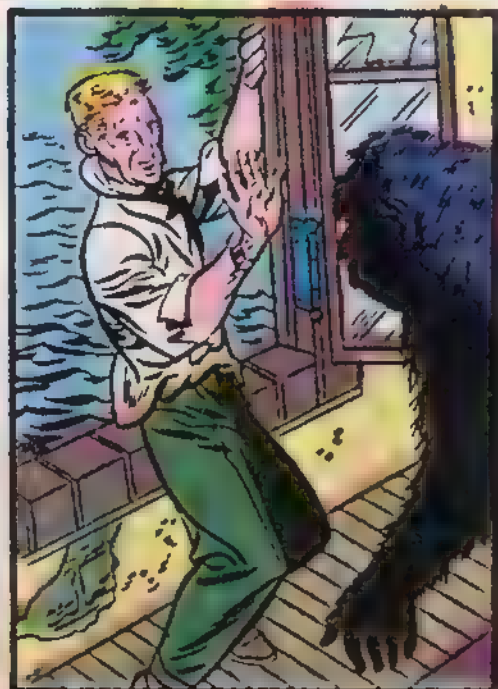
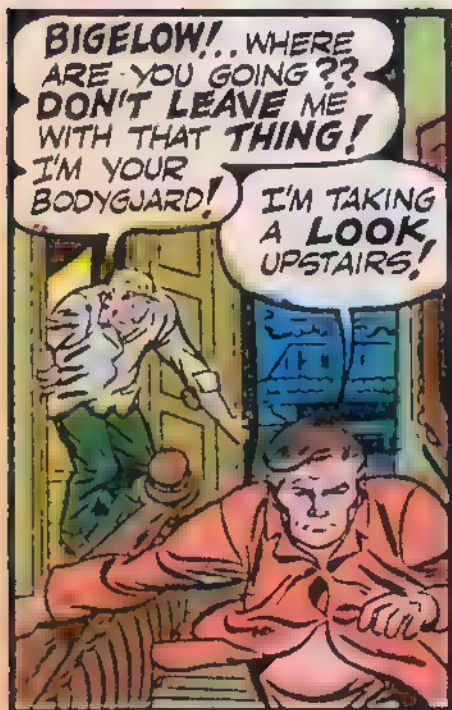
CONGO...  
H-HELP ME...  
TAKE ME  
AWAY...



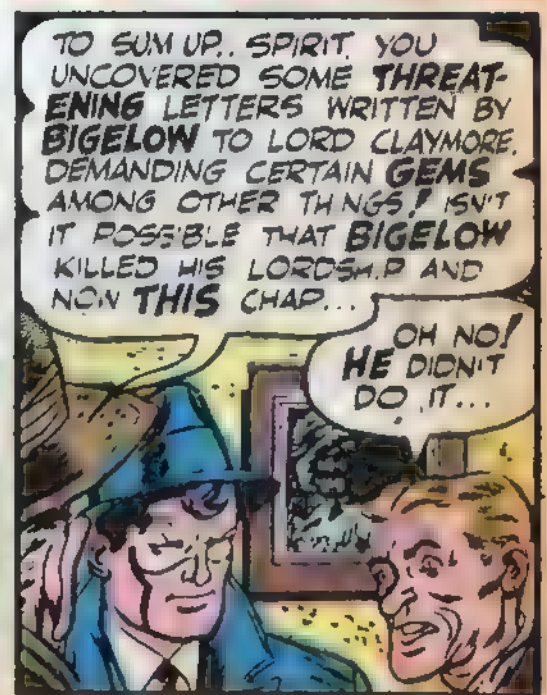
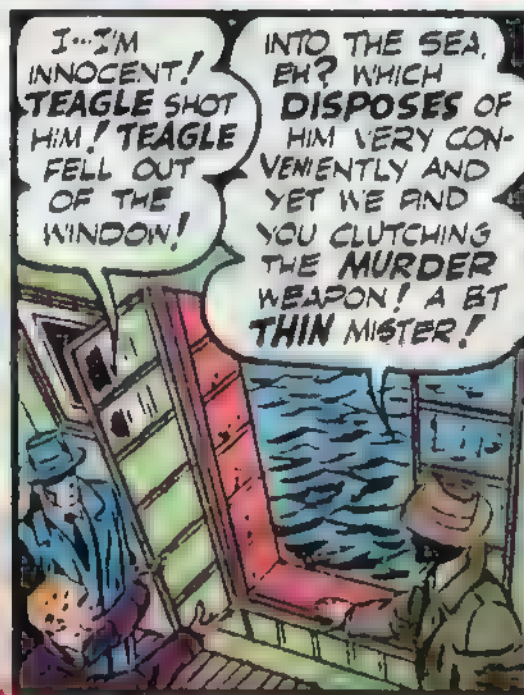
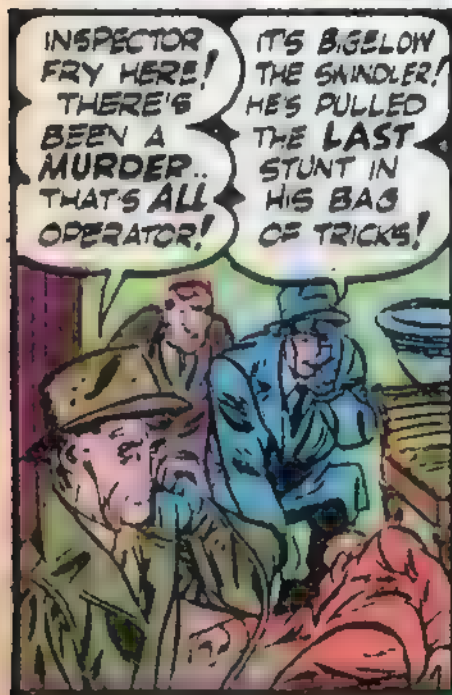
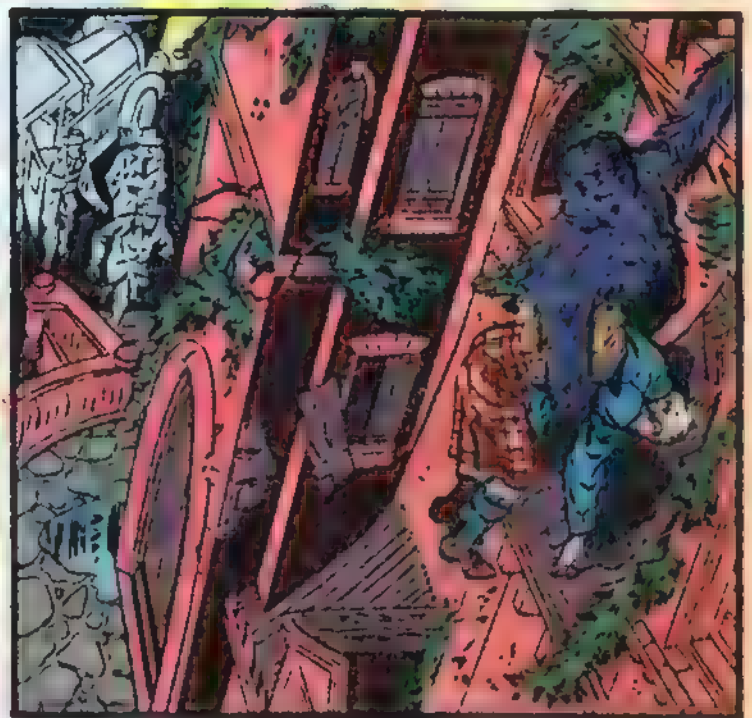
INSPECTOR FRY, SCOTLAND YARD  
HERE.... KEEP THIS LINE OPEN,  
OPERATOR, UNTIL YOU  
HEAR FROM US!

YES,  
INSPECTOR!

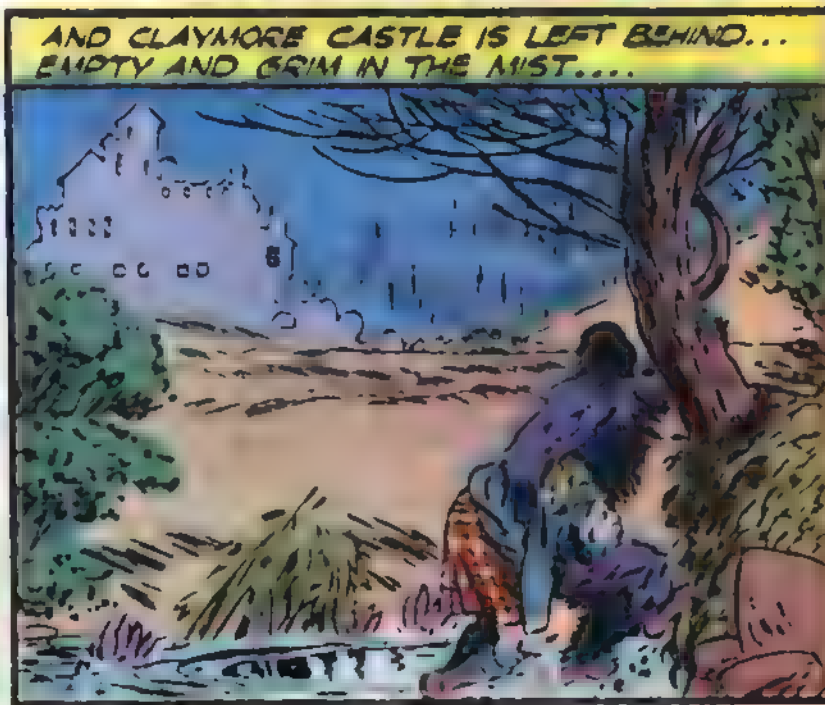
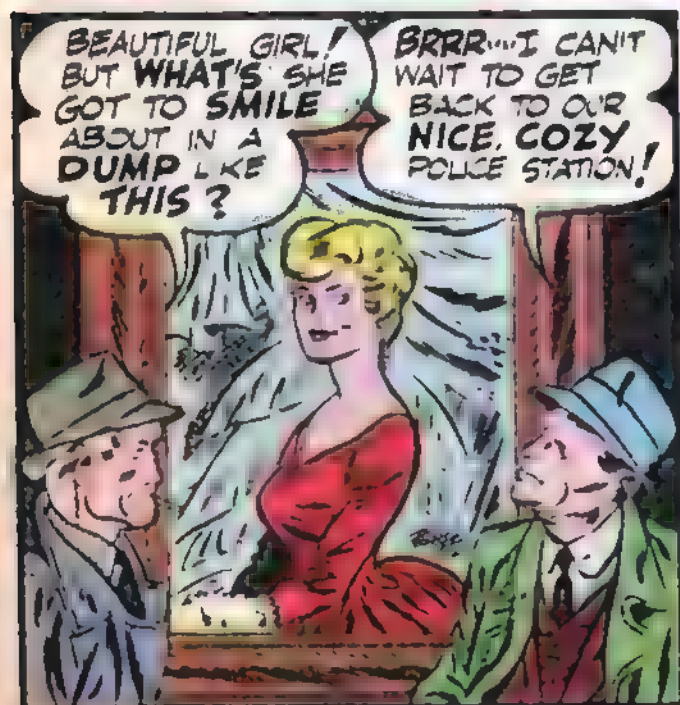






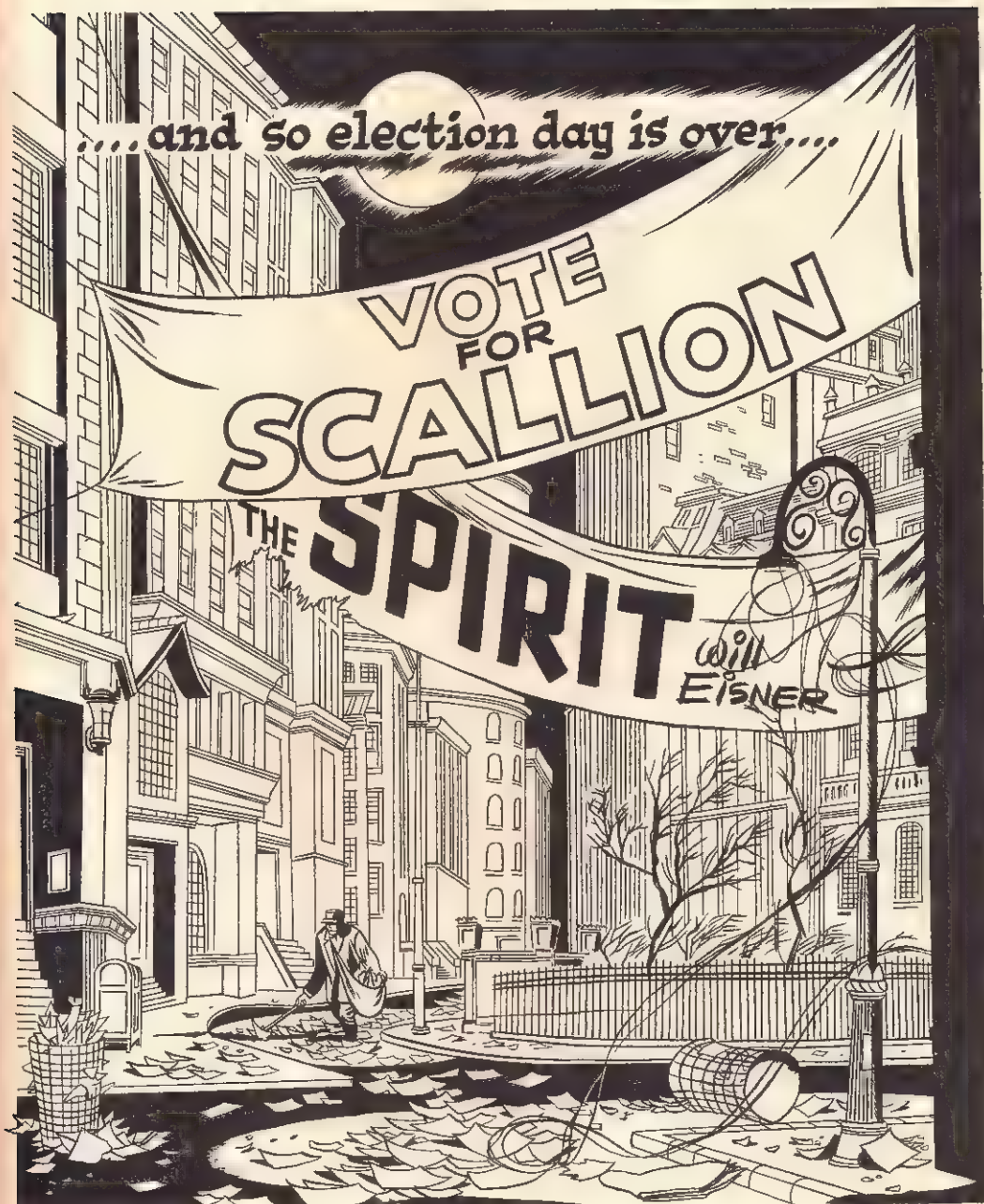






598: Originally published November 11, 1951

## VOTE FOR SCALLION



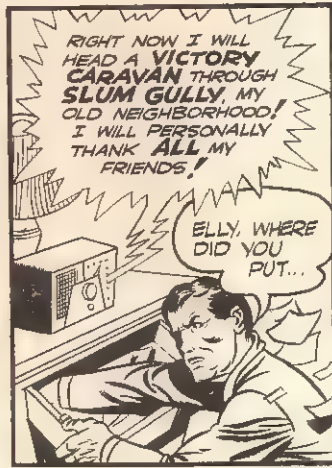


COPYRIGHT 1951 WILL FISHER PRODUCTIONS

A collage of the words "NEW GOVERNOR" and "ASSASSINATED" in various sizes and orientations, creating a chaotic, layered effect. The words are in a bold, sans-serif font, with some appearing in white and others in black. The background is a dark, textured grey. The words are arranged in a way that they overlap and interlock, with "NEW GOVERNOR" appearing at the top and "ASSASSINATED" appearing at the bottom. The overall effect is one of repetition and visual noise, suggesting a cycle of political events or a state of constant upheaval.

REPORTS FROM  
59 OUT OF 63  
COUNTIES UPGRADE  
GIVE McELROY 250,620 &  
VOTES...AND SCALLION  
497,943 VOTES...  
IT LOOKS LIKE A  
SCALLION LAND-  
SLIDE!

REPORTS FROM  
59 OUT OF 63  
COUNTIES UPSTATE  
GIVE McELROY 250,620  
VOTES...AND SCALLION  
497,943 VOTES...  
IT LOOKS LIKE A  
SCALLION LAND-  
SLIDE!





THREE  
CHEERS  
FOR  
SCALLION  
HIP HIP  
HOORAY  
HIP HIP  
HOORAY  
HIP HIP

**HOORAY**

SPIRIT, THEY'RE STARTING THE VICTORY CARAVAN THROUGH SLUM GULLY! LET'S GO!

HOW MANY COPS DO YOU HAVE AS A GUARD DETAIL DOLAN?

SEVENTY! KLINK'S IN CHARGE! WHY?

I DON'T GO FOR ANY OF THIS!

SCALLION IS NOT AS POPULAR IN HIS HOME NEIGHBORHOOD AS YOU THINK!

HA HA! WHAT A CREEP! ALWAYS PLAYING DETECTIVE! C'MON, IF THERE'S ANYTHING I LOVE IT'S A PARADE!

AND WHAT A PARADE THIS IS! THE CARAVAN WILL RUN THE ENTIRE LENGTH OF SLUM GULLY, RIGHT UP TO THE FORMER RESIDENCE OF THE GOVERNOR, 115 ALLY ROAD....

RD.

SOUND TRUCK

YOU SHOULD SEE THESE MOBBED STREETS OF SLUM GULLY... EVERY ONE IS OUT TO GREET GOVERNOR SCALLION... THEY REALLY LOVE THIS MAN!

DUTCH ST.

ALLY ROAD.

FRANK, I'M GOING DOWN TO WATCH, ARE YOU COMING?

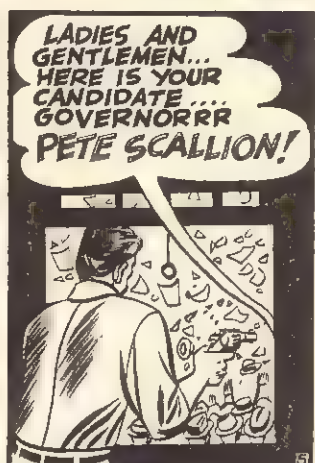
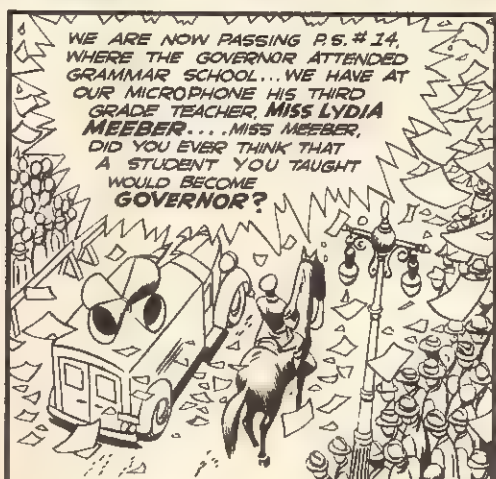
NO, ELLY, I...CAN... SEE... FROM... HERE...

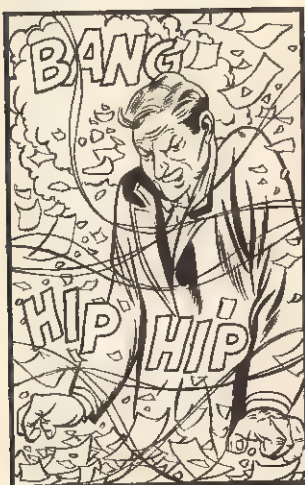
HE LIVED RIGHT IN THIS HOUSE! RIGHT HERE!

I REMEMBER HIM PLAYING STOOP BALL WHEN HE WAS A KID! I ALWAYS SAID....

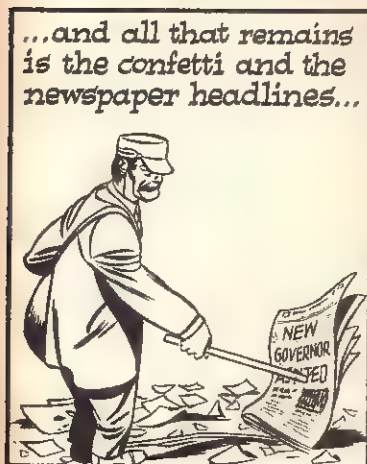
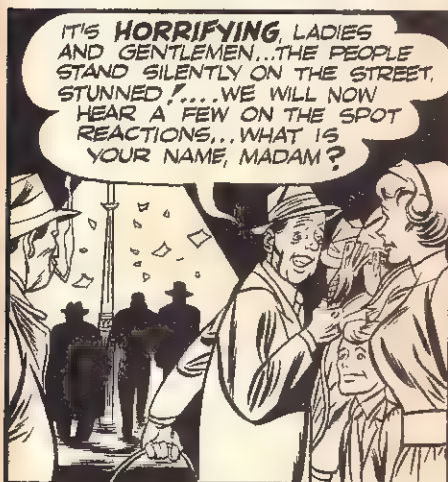
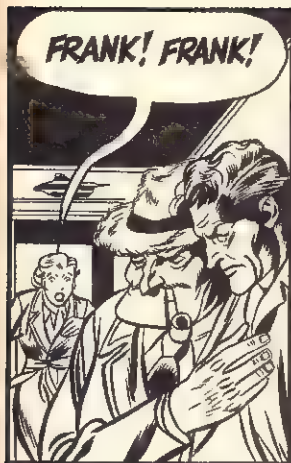
HE'S A GREAT MAN! SOMEDAY HE'LL BE PRESIDENT!







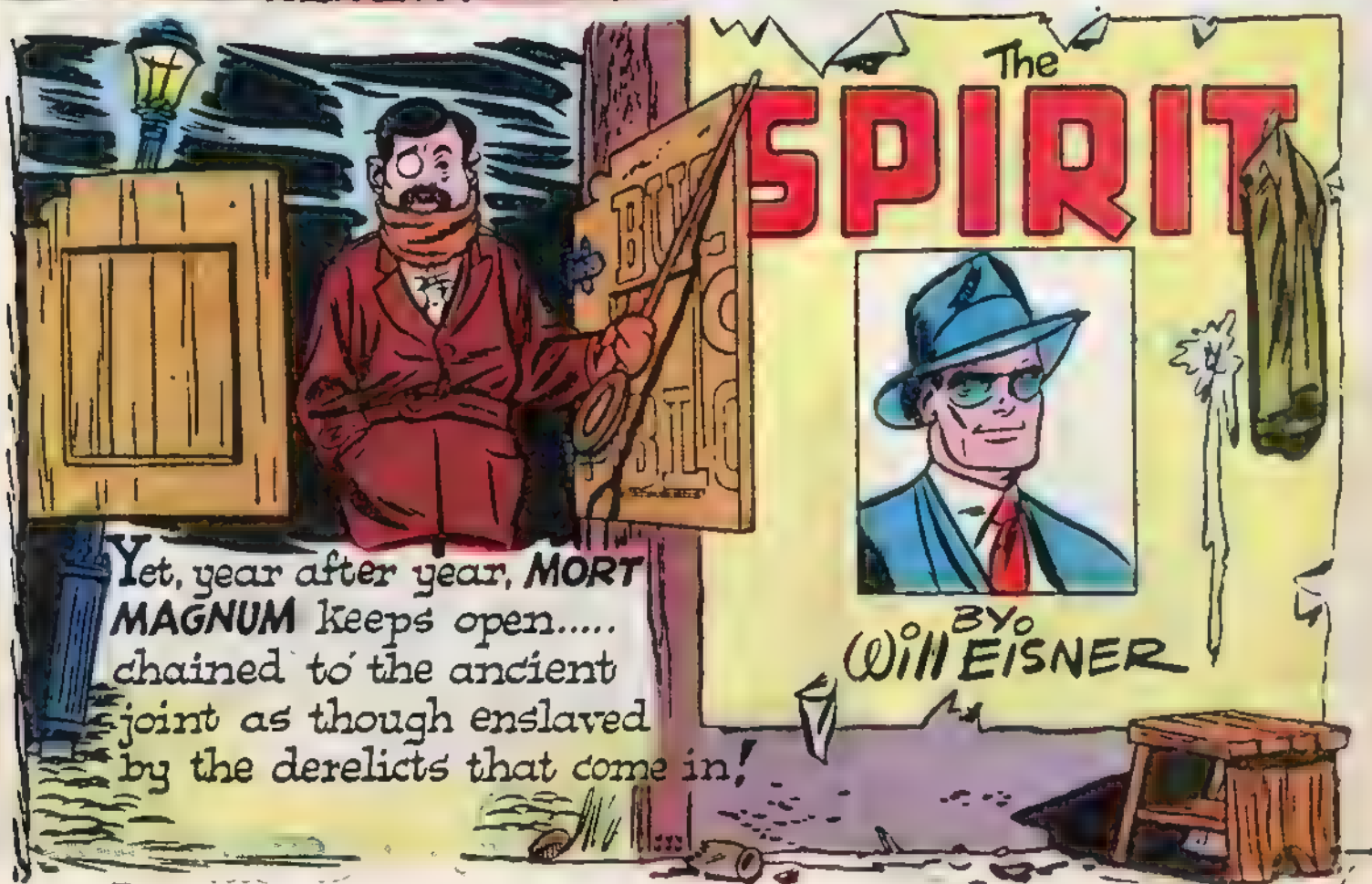




# THE CASE OF THE "BALEFUL BUDDAH"

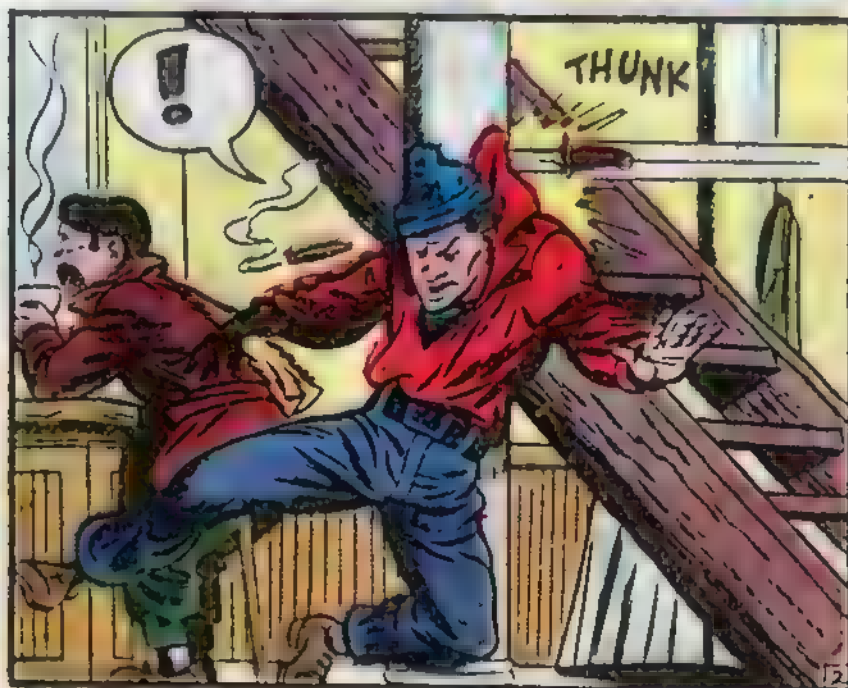
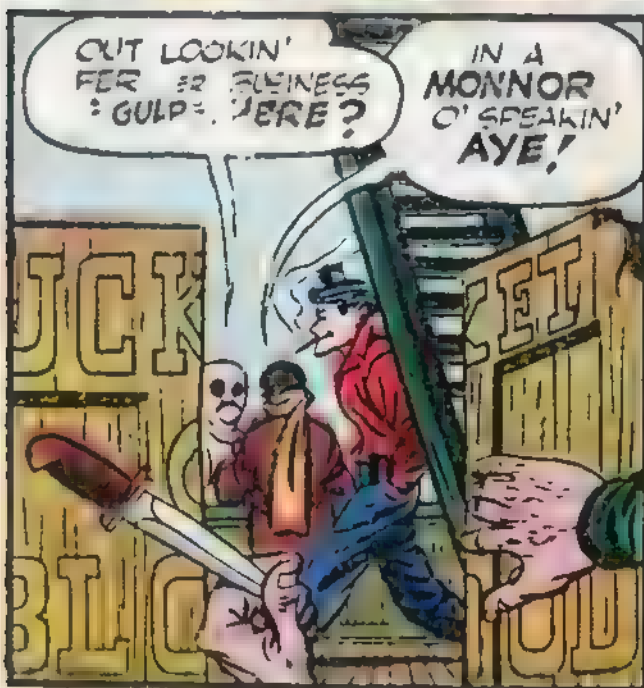
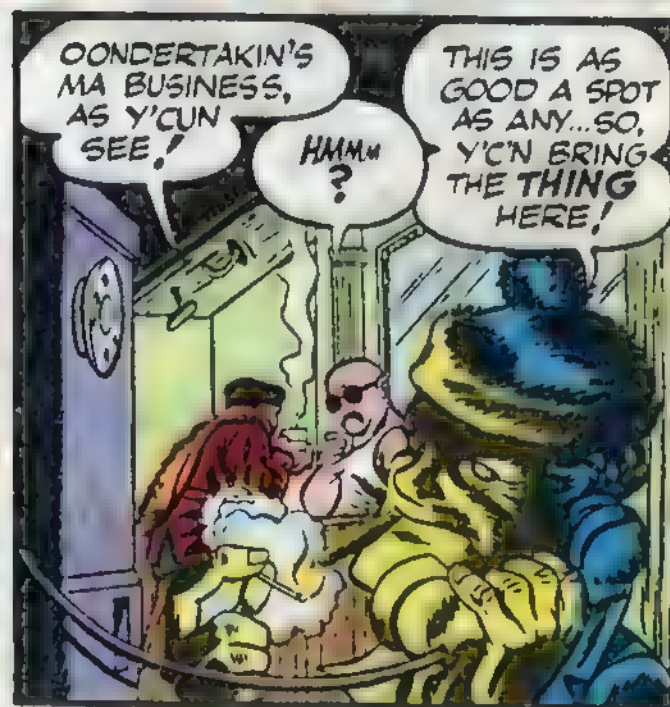
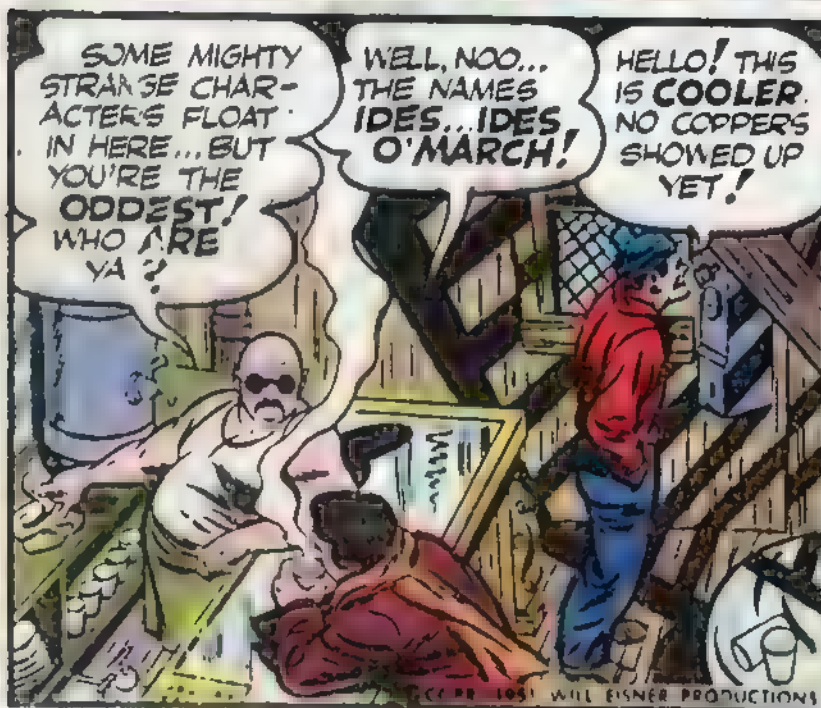
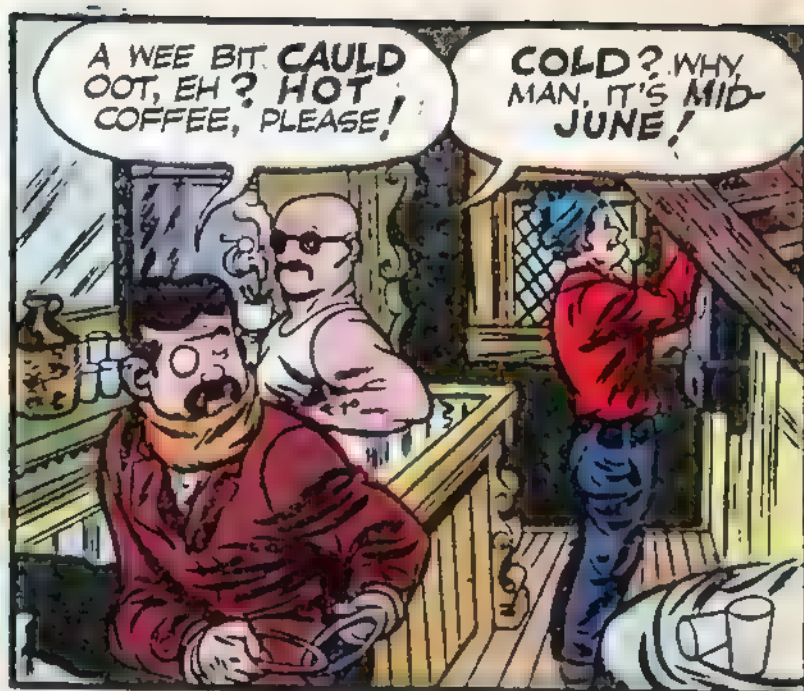
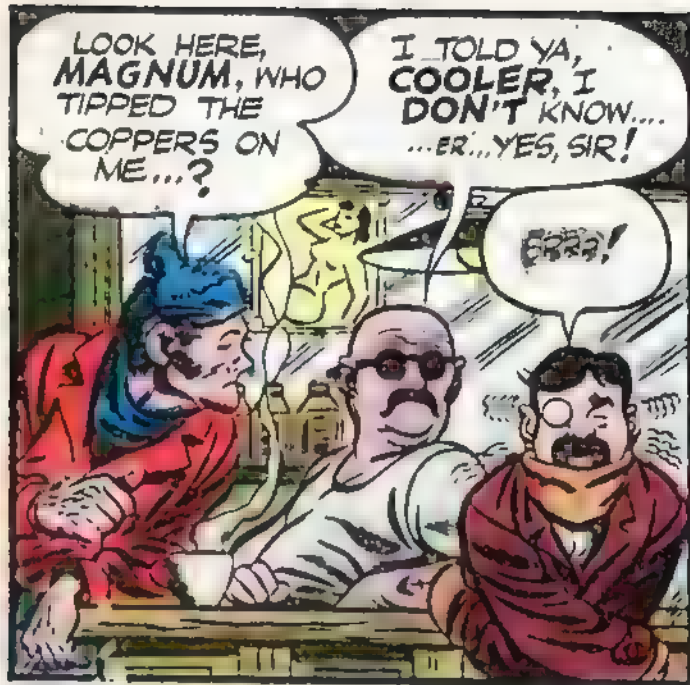
Heaven only knows  
what it profits **MAGNUM**  
to run the **BUCKET OF BLOOD!**

Surely it is not a very  
profitable cafe! Out of the  
path of ordinary folk... it  
is hardly attractive to many!

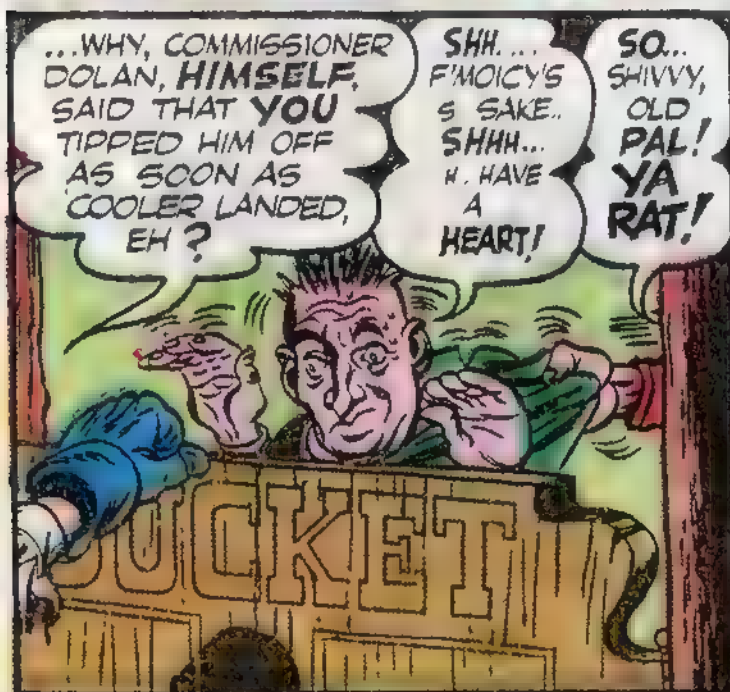
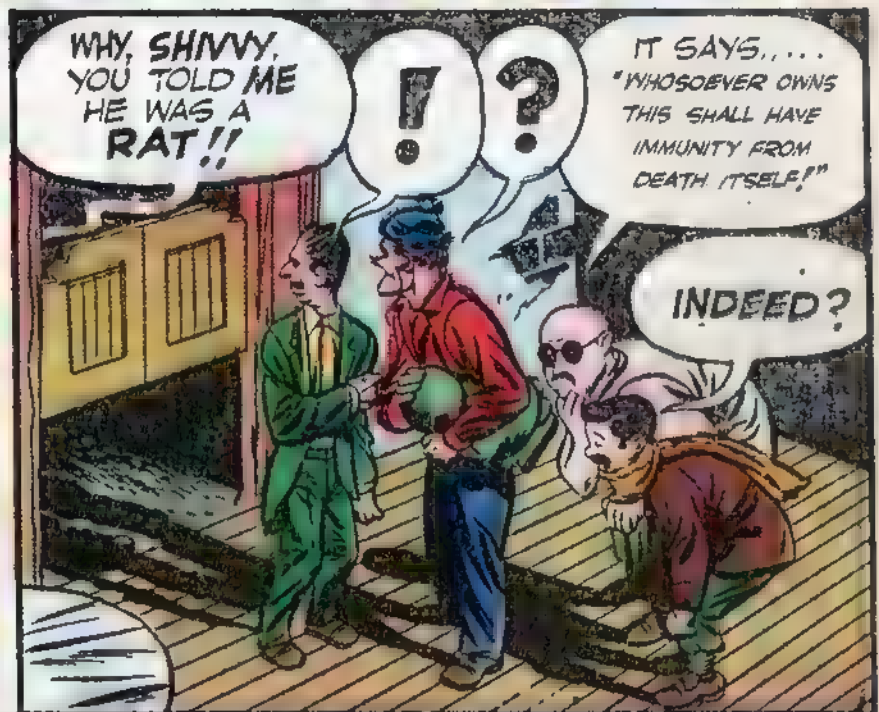
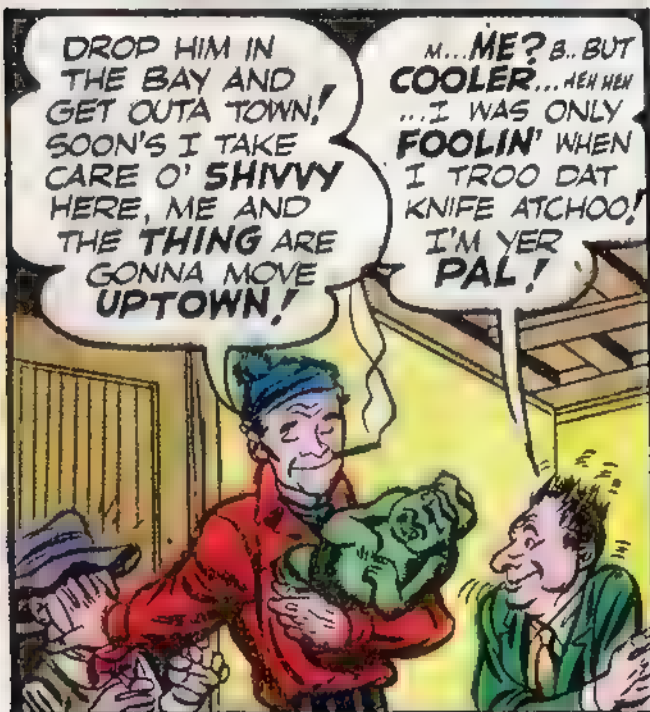
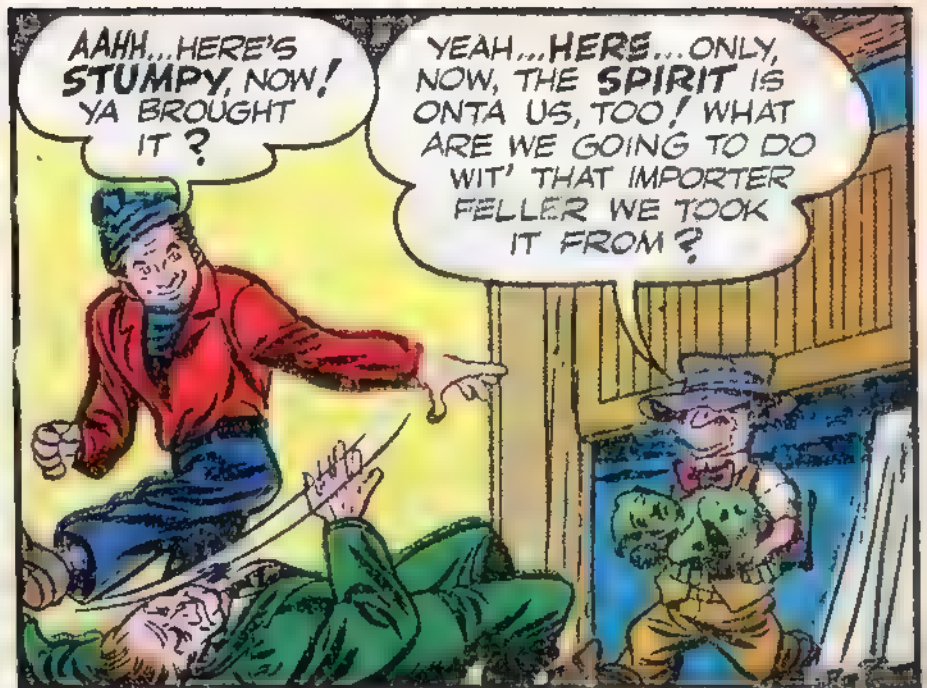


Yet, year after year, **MORT  
MAGNUM** keeps open.....  
chained to the ancient  
joint as though enslaved  
by the derelicts that come in!

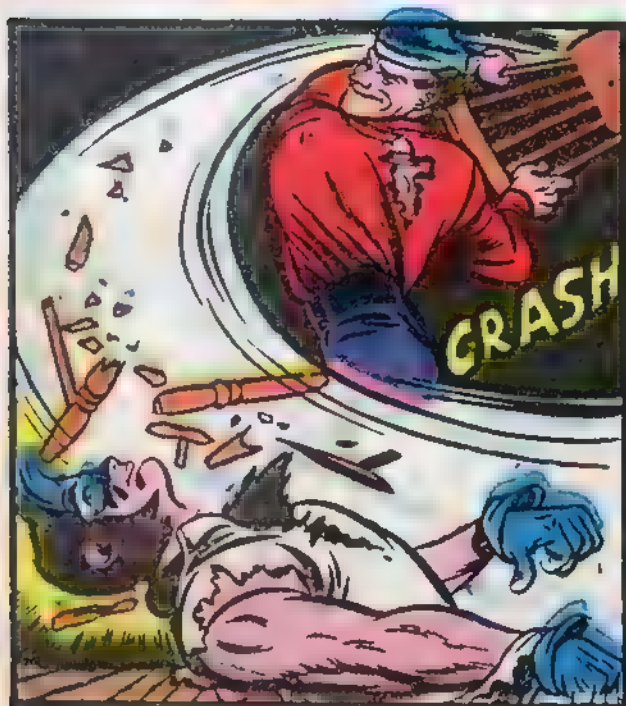
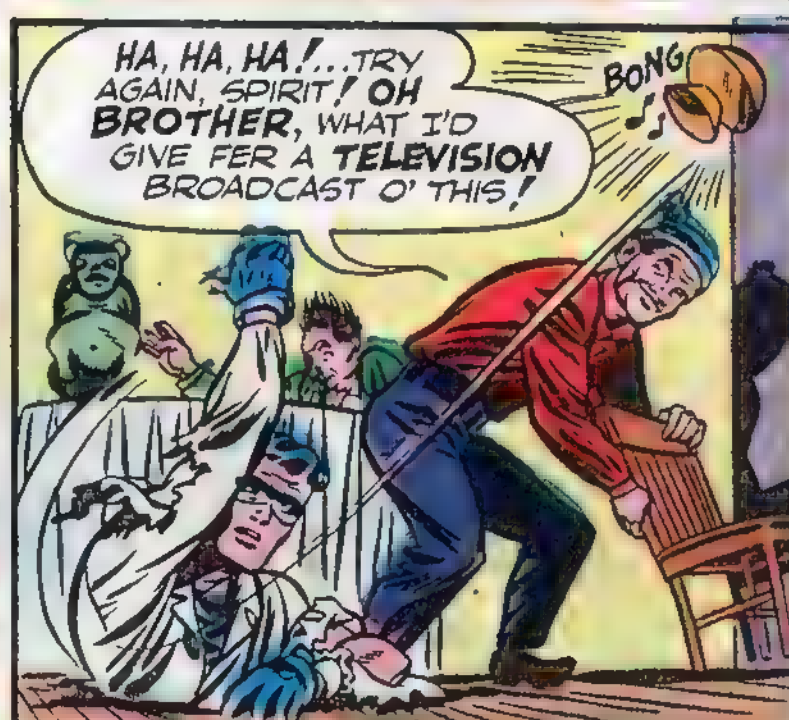
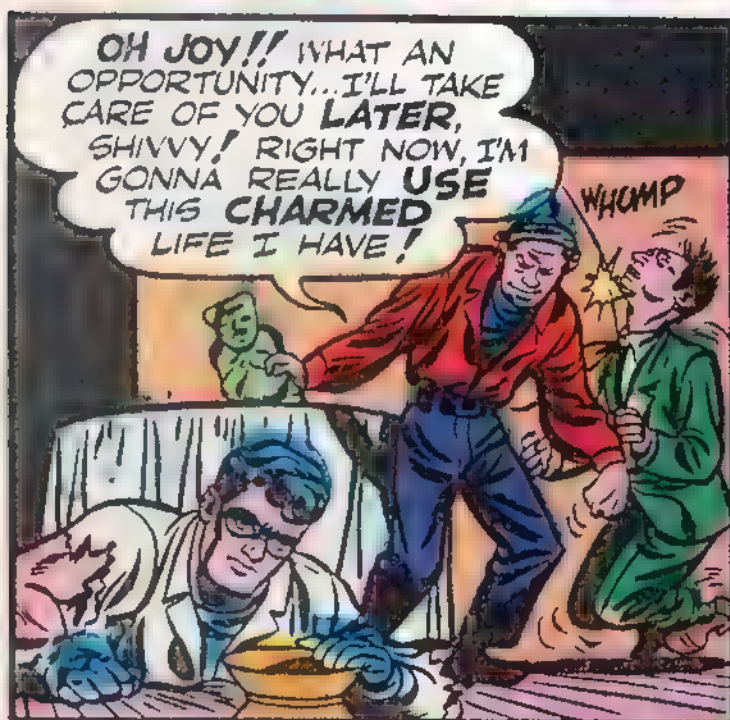
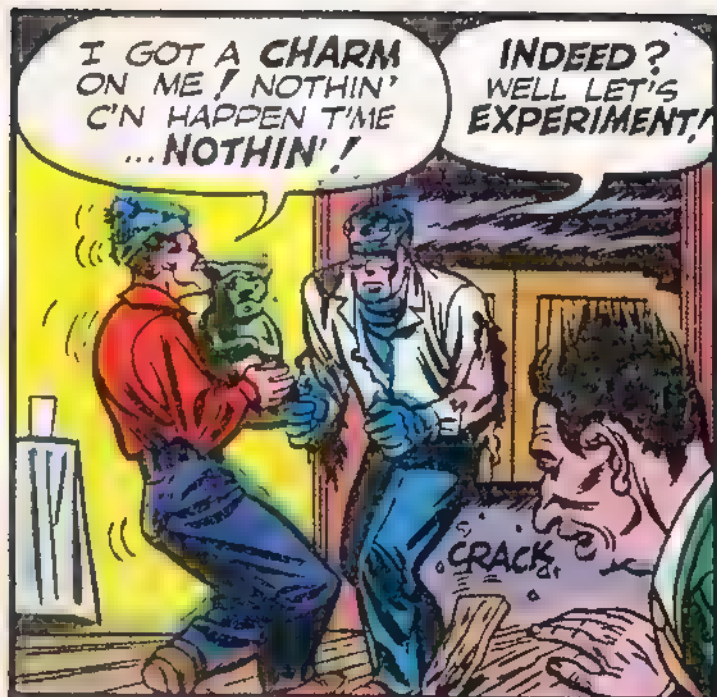




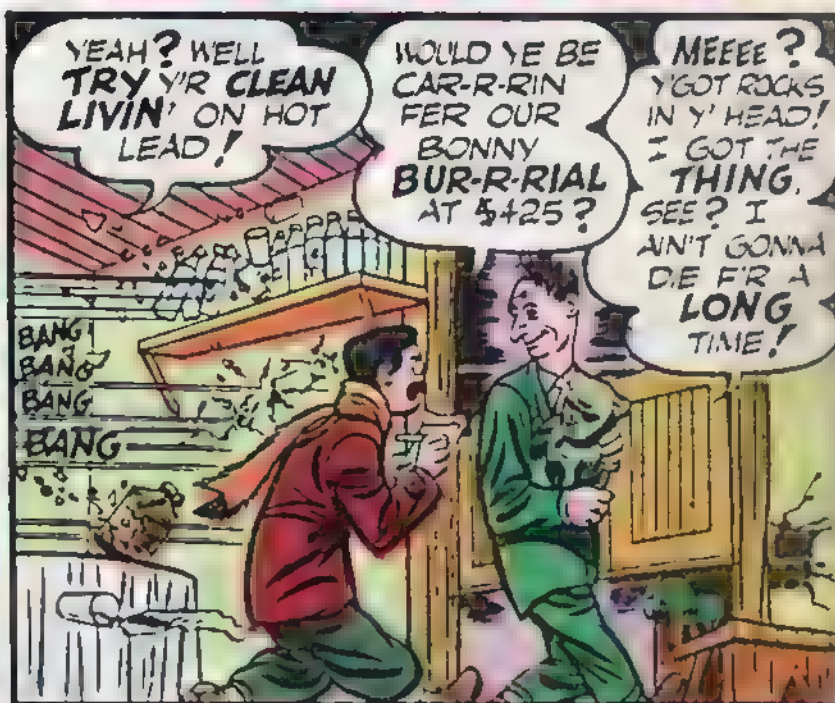
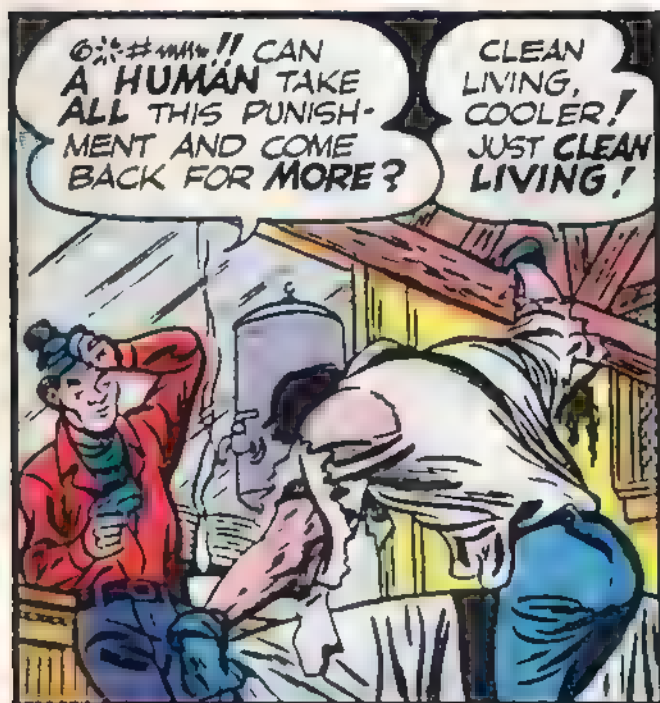
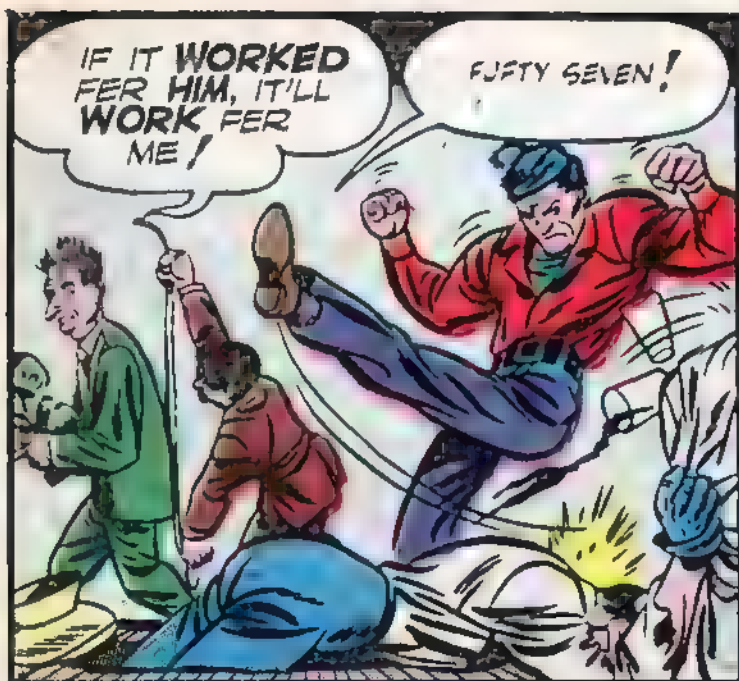




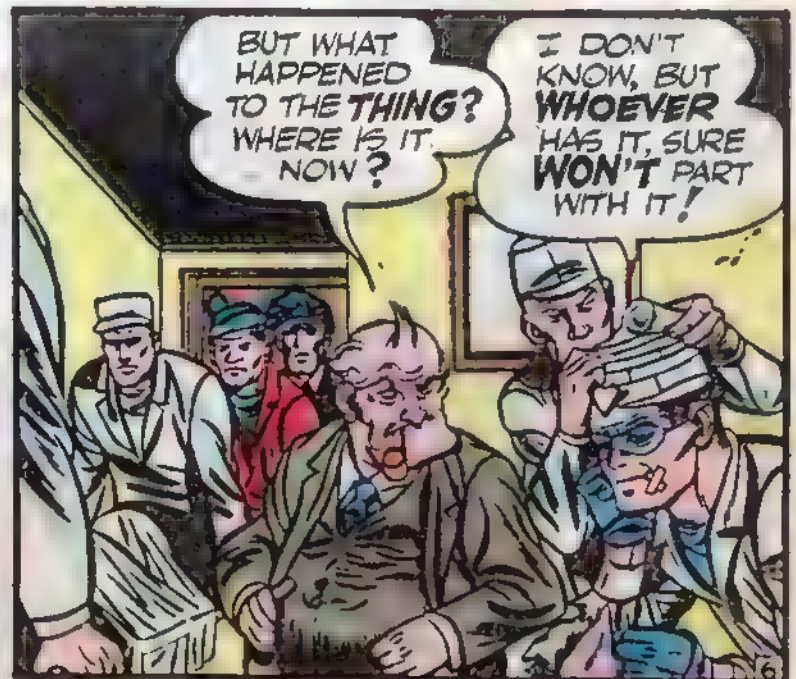
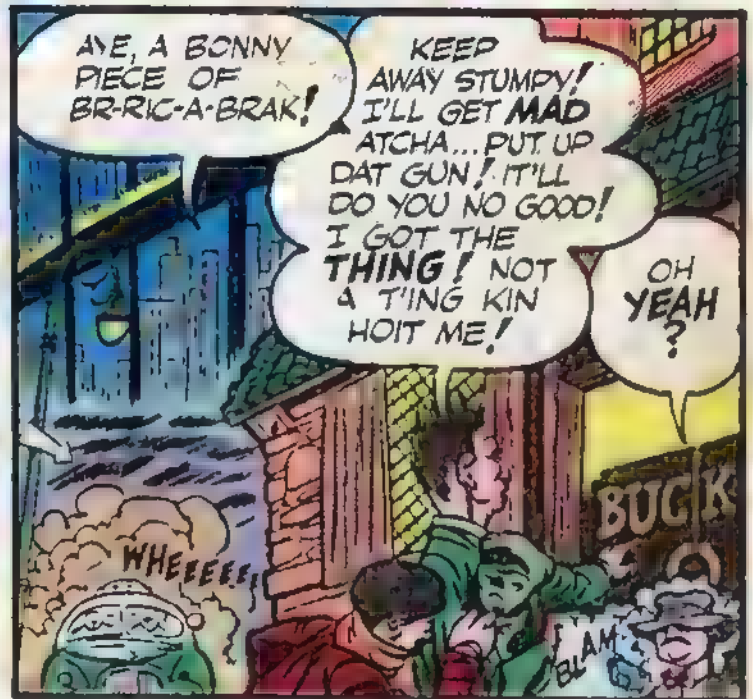
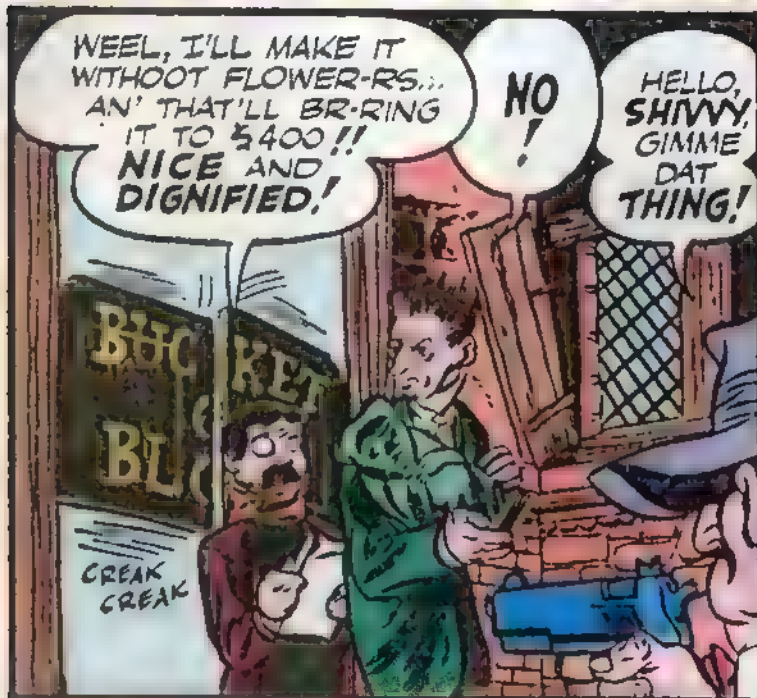
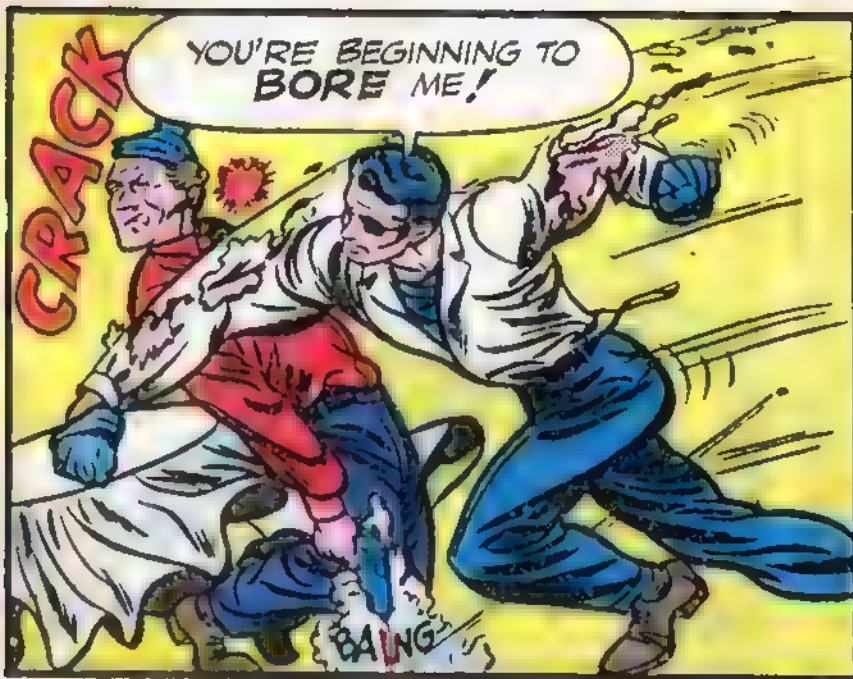




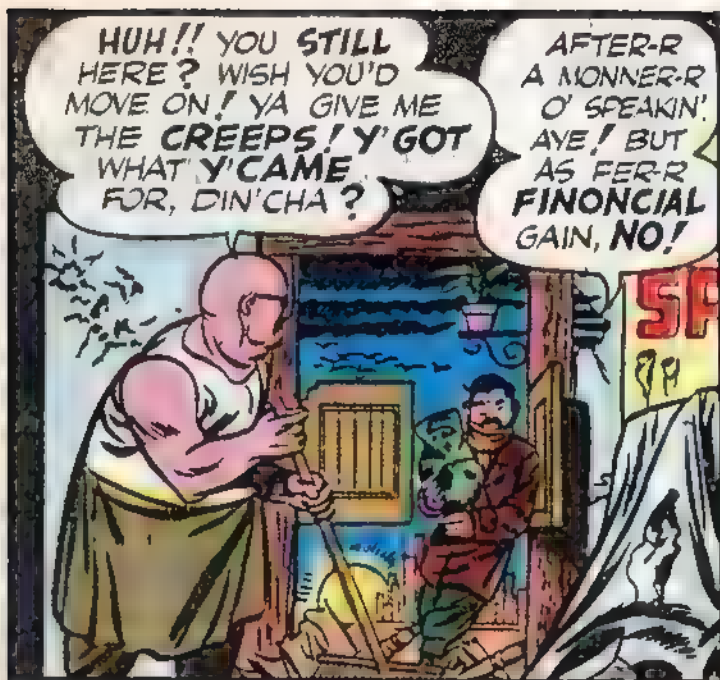






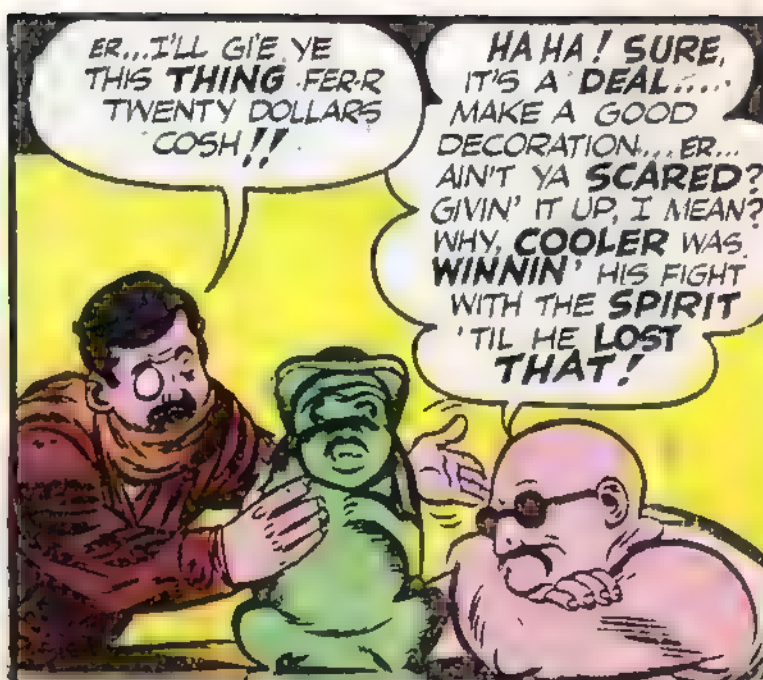






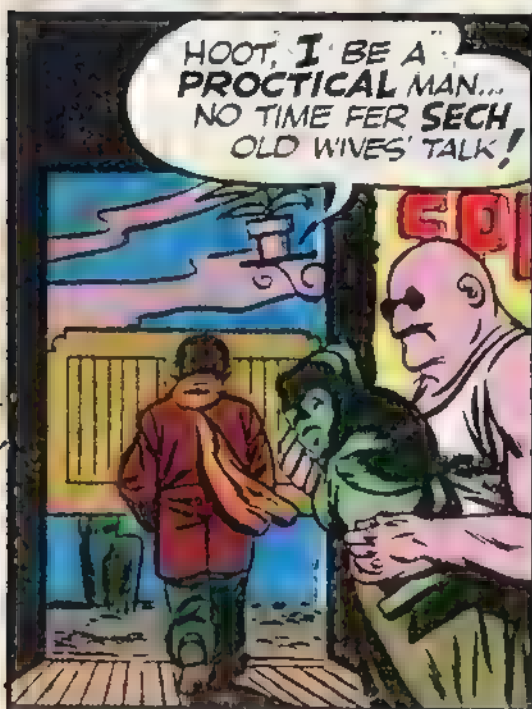
HUH!! YOU STILL  
HERE? WISH YOU'D  
MOVE ON! YA GIVE ME  
THE **CREEPS!** Y'GOT  
WHAT Y'CAMED  
FOR, DIN'CHA?

AFTER-R  
A MONNER-R  
O' SPEAKIN'  
AYE! BUT  
AS FER-R  
**FINONCIAL**  
GAIN, NO!

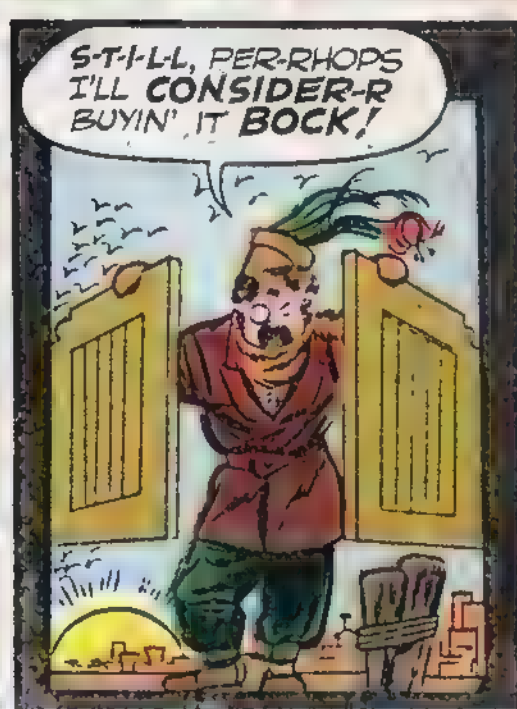


ER...I'LL G'VE YE  
THIS **THING** FER-R  
TWENTY DOLLARS  
COSH!!

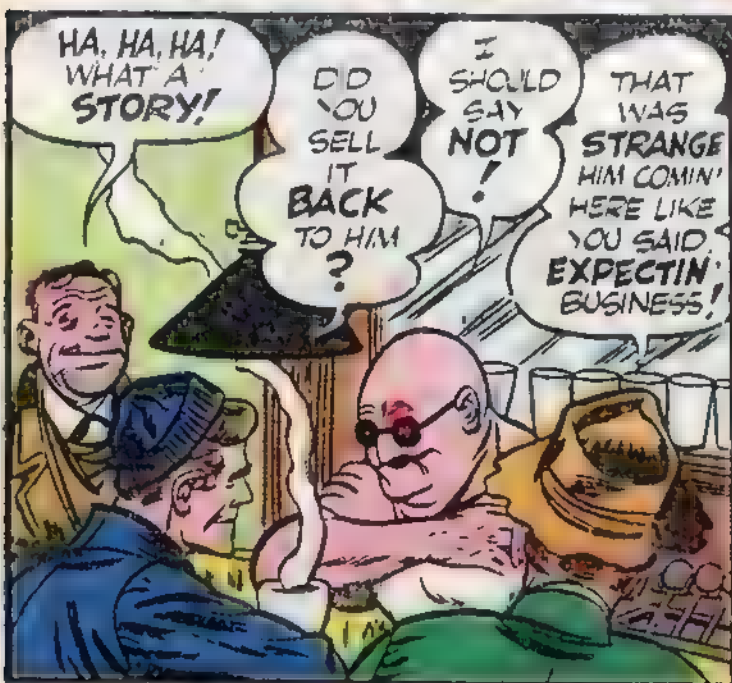
HA HA! SURE,  
IT'S A **DEAL**....  
MAKE A GOOD  
DECORATION... ER...  
AIN'T YA **SCARED?**  
GIVIN' IT UP, I MEAN?  
WHY, **COOLER** WAS  
WINNIN' HIS FIGHT  
WITH THE **SPIRIT**  
'TIL HE **LOST**  
**THAT!**



HOOT, I BE A  
**PROCTICAL** MAN...  
NO TIME FER **SECH**  
OLD WIVES' TALK!



S-T-I-L-L, PER-RHOPS  
I'LL **CONSIDER-R**  
BUYIN' IT **BOCK!**



HA, HA, HA!  
WHAT A  
**STORY!**

DID  
YOU  
SELL  
IT  
**BACK**  
TO HIM  
?

I  
SHOULD  
SAY  
**NOT**  
!

THAT  
WAS  
**STRANGE**  
HIM COMIN'  
HERE LIKE  
YOU SAID  
**EXPECTIN'**  
BUSINESS!



YEAH.. I AIN'T  
SUPERSTITIOUS, BUT  
I BELIEVE HE'S SOME-  
THIN' **MORE** THAN  
A. **ORDINARY**,  
UNDERTAKER!

AND THEN  
AGAIN, MAYBE  
HE'S GOT A  
NOSE FOR DEATH  
LIKE **BLOODHOUNDS!**

**BLOOD**

COULD  
BE!

# THE LEAGUE OF LIARS

The  
**Spirit**  
BY  
WILL EISNER

(ADVERTISEMENT)

## CRIMINALS!

DO YOU FIND IT HARD TO MAKE A LIVING WAGE ???  
THEN ENTER OUR **"I HATE THE SPIRIT BECAUSE  
CONTEST!"** WIN **\$50,000**

WORTH OF  
VALUABLE  
PRIZES.

### RULES

1. In 100 words or less finish this sentence...  
**"I HATE THE SPIRIT BECAUSE...."** giving  
your reasons for hating the Spirit.
2. All entries must be dated no later than  
midnight next Saturday.
3. Decision of the judges is final.
4. All relatives of the judges are ineligible  
and will be disqualified.

### FRANCHISE HELD UNLAWFUL IN TEST





Mr. Carrion  
Wm. Carrion  
Cut City

I Hate  
Becas  
Carrion

I'VE NEVER  
WON A CONTEST  
BEFORE, BUT THIS  
ONE I SHOULD  
COP HANDS  
DOWN! HERE'S  
WHY...



I WAS PRETTY LOW ON MY LUCK (HAVING RUN  
INTO SOME UNFORTUNATE VENTURES IN THE  
MIDWEST) WHEN I ARRIVED BACK IN  
CENTRAL CITY A WEEK AGO....

I SENT FOR YOU TO  
PARTICIPATE IN THE  
BIGGEST PARLAY IN  
YEARS, CARRION! THE  
JOB IS SET FOR TWO  
A.M. NEXT TUESDAY.. WE  
NEED A **LOOKOUT!**

HA HA!  
JULIA GOES  
WILD WHEN  
SHE **SMELLS**  
A COP!...  
COUNT  
ME IN!



I FOUND OUT LATER HOW  
BIG THIS HUSTLE REALLY  
WAS. EVERY BIG OUT-OF-  
TOWN MOBSTER HAD  
BEEN IMPORTED...

IT'S ALL SET TO GO  
IN FIVE MINUTES! YOU  
GET A **GOOD VIEW** OF  
THE WHOLE BLOCK  
FROM HERE!  
**READY?**

I'M  
**READY!**



JULIA, MY  
PET... WHY SO  
**DISTURBED?**  
THERE'S NOT  
A THING TO  
WORRY ABOUT!

GRRRR  
??

COPR. 1951 WILL EISNER PRODUCTIONS



JULIA!



JULIA! COME  
BACK!... HEAVENS  
SHE'S NEVER ACTED  
THIS WAY BEFORE!  
I MUST FIND  
H....



BANG  
BANG

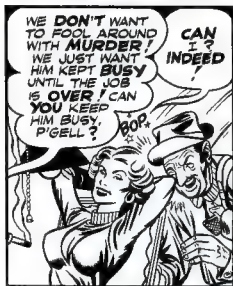
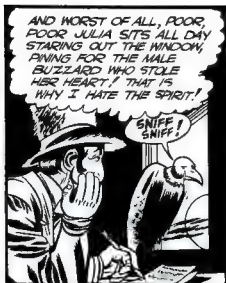


I HAD DESERTED MY POST IN MY  
FRENZY... I RACED BACK TO SEE...

GOOD WORK,  
SPIRIT, WE GOT  
THEM **ALL!**  
BUT HOW DID  
YOU GET US PAST  
THE **LOOKOUT?**

IT WAS  
**SIMPLE**  
DOLAN...



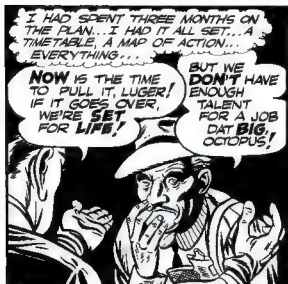






"I Hate The  
Big Time  
Operator  
Because  
Central  
City"

ALL OTHERS ARE  
AMATEURS AT  
HATE! NO MAN  
HAS EVER HATED  
ANOTHER MAN  
AS DEEPLY AS  
I HATE THE  
SPIRIT!



I HAD SPENT THREE MONTHS ON  
THE PLAN... I HAD IT ALL SET... A  
TIMETABLE, A MAP OF ACTION...  
EVERYTHING...

NOW IS THE TIME  
TO PULL IT, LUGER!  
IF IT GOES OVER,  
WE'RE SET  
FOR LIFE!

BUT WE  
DON'T HAVE  
ENOUGH  
TALENT  
FOR A JOB  
DAT BIG,  
OCTOPUS!



THEN WE'LL SEND FOR  
IT! I'LL GET PADDY  
THE GAT, FROM DENVER,  
CHICAGO, SAM FORKER,  
MR. CARRION, P'GELL,  
AND EVERY BIG TIME  
OPERATOR WILL COME  
TO CENTRAL CITY!



A MONTH LATER...

YOU'LL EACH HAVE A  
PRECISE JOB! LUGER  
WILL PASS OUT A TIME-  
TABLE! WE MUST FOLLOW  
IT DOWN TO THE LETTER!

YEAH, BUT  
WHAT'S  
THE  
DEAL?



THE NATIONAL  
INVESTMENT BANK  
JUST RECEIVED  
\$6,000,000  
WORTH OF NEW  
SECURITIES! SOON  
THAT MONEY WILL  
BE OURS!

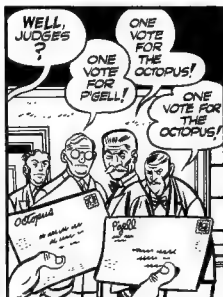
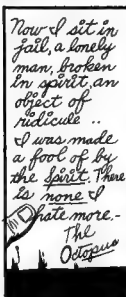
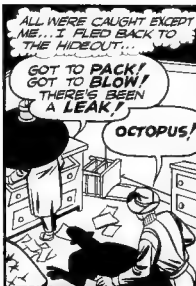


YEAH, BUT  
BOSS, WHAT  
ABOUT THE  
COPS AND  
THE SPIR...

SHUT UP,  
LUGER! SEND  
IN P'GELL  
AND MR.  
CARRION! I  
HAVE SPECIAL  
JOBS FOR THEM!







601: Originally published December 2, 1951

# THE MAN FROM MARS



YES, I AM A **MARTIAN**, I KNOW I DON'T **LOOK** MUCH DIFFERENT THAN **MOST** PEOPLE, BUT I'VE BEEN DOWN HERE ON EARTH FOR A **LONG** TIME AND THAT CAN **CHANGE** A MAN, YOU KNOW!



IT'S ALMOST LIKE A DREAM WHEN I THINK OF THOSE OLD DAYS ON MARS....

IMPOSSIBLE!  
IMPOSSIBLE!  
I SAY!!



WHETHER **IMPOSSIBLE** OR NOT YOU **MUST** REALIZE THAT TO AVERT AN **EVEN-TUAL** WAR WITH **EARTH** WE **MUST** SEND AN **AMBASSADOR** OF **GOOD WILL**!

**BLAST IT!**  
RZL!!  
THOSE PEOPLE DON'T EVEN **THINK** THERE IS LIFE ON **MARS**!



OUR TELETRANSMITTER SHOWS US WHAT EARTH PEOPLE THINK OF MARS! WE ARE **ROBOTS** OR **BUGMEN**, DEPENDING ON **WHICH** MAGAZINE YOU READ!

THAT IS MY **POINT** EXACTLY!



FOR YEARS FANTASIES OF **HATE** HAVE BEEN BREWED IN THE MINDS OF EARTH PEOPLE ABOUT OUR PLANET. THE **TIME** IS **NOT** FAR OFF WHEN **THEY** WILL HAVE SPACE TRAVEL AS WE NOW DO! WITH **ALL** THE VICIOUS RUMORS SPREAD ABOUT US, **WAR** IS **INEVITABLE**!



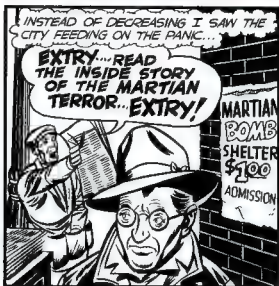
WE **MUST** **COUNTERACT** THIS PROPAGANDA! WE **MUST** SEND A MAN TO EARTH AND HAVE HIM **DEMONSTRATE** OUR FRIENDSHIP! OTHERWISE WE ARE HEADED FOR A **CATASTROPHE**!









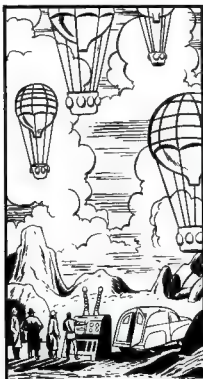




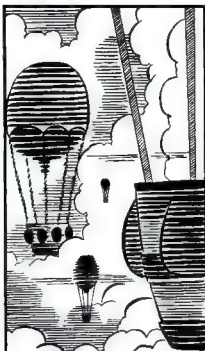




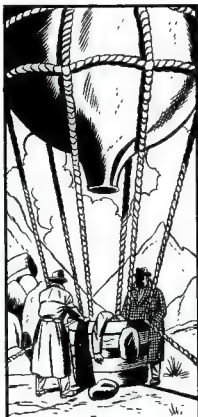
## THE BALLOONS



In April of 1951, four giant sized weather balloons, operated by remote control, were released into the stratosphere until they reached a height of five miles.

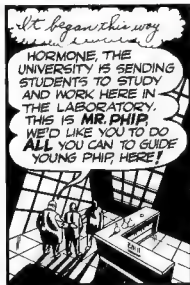
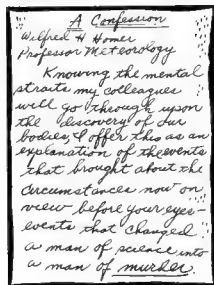
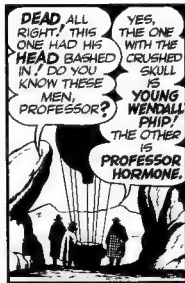


There the balloons floated in space recording atmospheric and weather conditions during the change of seasons. In December, after eight months in space, the balloons were brought back to earth.

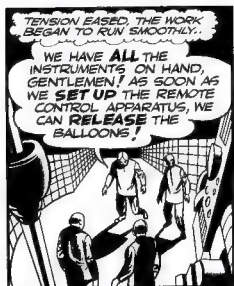
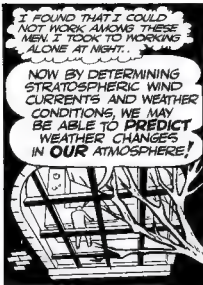


In three of the balloons, everything was intact. In the fourth balloon was found the bodies of two men.











MY WORK FELL OFF... PHIP BEGAN TO GAIN CREDIT...

BRILLIANT PIECE OF THINKING, PHIP! YOU SOUNDED JUST LIKE THE HORMONE OF THE OLD DAYS!

I'M A RELIC, AM I? A HAS-BEEN. EH?

HOW HE DID IT, I DID NOT KNOW, BUT GRADUALLY PHIP SPREAD THE IDEA THAT HE WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR MY WORK...

AT LAST WE ARE READY TO RELEASE THE BALLOONS!

YOU'VE DONE A FINE JOB, PHIP!

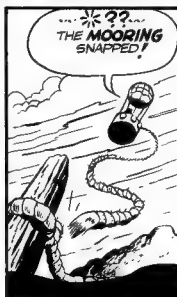
ALL OF US WERE ELATED AT THE CLIMAX OF OUR PROJECT. I RETURNED TO THE LABORATORY IN HIGH SPIRITS..

PHIP!

!

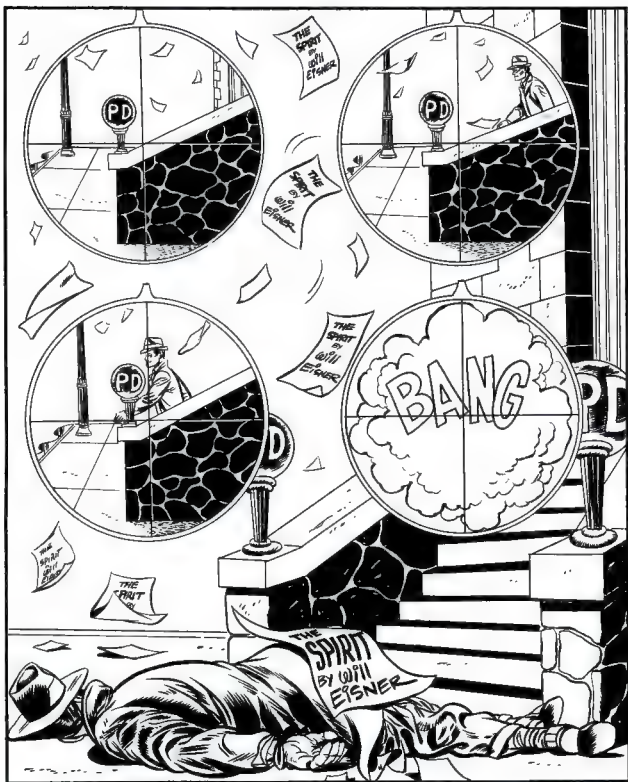
MY NOTES! SO YOU'VE  
BEEN STUDYING MY  
PRIVATE OBSERVATIONS  
AND BEEN USING THEM  
AS YOUR OWN IDEAS!  
**FAKE!** ALL YOU ARE  
IS AN **IMITATION**  
A CHEAP **IMITATION!!**





603: Originally published December 16, 1951

## THE SPIRIT GETS OLDER







THE WEATHER IS GETTING COLDER?... HMMM... NEXT WEEK IS CHRISTMAS AND I HAVEN'T PICKED OUT ELLEN'S GIFT...



MAYBE ELLEN IS RIGHT! MAYBE I SHOULD BOW OUT OF THE PICTURE WHILE I'M STILL ALIVE! NEVER HAD A WOUND KNOCK THE STEAM OUT OF ME LIKE THIS BEFORE!



I'VE SEEN THIS HAPPEN TO OTHER GUYS... THEY SLOW DOWN... THEN THEY GET CAUTIOUS... THEN THEY GET AFRAID... AFTER THAT THEY AREN'T WORTH MUCH!



THERE'S NO WAY OUT OF THAT ALLEY, SPIRIT! I'M COMIN' IN AFTER YOU!



LOOKS LIKE DOLAN WAS RIGHT! THERE IS SOMEBODY OUT TO GET ME!

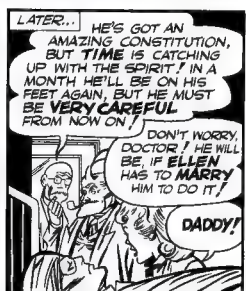












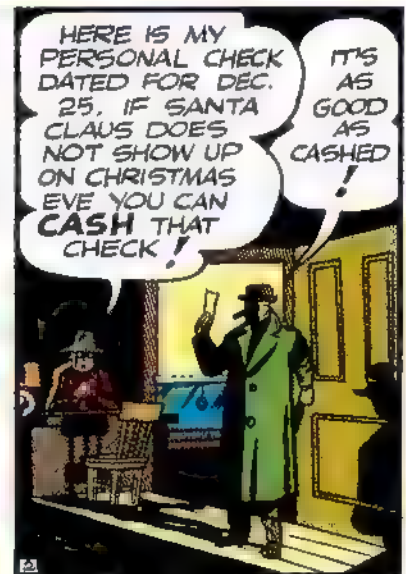
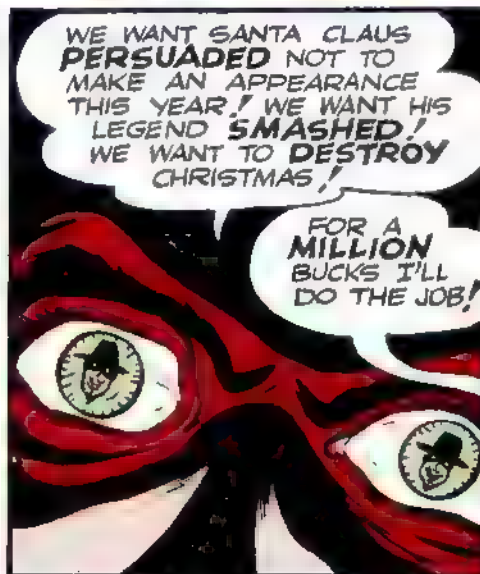
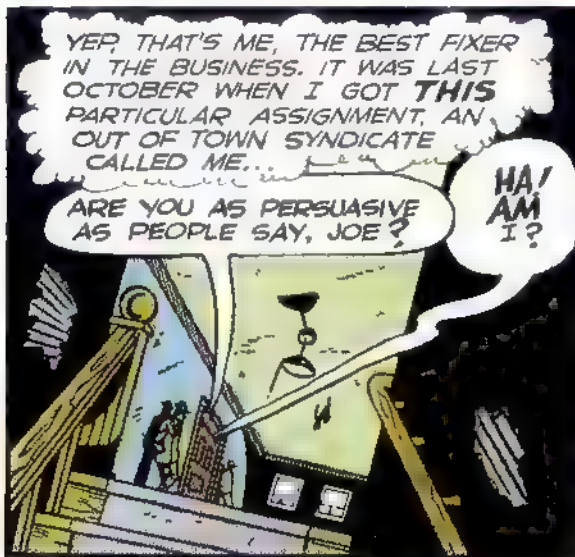


SUNDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1951

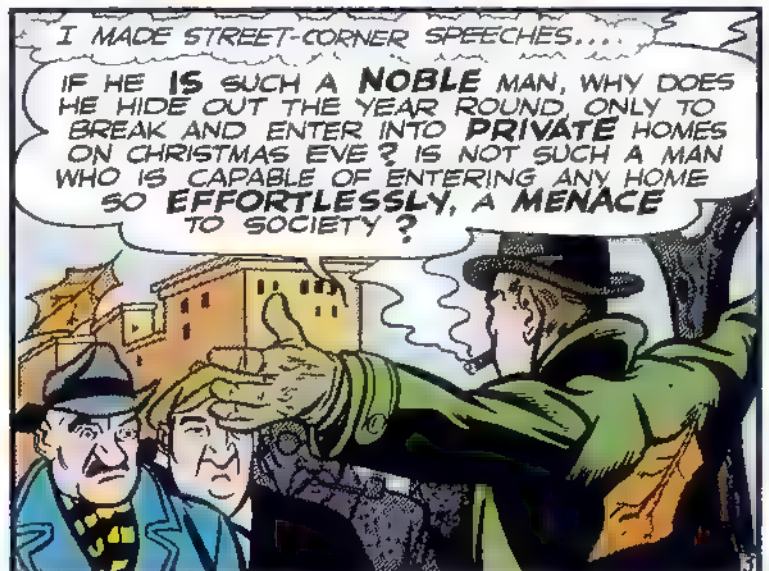
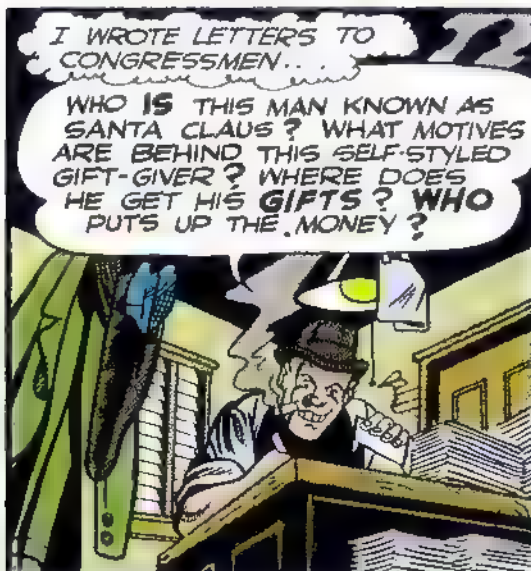
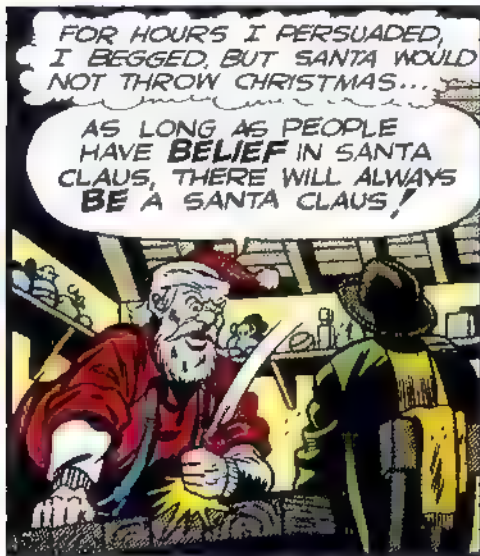
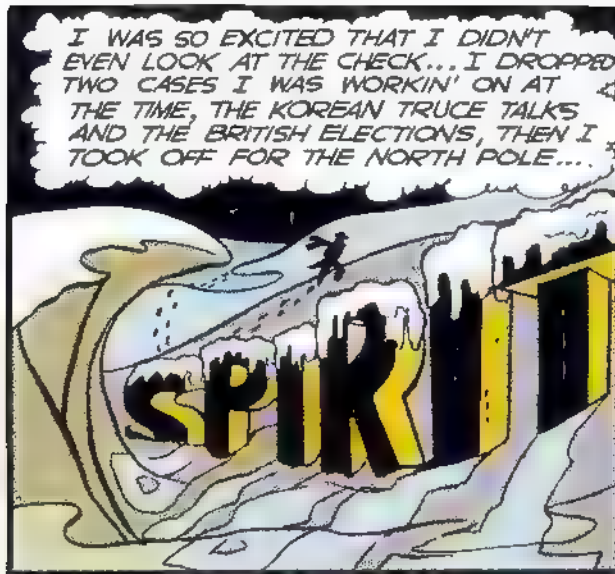
**ACTION**  
**Mystery**  
**ADVENTURE**



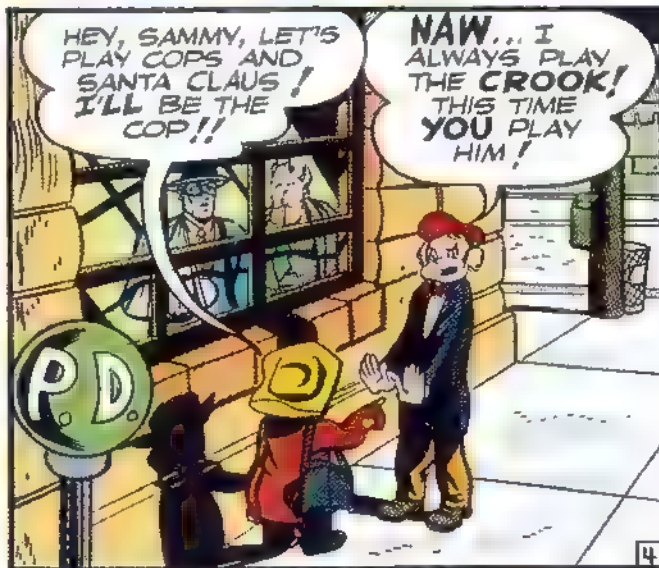
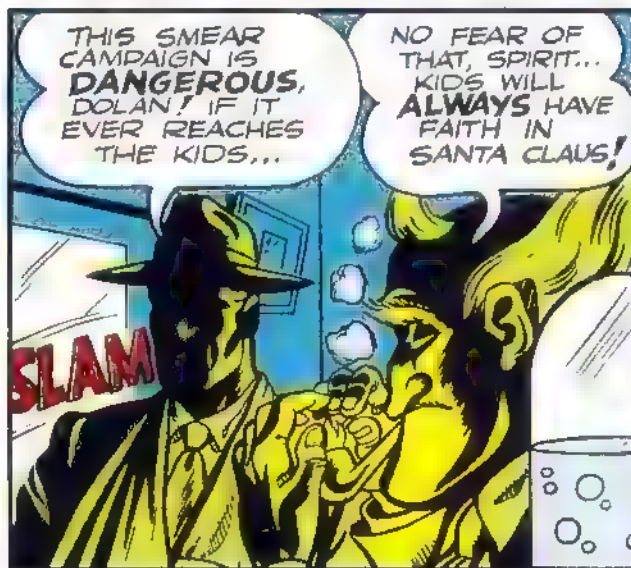
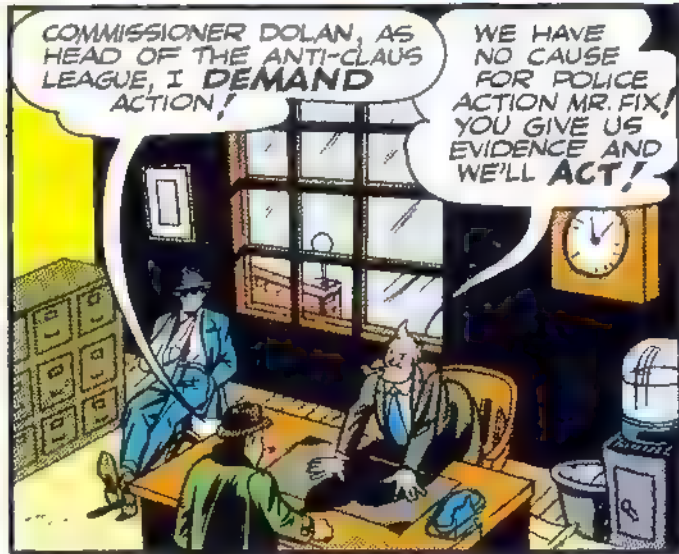
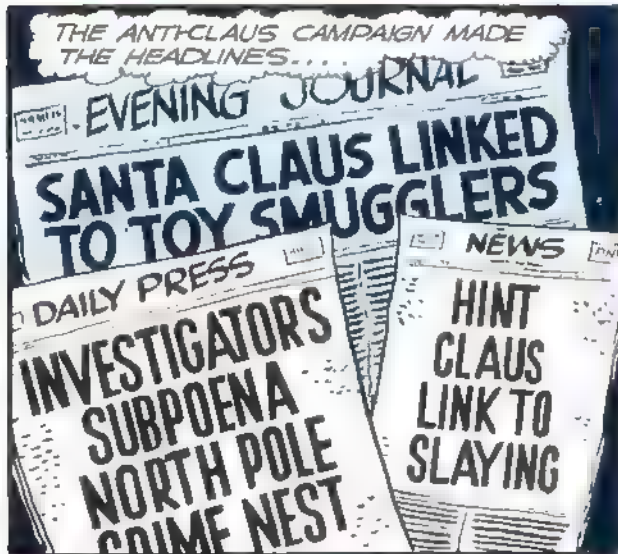
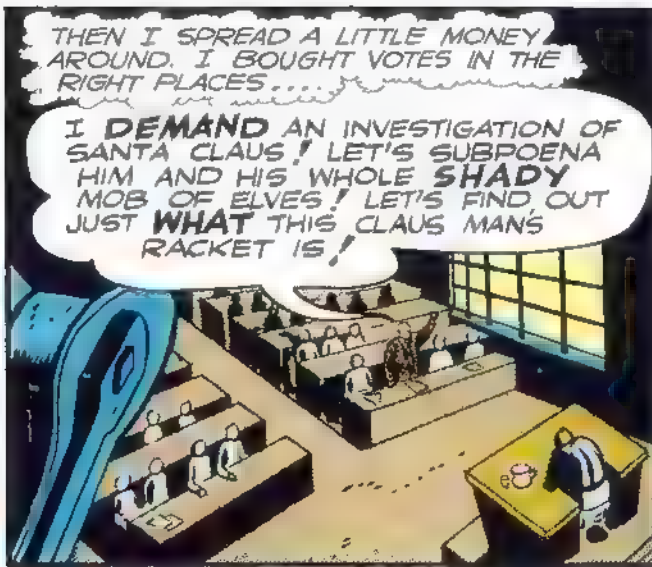


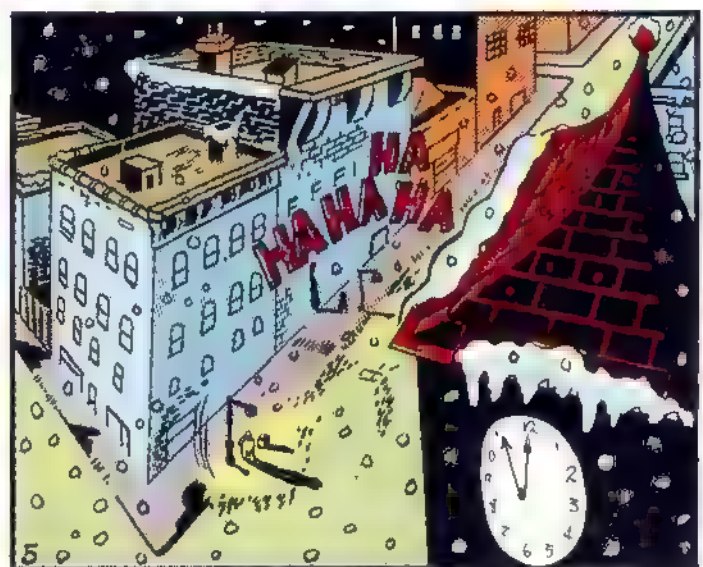
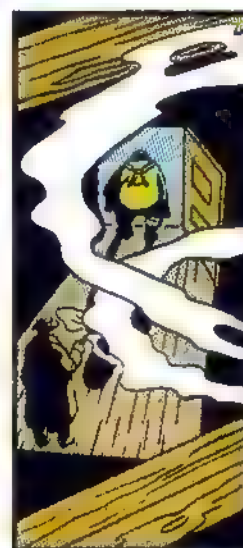
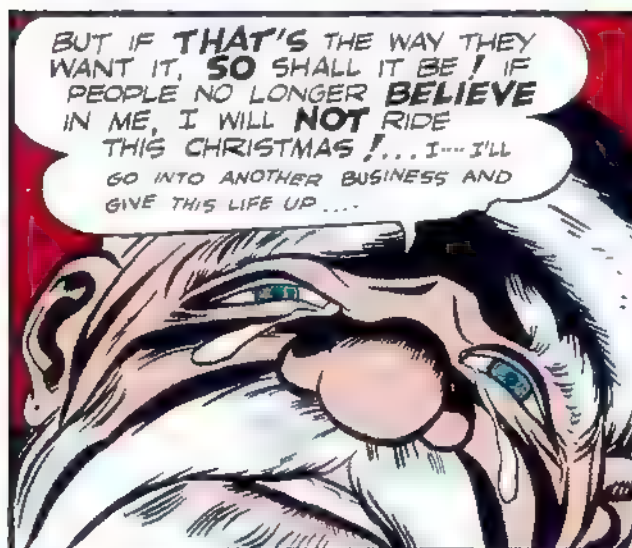
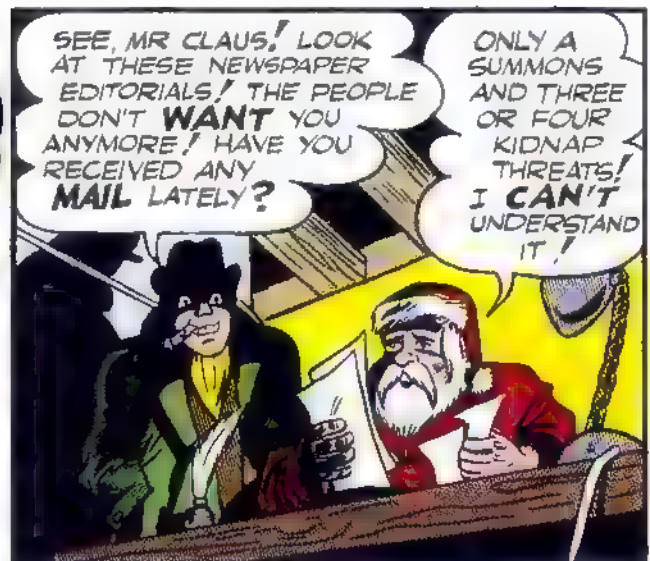
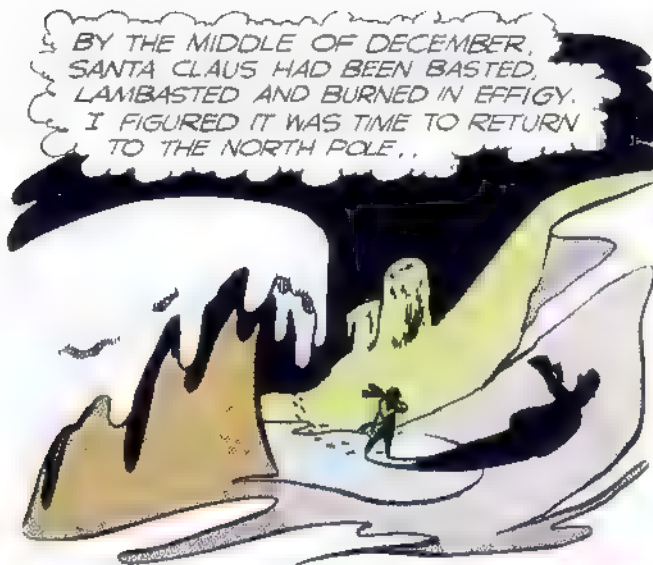




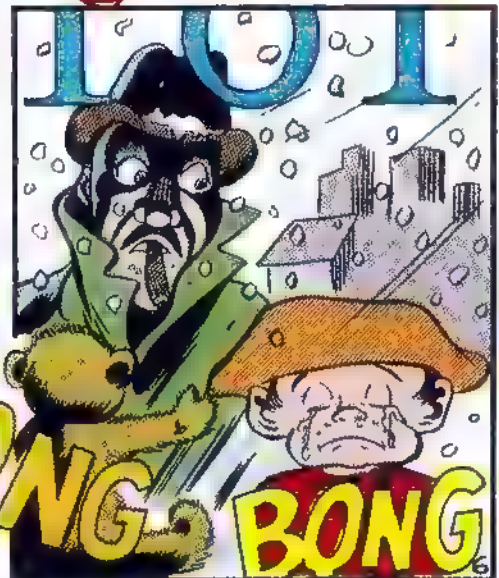
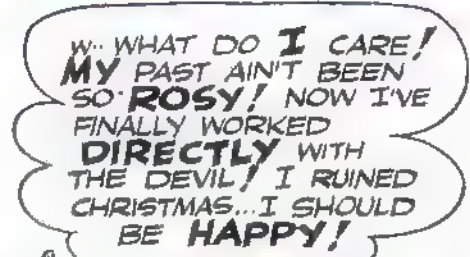
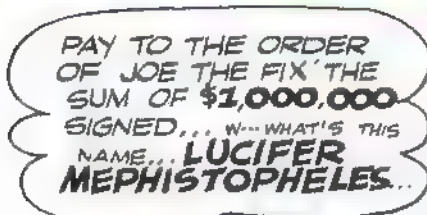
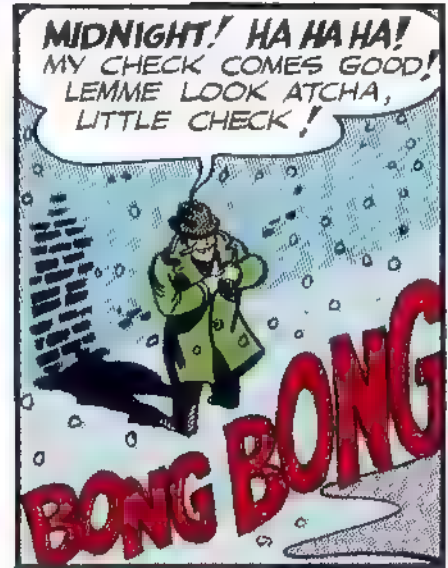




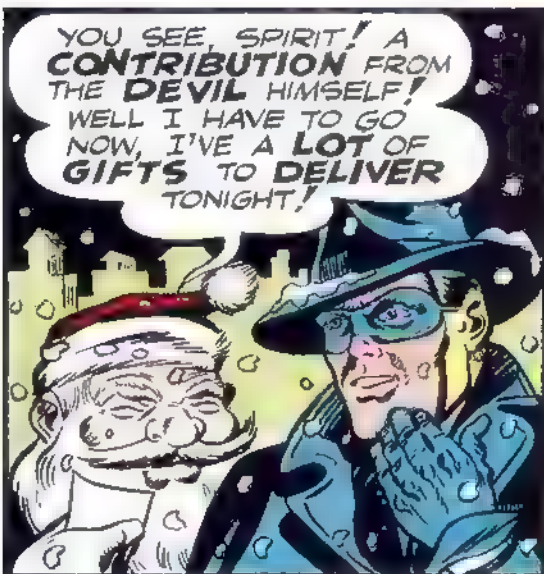












605: Originally published December 30, 1951

# JOSHUA BLOWS HIS HORN





